THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible]Weekly
Founded A[illegible]i. Franklin

JUNE 26, 1915 — 5c. THE COPY

Beginning

Something New—By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

Tarvia

Preserves Roads Prevents Dust

A tarviated road invariably means—
increased property values and lower road taxes.

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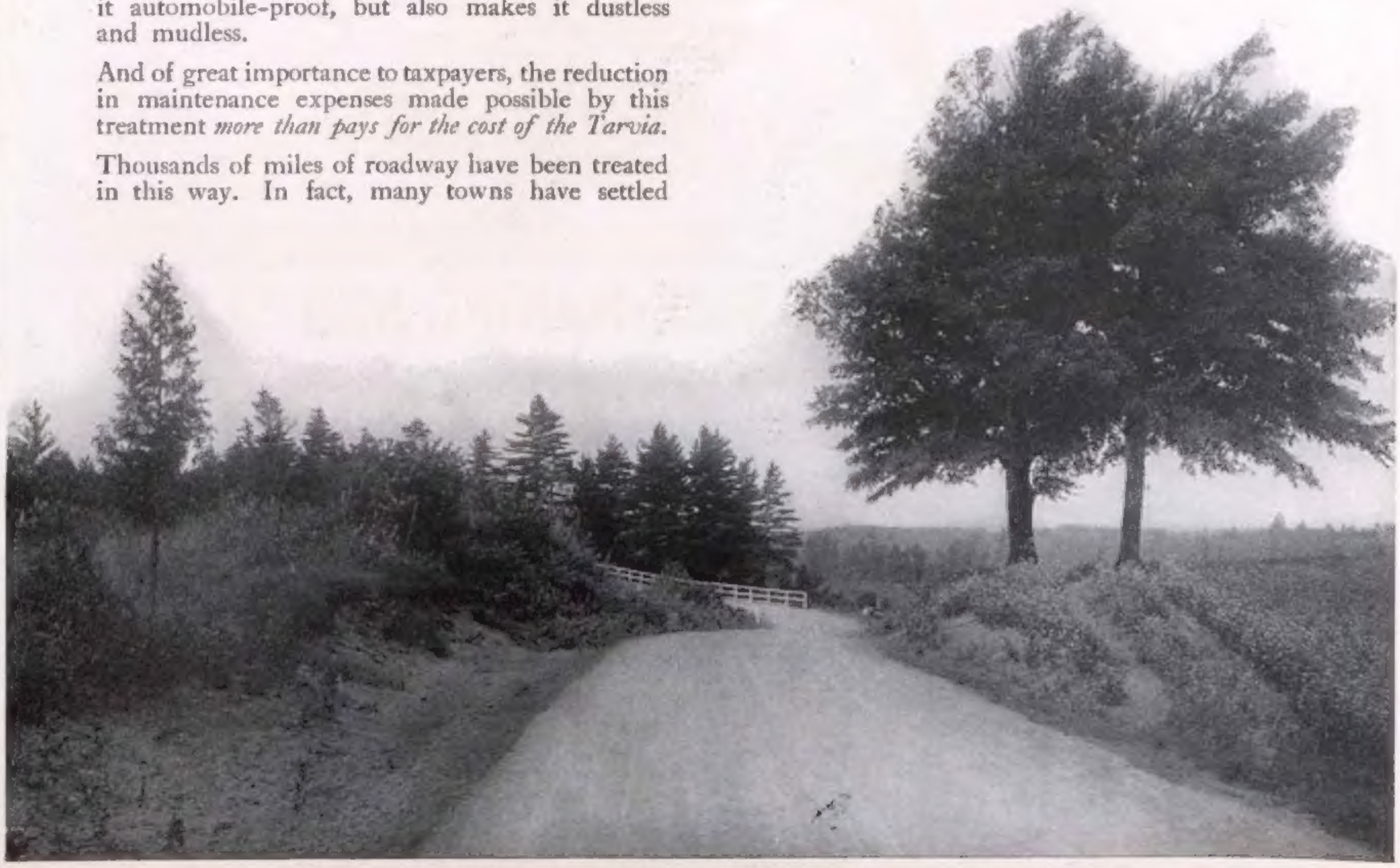

Tarviated Road, New York State Highway, Watertown—Carthage. Note the firm, dustless, easy-traction surface.

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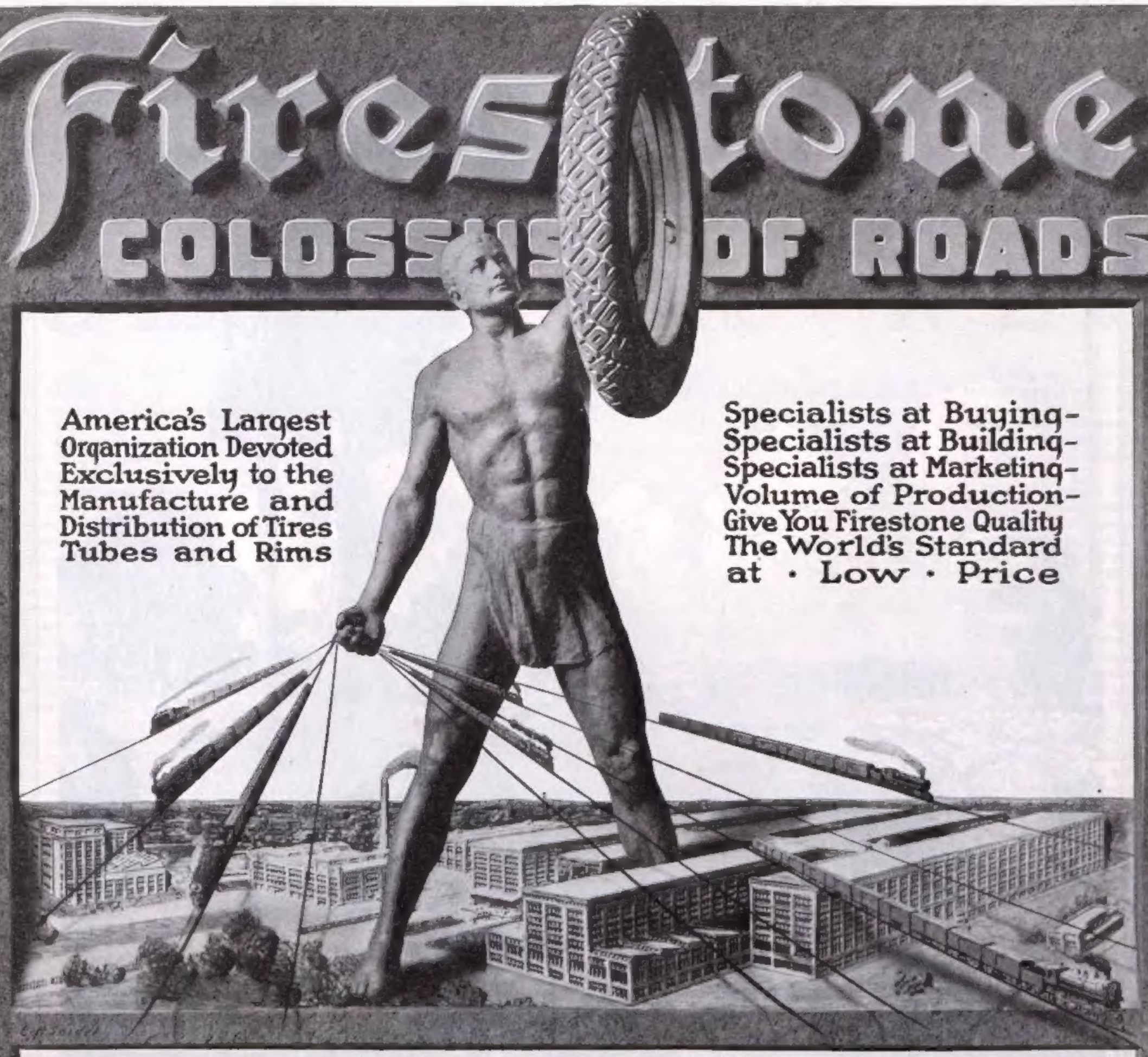

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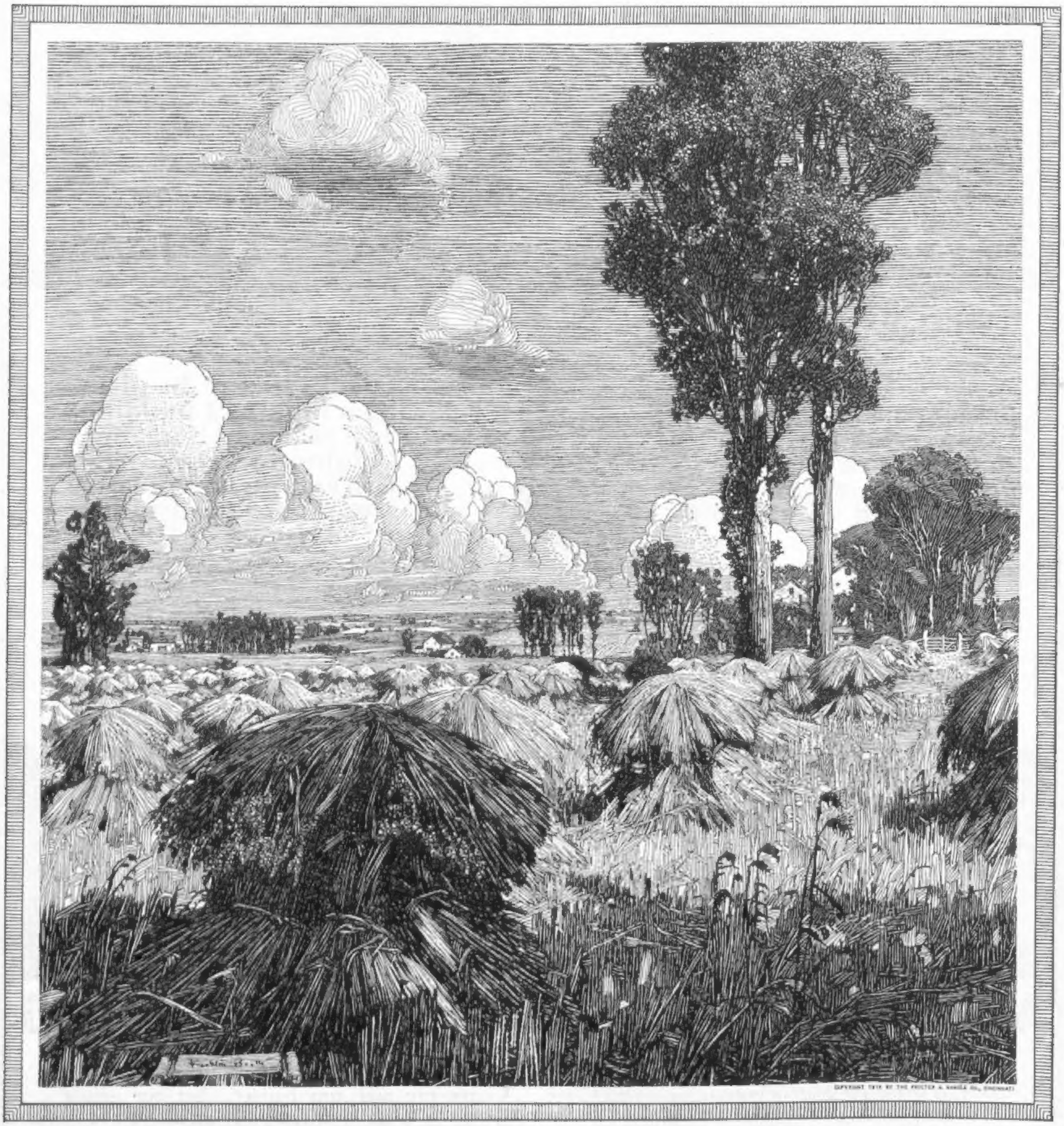

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SOMETHING NEW

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Instinct Told Him, as Mr. Peters Began to Talk, That He Was About to be Bored as He Had Seldom Been Bored in His Life

THE sunshine of a fair spring morning fell graciously on London town. Out in Piccadilly its heartening warmth seemed to infuse into traffic and pedestrians alike a novel jauntiness, so that bus drivers jested and even the lips of chauffeurs uncurled into not unkindly smiles. Policemen whistled at their posts—clerks, on their way to work; beggars approached the task of trying to persuade perfect strangers to bear the burden of their maintenance with that optimistic vim which makes all the difference. It was one of those happy mornings.

At nine o'clock precisely the door of Number Seven Arundel Street, Leicester Square, opened and a young man stepped out.

Of all the spots in London which may fairly be described as backwaters there is none that answers so completely to the description as Arundel Street, Leicester Square. Passing along the north sidewalk of the square, just where it joins Piccadilly, you hardly notice the bottleneck opening of the tiny cul-de-sac. Day and night the human flood roars past, ignoring it. Arundel Street is less than forty yards in length and, though there are two hotels in it, they are not fashionable hotels. It is just a backwater.

In shape Arundel Street is exactly like one of those flat stone jars in which Italian wine of the cheaper sort is stored. The narrow neck that leads off Leicester Square opens abruptly into a small court. Hotels occupy two sides of this; the third is at present given up to rooming houses for the impecunious. These are always just going to be pulled down in the name of progress to make room for another hotel, but they never do meet with that fate; and as they stand now so will they in all probability stand for generations to come.

They provide single rooms of moderate size, the bed modestly hidden during the day behind a battered screen. The rooms contain a table, an easy-chair, a hard chair, a bureau, and a round tin bath, which, like the bed, goes into hiding after its useful work is performed. And you may rent one of these rooms, with breakfast thrown in, for a pound a week.

Ashe Marson had done so. He had rented the second-floor front of Number Seven.

Twenty-six years before this story opens there had been born to Joseph Marson, minister, and Sarah his wife, of Hayling, Massachusetts, in the United States of America, a son. This son, christened Ashe after a wealthy uncle who subsequently double-crossed them by leaving his money to charities, in due course proceeded to Harvard to study for the ministry. So far as can be ascertained from contemporary records, he did not study a great deal for the ministry; but he did succeed in running the mile in four minutes and a half and the half mile at a correspondingly rapid speed, and his researches in the art of long jumping won him the respect of all.

That he should be awarded, at the conclusion of his Harvard career, one of those scholarships at Oxford University instituted by the late Cecil Rhodes for the encouragement of international comity, was a natural sequence of events.

That was how Ashe came to be in England.

The rest of Ashe's history follows almost automatically. He won his Blue for athletics at Oxford, and gladdened thousands by winning the mile and the half mile two years in succession against Cambridge at Queen's Club. But owing to the pressure of other engagements he unfortunately omitted to do any studying, and when the hour of parting arrived he was peculiarly unfitted for any of the learned professions. Having, however, managed to obtain a sort of degree, enough to enable him to call himself a Bachelor of Arts, and realizing that you can fool some of the people some of the time, he applied for and secured a series of private tutorships.

A private tutor is a sort of blend of poor relation and nursemaid, and few of the stately homes of England are without one. He is supposed to instill learning and deportment into the small son of the house; but what he is really there for is to prevent the latter from being a nuisance to his parents when he is home from school on his vacation.

Having saved a little money at this dreadful trade, Ashe came to London and tried newspaper work. After two years of moderate success he got in touch with the Mammoth Publishing Company.

The Mammoth Publishing Company, which controls several important newspapers, a few weekly journals, and a number of other things, does not disdain the pennies of the office boy and the junior clerk. One of its many profitable ventures is a series of paper-covered tales of crime and adventure. It was here that Ashe found his niche. Those adventures of Gridley Quayle, Investigator, which are so popular with a certain section of the reading public, were his work.

Until the advent of Ashe and Mr. Quayle, the British Pluck Library had been written by many hands and had included the adventures of many heroes: but in Gridley Quayle the proprietors held that the ideal had been reached, and Ashe received a commission to conduct the entire British Pluck Library—monthly—himself. On the meager salary paid him for these labors he had been supporting himself ever since.

That was how Marson came to be in Arundel Street, Leicester Square, on this May morning.

Ashe Marson was a tall, well-built, fit-looking young man, with a clear eye and a strong chin; and he was dressed, as he closed the front door behind him, in a sweater, flannel trousers, and rubber-soled gymnasium shoes. In one hand he bore a pair of Indian clubs, in the other a skipping rope.

Having drawn in and expelled the morning air in a measured and solemn fashion, which the initiated observer would have recognized as that scientific deep breathing so popular nowadays, he laid down his clubs, adjusted his rope and began to skip.

When he had taken the second-floor front of Number Seven, three months before, Ashe Marson had realized that he must forego those morning exercises which had become a second nature to him, or else defy London's unwritten law and brave London's mockery. He had not hesitated long. Physical fitness was his gospel. On the subject of exercise he was confessedly a crank. He decided to defy London.

The first time he appeared in Arundel Street in his sweater and flannels he had barely whirled his Indian clubs once round his head before he had attracted the following audience:

a—Two cabmen—one intoxicated;
b—Four waiters from the Hotel Mathis;
c—Six waiters from the Hotel Previtali;
d—Six chambermaids from the Hotel Mathis;
e—Five chambermaids from the Hotel Previtali;
f—The proprietor of the Hotel Mathis;
g—The proprietor of the Hotel Previtali;
h—A street cleaner;
i—Eleven nondescript loafers;
j—Twenty-seven children;
k—A cat.

They all laughed—even the cat—and kept on laughing. The intoxicated cabman called Ashe "Sunny Jim." And Ashe kept on swinging his clubs.

A month later, such is the magic of perseverance, his audience had narrowed down to the twenty-seven children. They still laughed, but without that ringing conviction which the sympathetic support of their elders had lent them.

And now, after three months, the neighborhood, having accepted Ashe and his morning exercises as a natural phenomenon, paid him no further attention.

On this particular morning Ashe Marson skipped with even more than his usual vigor. This was because he wished to expel by means of physical fatigue a small devil of discontent, of whose presence within him he had been aware ever since getting out of bed. It is in the spring that the ache for the larger life comes on us, and this was a particularly mellow spring morning. It was the sort of morning when the air gives us a feeling of anticipation—a feeling that, on a day like this, things surely cannot go

jogging along in the same dull old groove; a premonition that something romantic and exciting is about to happen to us. But the southwest wind of spring brings also remorse. We catch the vague spirit of unrest in the air and we regret our misspent youth.

Ashe was doing this. Even as he skipped, he was conscious of a wish that he had studied harder at college and were now in a position to be doing something better than hack work for a soulless publishing company. Never before had he been so completely certain that he was sick to death of the rut into which he had fallen.

Skipping brought no balm. He threw down his rope and took up the Indian clubs. Indian clubs left him still unsatisfied. The thought came to him that it was a long time since he had done his Petersen Exercises. Perhaps they would heal him.

These exercises are not dignified, however. Indeed, to one seeing them suddenly and without warning for the first time, they are markedly humorous. The only reason why King Henry of England, whose son sank with the White Ship, never smiled again, was because Lieutenant Petersen had not then invented his admirable exercises.

So complacent, so insolently devoid of self-consciousness, had Ashe become in the course of three months, owing to his success in inducing the populace to look on anything he did with the indulgent eye of understanding, that it simply did not occur to him, when he abruptly twisted his body into the shape of a corkscrew, in accordance with the directions in the lieutenant's book for the consummation of Exercise One, that he was doing anything funny.

And the behavior of those present seemed to justify his confidence. The proprietor of the Hotel Mathis regarded him without a smile. The proprietor of the Hotel Previtali might have been in a trance, for all the interest he displayed. The hotel employees continued their tasks impassively. The children were blind and dumb. The cat across the way stropped its backbone against the railings unheeding.

But, even as he unscrambled himself and resumed a normal posture, from his immediate rear there rent the quiet morning air a clear and musical laugh. It floated out on the breeze and hit him like a bullet.

Three months ago Ashe would have accepted the laugh as inevitable, and would have refused to allow it to embarrass him; but long immunity from ridicule had sapped his resolution. He spun round with a jump, flushed and self-conscious.

From the window of the first-floor front of Number Seven a girl was leaning. The spring sunshine played on her golden hair and lit up her bright blue eyes, fixed on his flanneled and sweatered person with a fascinated amusement. Even as he turned, the laugh smote him afresh.

For the space of perhaps two seconds they stared at each other, eye to eye. Then she vanished into the room.

Ashe was beaten. Three months ago a million girls could have laughed at his morning exercises without turning him from his purpose. To-day this one scoffer, alone and unaided, was sufficient for his undoing. The depression which exercise had begun to dispel surged back on him. He had no heart to continue. Sadly gathering up his belongings, he returned to his room, and found a cold bath tame and uninspiring.

The breakfasts—included in the rent—provided by Mrs. Bell, the landlady of Number Seven, were held by some authorities to be specially designed to quell the spirits of their victims, should they tend to soar excessively. By the time Ashe had done his best with the disheveled fried egg, the chicory blasphemously called coffee, and the charred bacon, misery had him firmly in its grip. And when he forced himself to the writing table, and began to try to concoct the latest of the adventures of Gridley Quayle, Investigator, his spirit groaned within him.

This morning, as he sat and chewed his pen, his loathing for Gridley seemed to have reached its climax. It was his habit, in writing these stories, to think of a good title first, and then fit an adventure to it. And overnight, in a moment of inspiration, he had jotted down on an envelope the words:

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WAND OF DEATH

It was with the sullen repulsion of a vegetarian who finds a caterpillar in his salad that he now sat glaring at them.

The title had seemed so promising overnight—so full of strenuous possibilities. It was still speciously attractive; but now that the moment had arrived for writing the story, its flaws became manifest.

What was a wand of death? It sounded good; but, coming down to hard facts, what was it? You cannot write a story about a wand of death without knowing what a wand of death is; and, conversely, if you have thought of such a splendid title you cannot jettison it offhand. Ashe gnawed his pen.

There came a knock at the door. Ashe spun round in his chair. This was the last straw! If he had told Mrs. Bell once that he was never to be disturbed in the morning on any pretext whatsoever, he had told her twenty times. It was simply too infernal to be endured if his work time was to be cut into like this. He ran over in his mind a few opening remarks.

"Come in!" he shouted, and braced himself for battle.

A girl walked in—the girl of the first-floor front; the girl with the blue eyes, who had laughed at his Petersen Exercises.

Various circumstances contributed to the poorness of the figure Ashe cut in the opening moments of this interview. In the first place, he was expecting to see his landlady, whose height was about four feet six, and the sudden entry of somebody who was about five feet seven threw the universe temporarily out of focus. In the second place, in anticipation of Mrs. Bell's entry, he had twisted his face into a forbidding scowl, and it was no slight matter to change this on the spur of the moment into a pleasant smile. Finally, a man who has been sitting for half an hour in front of a sheet of paper bearing the words

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WAND OF DEATH

and trying to decide what a wand of death might be, has not his mind under proper control.

The net result of these things was that, for perhaps half a minute, Ashe behaved absurdly. He goggled and he yammered. An alienist, had one been present, would have made up his mind about him without further investigation. For an appreciable time he did not think of rising from his seat. When he did, the combined leap and twist he executed practically amounted to a Petersen Exercise.

"We Couldn't Afford to Let the Thing Come Into Court. That Poetry Would Dish My Marriage for a Certainty"

"Your Lordship Has Inadvertently Put a Fork in Your Coat Pocket"

Nor was the girl unembarrassed. If Ashe had been calmer he would have observed on her cheek the flush which told that she, too, was finding the situation trying. But, woman being ever better equipped with poise than man, it was she who spoke first.

"I'm afraid I'm disturbing you."

"No, no!" said Ashe. "Oh, no; not at all—not at all! No; oh, no—not at all—no!" And he would have continued to play on the theme indefinitely had not the girl spoken again.

"I wanted to apologize," she said, "for my abominable rudeness in laughing at you this morning. It was idiotic of me and I don't know why I did it. I'm sorry."

Science, with a thousand triumphs to her credit, has not yet succeeded in discovering the correct reply for a young man to make who finds himself in the appalling position of being apologized to by a pretty girl. If he says nothing he seems sullen and unforgiving. If he says anything he makes a fool of himself. Ashe, hesitating between these two courses, suddenly caught sight of the sheet of paper over which he had been poring so long.

"What is a wand of death?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon?"

"A wand—of death."

"I don't understand."

The delirium of the conversation was too much for Ashe. He burst out laughing. A moment later the girl did the same. And simultaneously embarrassment ceased to be.

"I suppose you think I'm mad?" said Ashe.

"Certainly," said the girl.

"Well, I should have been if you hadn't come in."

"Why was that?"

"I was trying to write a detective story."

"I was wondering whether you were a writer."

"Do you write?"

"Yes. Do you ever read Home Gossip?"

"Never!"

"You are quite right to speak in that thankful tone. It's a horrid little paper—all brown-paper patterns and advice to the lovelorn. I do a short story for it every week, under various names. A duke or an earl goes with each story. I loathe it intensely."

"I am sorry for your troubles," said Ashe firmly; "but we are wandering. What is a wand of death?"

"A wand of death?"

"A wand of death."

The girl frowned reflectively.

"Why, of course it's the sacred ebony stick stolen from the Indian temple, which is supposed to bring death to whoever possesses it. The hero gets hold of it, and the priests dog him and send him threatening messages. What else could it be?"

Ashe could not restrain his admiration.

"This is genius!"

"Oh, no!"

"Absolute genius! I see it all. The hero calls in Gridley Quayle, and that patronizing ass, by the aid of a series of wicked coincidences, solves the mystery; and there am I, with another month's work done!"

She looked at him with interest.

"Are you the author of Gridley Quayle?"

"Don't tell me you read him!"

"I do not read him! But he is published by the same firm that publishes Home Gossip, and I can't help seeing his cover sometimes while I am waiting in the waiting room to see the editress."

Ashe felt like one who meets a boyhood's chum on a desert island. Here was a real bond between them.

"Does the Mammoth publish you too! Why, we are comrades in misfortune—fellow serfs! We should be friends. Shall we be friends?"

"I should be delighted."

"Shall we shake hands, sit down and talk?"

"But I am keeping you from your work."

"An errand of mercy."

She sat down. It is a simple act, this of sitting down; but, like everything else, it may be an index to character. There was something wholly satisfactory to Ashe in the manner in which this girl did it. She neither seated herself on the extreme edge of the easy-chair, as one braced for instant flight; nor did she wallow in the easy-chair, as one come to stay for the week-end. She carried herself in an unconventional situation with an unstudied self-confidence that he could not sufficiently admire.

Etiquette is not rigid in Arundel Street; but, nevertheless, a girl in a first-floor front may be excused for showing surprise and hesitation when invited to a confidential chat with a second-floor front young man whom she has known only five minutes. But there is a freemasonry among those who live in large cities on small earnings.

"Shall we introduce ourselves?" said Ashe. "Or did Mrs. Bell tell you my name? By the way, you have not been here long, have you?"

"I took my room day before yesterday. But your name, if you are the author of Gridley Quayle, is Felix Clovelly, isn't it?"

"Good heavens, no! Surely you don't think anyone's name could really be Felix Clovelly! That is only the cloak under which I hide my shame. My real name is Marson—Ashe Marson. And yours?"

"Valentine—Joan Valentine."

"Will you tell me the story of your life, or shall I tell mine first?"

"I don't know that I have any particular story. I am an American ——"

"Not American!"

"Why not?"

"Because it is too extraordinary—too much like a Gridley Quayle coincidence. I am an American!"

"Well, so are a good many other people."

"You miss the point. We are not only fellow serfs—we are fellow exiles. You can't round the thing off by telling me you were born in Hayling, Massachusetts, I suppose?"

"I was born in New York."

"Surely not! I didn't know anybody was."

"Why Hayling, Massachusetts?"

"That was where I was born."

"I'm afraid I never heard of it."

"Strange! I know your home town quite well. But I have not yet made my birthplace famous; in fact, I doubt whether I ever shall. I am beginning to realize that I am one of the failures."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"You are only twenty-six and you call yourself a failure? I think that is a shameful thing to say."

"What would you call a man of twenty-six whose only means of making a living was the writing of Gridley Quayle stories—an empire builder?"

"How do you know it's your only means of making a living? Why don't you try something new?"

"Such as ——"

"How should I know? Anything that comes along. Good gracious, Mr. Marson; here you are in the biggest city in the world, with chances for adventure simply shrieking to you on every side ——"

"I must be deaf. The only thing I have heard shrieking to me on every side has been Mrs. Bell—for the rent."

"Read the papers. Read the advertisement columns. I'm sure you will find something sooner or later. Don't get into a groove. Be an adventurer. Snatch at the next chance, whatever it is."

Ashe nodded. "Continue," he said. "Proceed. You are stimulating me."

"But why should you want a girl like me to stimulate you? Surely London is enough to do it without my help? You can always find something new, surely? Listen, Mr. Marson! I was thrown on my own resources about five years ago—never mind how. Since then I have worked in a shop, done typewriting, been on the stage, had a position as governess, been a lady's maid ——"

"A what! A lady's maid?"

"Why not? It was all experience; and I can assure you I would much rather be a lady's maid than a governess."

"I think I know what you mean. I was a private tutor once. I suppose a governess is the female equivalent. I have often wondered what General Sherman would have said about private tutoring if he expressed himself so breezily about mere war. Was it fun being a lady's maid?"

"It was pretty good fun; and it gave me an opportunity of studying the aristocracy in its native haunts, which has made me Home Gossip's established authority on dukes and earls."

Ashe drew a deep breath—not a scientific deep breath, but one of admiration.

"You are perfectly splendid!"

"Splendid?"

"I mean, you have such pluck."

"Oh, well; I keep on trying. I'm twenty-three and I haven't achieved anything much yet; but I certainly don't feel like sitting back and calling myself a failure."

Ashe made a grimace.

"All right," he said. "I've got it."

"We are Comrades in Misfortune—Fellow Serfs! We Should be Friends"

"I meant you to," said Joan placidly. "I hope I haven't bored you with my autobiography, Mr. Marson. I'm not setting myself up as a shining example; but I do like action and hate stagnation."

"You are absolutely wonderful!" said Ashe. "You are a human correspondence course in efficiency—one of the ones you see in the back pages of the magazines. You would galvanize a jellyfish."

"If I have really stimulated you ——"

"I think that was another slam," said Ashe pensively. "Well, I deserve it. Yes; you have stimulated me. I feel like a new man. It's queer that you should have come to me right on top of everything else. I don't remember when I have felt so restless and discontented as I did this morning."

"It's the spring."

"I suppose it is. I feel like doing something big and adventurous."

"Well, do it then. You have a Morning Post on the table. Have you read it yet?"

"I glanced at it."

"But you haven't read the advertisement pages? Read them. They may contain just the opening you want. Just try it!"

"Well, I'll do it; but my experience of advertisement pages is that they are monopolized by philanthropists who want to lend you any sum from ten to a hundred thousand pounds on your note of hand only. However, I will scan them."

Joan rose and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Marson. You've got your detective story to write, and I have to think out something with a duke in it by to-night; so I must be going."

She smiled. "We have traveled a good way from the point where we started, but I may as well go back to it before I leave you. I'm sorry I laughed at you this morning."

Ashe clasped her hand in a fervent grip.

"I'm not. Come and laugh at me whenever you feel like it. I like being laughed at. Why, when I started my morning exercises, half of London used to come and roll about the sidewalks in convulsions. I'm not an attraction any longer and it makes me feel lonesome. There are twenty-nine of those Petersen Exercises and you saw only part of the first. You have done so much for me that if I can be of any use to you, in helping you to greet the day with a smile, I shall be only too proud. Exercise Six is a sure-fire mirth-provoker; I'll start with it to-morrow morning. I can also recommend Exercise Eleven—a scream! Don't miss it."

"Very well. Well, good-by for the present."

"Good-by."

She was gone; and Ashe, thrilling with new emotions, stared at the door which had closed behind her. He felt as though he had been wakened from sleep by a powerful electric shock.

A wonderful girl! An astounding girl! An amazing girl!

Close beside the sheet of paper on which he had inscribed the now luminous and suggestive title of his new Gridley Quayle story lay the Morning Post, the advertisement columns of which he had promised her to explore. The least he could do was to begin at once.

His spirits sank as he did so. It was the same old game. A Mr. Brian MacNeill, though doing no business with minors, was willing—even anxious—to part with his vast fortune to anyone over the age of twenty-one whose means happened to be a trifle straitened. This good man required no security whatever; nor did his rivals in generosity, the Messrs. Angus Bruce, Wallace Mackintosh and Donald McNab. They, too, showed a curious distaste for dealing with minors; but anyone of maturer years could simply come round to the office and help himself.

Ashe threw the paper down wearily. He had known all along that it was no good. Romance was dead and the unexpected no longer happened. He picked up his pen and began to write The Adventure of the Wand of Death.

II

IN A BEDROOM on the fourth floor of the Hotel Guelph, in Piccadilly, the Honorable Frederick Threepwood sat in bed, with his knees drawn up to his chin, and glared at the day with the glare of mental anguish. He had very little mind, but what he had was suffering.

He had just remembered. It is like that in this life. You wake up, feeling as fit as a fiddle; you look at the window and see the sun, and thank Heaven for a fine day; you begin to plan a perfectly corking luncheon party with some of the chappies you met last night at the National Sporting Club; and then—you remember.

"Oh, dash it!" said the Honorable Freddie. And after a moment's pause: "And I was feeling so dashed happy!"

For the space of some minutes he remained plunged in sad meditation; then, picking up the telephone from the table at his side, he asked for a number.

"Hello!" responded a rich voice at the other end.

"Oh, I say! Is that you, Dickie?"

"Who is that?"

"This is Freddie Threepwood. I say, Dickie, old top, I want to see you about something devilish important. Will you be in at twelve?"

"Certainly. What's the trouble?"

"I can't explain over the wire; but it's deuced serious."

"Very well. By the way, Freddie, congratulations on the engagement."

"Thanks, old man. Thanks very much, and so on—but you won't forget to be in at twelve, will you? Good-by."

He replaced the receiver quickly and sprang out of bed, for he had heard the door handle turn. When the door opened he was giving a correct representation of a young man wasting no time in beginning his toilet for the day.

An elderly, thin-faced, bald-headed, amiably vacant man entered. He regarded the Honorable Freddie with a certain disfavor.

"Are you only just getting up, Frederick?"

"Hello, gov'nor. Good morning! I shan't be two ticks now."

"You should have been out and about two hours ago. The day is glorious."

"Shan't be more than a minute, gov'nor, now. Just got to have a tub and chuck on a few clothes."

He disappeared into the bathroom. His father, taking a chair, placed the tips of his fingers together and in this attitude remained motionless, a figure of disapproval and suppressed annoyance.

Like many fathers in his rank of life, the Earl of Emsworth had suffered much through that problem which, with the exception of Mr. Lloyd George, is practically the only fly in the British aristocratic amber—the problem of what to do with the younger sons.

It is useless to try to gloss over the fact—the younger sons are not required.

Apart, however, from the fact that he was a younger son, and, as such, a nuisance in any case, the Honorable Freddie had always annoyed his father in a variety of ways. The Earl of Emsworth was so constituted that no man or thing really had the power to trouble him deeply; but Freddie had come nearer to doing it than anybody else in the world. There had been a consistency, a perseverance, about his irritating performances that had acted on the placid peer as dripping water on a stone. Isolated acts of annoyance would have been powerless to ruffle his calm; but Freddie had been exploding bombs under his nose since he went to Eton.

He had been expelled from Eton for breaking out at night and roaming the streets of Windsor in a false mustache. He had been sent down from Oxford for pouring ink from a second-story window on the junior dean of his college. He had spent two years at an expensive London crammer's and failed to pass into the army. He had also accumulated an almost record series of racing debts, besides as shady a gang of friends—for the most part vaguely connected with the turf—as any young man of his age ever contrived to collect.

These things try the most placid of parents; and finally Lord Emsworth had put his foot down. It was the only occasion in his life when he had acted with decision, and he did it with the accumulated energy of years. He stopped his son's allowance, haled him home to Blandings Castle, and kept him there so relentlessly that until the previous night, when they had come up together by an afternoon train, Freddie had not seen London for nearly a year.

Possibly it was the reflection that, whatever his secret troubles, he was at any rate once more in his beloved metropolis that caused Freddie at this point to burst into discordant song. He splashed and warbled simultaneously.

Lord Emsworth's frown deepened and he began to tap his fingers together irritably. Then his brow cleared and a smile flickered over his face. He, too, had remembered.

What Lord Emsworth remembered was this: Late in the previous autumn the next estate to Blandings had been rented by an American, a Mr. Peters—a man with many millions, chronic dyspepsia, and one fair daughter—Aline. The two families had met. Freddie and Aline had been thrown together; and, only a few days before, the engagement had been announced. And for Lord Emsworth the only flaw in this best of all possible worlds had been removed.

Yes; he was glad Freddie was engaged to be married to Aline Peters. He liked Aline. He liked Mr. Peters. Such was the relief he experienced that he found himself feeling almost affectionate toward Freddie, who emerged from the bathroom at this moment, clad in a pink bathrobe, to find the paternal wrath evaporated, and all, so to speak, right with the world.

Nevertheless, he wasted no time about his dressing. He was always ill at ease in his father's presence and he wished to be elsewhere with all possible speed. He sprang into his trousers with such energy that he nearly tripped himself up. As he disentangled himself he recollected something that had slipped his memory.

"By the way, gov'nor, I met an old pal of mine last night and asked him down to Blandings this week. That's all right, isn't it—what? He's a man named Emerson, an American. He knows Aline quite well, he says—has known her since she was a kid."

"I do not remember ever hearing of any friend of yours named Emerson."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I met him last night for the first time. But it's all right. He's a good chap, don't you know!—and all that sort of rot."

Lord Emsworth was feeling too benevolent to raise the objections he certainly would have raised had his mood been less sunny.

"Certainly; let him come if he wishes."

"Thanks, gov'nor."

Freddie completed his toilet.

"Doing anything special this morning, gov'nor? I rather thought of getting a bit of breakfast and then strolling round a bit. Have you had breakfast?"

"Two hours ago. I trust that in the course of your strolling you will find time to call at Mr. Peters' and see Aline. I shall be going there directly after lunch. Mr. Peters wishes to show me his collection of—I think scarabs was the word he used."

"Oh, I'll look in all right! Don't you worry! Or if I don't I'll call the old boy up on the phone and pass the time of day. Well, I rather think I'll be popping off and getting that bit of breakfast—what?"

Several comments on this speech suggested themselves to Lord Emsworth. In the first place, he did not approve of Freddie's allusion to one of America's merchant princes as "the old boy." Second, his son's attitude did not strike him as the ideal attitude of a young man toward his betrothed. There seemed to be a lack of warmth. But, he reflected, possibly this was simply another manifestation of the modern spirit; and in any case it was not worth bothering about; so he offered no criticism.

Presently, Freddie having given his shoes a flick with a silk handkerchief and thrust the latter carefully up his sleeve, they passed out and down into the main lobby of the hotel, where they parted—Freddie to his bit of breakfast; his father to potter about the streets and kill time until luncheon. London was always a trial to the Earl of Emsworth. His heart was in the country, and the city held no fascinations for him.

On one of the floors in one of the buildings in one of the streets that slope precipitously from the Strand to the Thames Embankment there is a door that would be all the better for a lick of paint, which bears what is perhaps the most modest and unostentatious announcement of its kind in London. The grimy ground glass displays the name:

R. JONES

Simply that and nothing more. It is rugged in its simplicity. You wonder, as you look at it—if you have time to look at and wonder about these things—who this Jones may be; and what is the business he conducts with such coy reticence.

As a matter of fact, these speculations had passed through suspicious minds at Scotland Yard, which had for some time taken not a little interest in R. Jones. But beyond ascertaining that he bought and sold curios, did a certain amount of bookmaking during the flat-racing season, and had been known to lend money, Scotland Yard did not find out much about Mr. Jones and presently dismissed him from its thoughts.

On the theory, given to the world by my brother-pen, William Shakspere, that it is the lean and hungry-looking men who are dangerous, and that the "fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights," are harmless, R. Jones should have been above suspicion. He was infinitely the fattest man in the west-central postal district of London. He was a round ball of a man, who wheezed when he walked upstairs, which was seldom, and shook like jelly if some tactless friend, wishing to attract his attention, tapped him unexpectedly on the shoulder. But this occurred still less frequently than his walking upstairs; for in R. Jones' circle it was recognized that nothing is a greater breach of etiquette than to tap people unexpectedly on the shoulder. That, it was felt, should be left to those who are paid by the government to do it.

R. Jones was about fifty years old, gray-haired, of a mauve complexion, jovial among his friends, and perhaps even more jovial with chance acquaintances. It was estimated by envious intimates that his joviality with chance acquaintances—especially with young men of the upper classes, with large purses and small foreheads—was worth hundreds of pounds a year to him. There was something about his comfortable appearance and his jolly manner that irresistibly attracted a certain type of young man. It was his good fortune that this type of young man should be the type financially most worth attracting.

Freddie Threepwood had fallen under his spell during his short but crowded life in London. They had met for the first time at the Derby; and ever since then R. Jones had held in Freddie's estimation that position of guide, philosopher and friend which he held in the estimation of so many young men of Freddie's type.

That was why, at twelve o'clock punctually on this spring day, Freddie tapped with his cane on R. Jones' ground glass, and showed such satisfaction and relief when the door was opened by the proprietor in person.

"Well, well, well!" said R. Jones rollickingly. "Whom have we here? The dashing bridegroom-to-be, and no other!"

R. Jones, like Lord Emsworth, was delighted that Freddie was about to marry a nice girl with plenty of money. The sudden turning off of the tap from which Freddie's allowance had flowed had hit him hard. He had other sources of income, of course; but few so easy and unfailing as Freddie had been in the days of his prosperity.

"The prodigal son, by George! Creeping back into the fold after all this weary time! It seems years since I saw you, Freddie. The old gov'nor put his foot down—didn't he?—and stopped the funds. Damned shame! I take it that things have loosened up a bit since the engagement was announced—eh?"

Freddie sat down and chewed the knob of his cane unhappily.

"Well, as a matter of fact, Dickie, old top," he said, "not so that you could notice it, don't you know! Things are still pretty much the same. I managed to get away from Blandings for a night, because the governor had to come to London; but I've got to go back with him on the three-o'clock train. And, as for money, I can't get a quid out of him. As a matter of fact, I'm in the deuce of a hole; and that's why I've come to you."

Even fat, jovial men have their moments of depression. R. Jones' face clouded, and jerky remarks about the hardness of times and losses on the Stock Exchange began to proceed from him. As Scotland Yard had discovered, he lent money on occasion; but he did not lend it to youths in Freddie's unfortunate position.

"Oh, I don't want to make a touch, you know," Freddie hastened to explain. "It isn't that. As a matter of fact, I managed to raise five hundred of the best this morning. That ought to be enough."

"Depends on what you want it for," said R. Jones, magically genial once more.

The thought entered his mind, as it had so often done, that the world was full of easy marks. He wished he could meet the money-lender who had been rash enough to advance the Honorable Freddie five hundred pounds. Those philanthropists cross our path too seldom.

Freddie felt in his pocket, produced a cigarette case, and from it extracted a newspaper clipping.

"Did you read about poor old Percy in the papers? The case, you know?"

"Percy?"

"Lord Stockheath, you know."

"Oh, the Stockheath breach-of-promise case? I did more than that: I was in court all three days." R. Jones emitted a cozy chuckle. "Is he a pal of yours? A cousin, eh? I wish you had seen him in the witness box, with Jellicoe-Smith cross-examining him! The funniest thing I ever heard! And his letters to the girl! They read them out in court; and of all ——"

"Don't, old man! Dickie, old top—please! I know all about it. I read the reports. They made poor old Percy look like an absolute ass."

"Well, Nature had done that already; but I'm bound to say they improved on Nature's work. I should think your Cousin Percy must have felt like a plucked chicken."

A spasm of pain passed over the Honorable Freddie's vacant face. He wriggled in his chair.

"Dickie, old man, I wish you wouldn't talk like that. It makes me feel ill."

"Why, is he such a pal of yours as all that?"

"It's not that. It's—the fact is, Dickie, old top, I'm in exactly the same bally hole as poor old Percy was, myself!"

"What! You have been sued for breach of promise!"

"Not absolutely that—yet. Look here; I'll tell you the whole thing. Do you remember a show at the Piccadilly about a year ago called The Baby Doll? There was a girl in the chorus."

"Several—I remember noticing."

"No; I mean one particular girl—a girl called Joan Valentine. The rotten part is that I never met her."

"Pull yourself together, Freddie. What exactly is the trouble?"

"Well—don't you see?—I used to go to the show every other night, and I fell frightfully in love with this girl ——"

"Without having met her?"

"Yes. You see, I was rather an ass in those days."

"No, no!" said R. Jones handsomely.

"I must have been or I shouldn't have been such an ass, don't you know! Well, as I was saying, I used to write this girl letters, saying how much I was in love with her; and—and ——"

"Specifically proposing marriage?"

"I can't remember. I expect I did. I was awfully in love."

"How was it that you never met her?"

"She wouldn't meet me. She wouldn't even come out to luncheon. She didn't even answer my letters—just sent word down by the Johnny at the stage door."

Freddie's voice died away. He thrust the knob of his cane into his mouth in a sort of frenzy.

"What then?" inquired R. Jones.

(Continued on Page 26)

ADVENTURES IN HAY FEVER

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

They Ran Fifty Yards Before They Dared Trust Their Noses in the Open

HAY FEVER is the only incurable disease that is considered a memorous affliction. It is more fatal than tuberculosis or carcinoma, because one does finally die of those disorders; but no one ever recovers from Hay Fever and no one ever dies of it. If any person claims to have been cured, that is proof positive he has never had it; and the agonizing, suffocating, involuntary effort one makes to survive it only increases the powers of vital resistance, and adds longevity to other distressing symptoms.

Every spring I am a cheerful woman, with an unclouded future of many summer years before me in unconscious anticipation. I am a worthy and agreeable member of society. I have liberty. I can go to any of the other politer ends of the earth without fear. I own and control my features. My eyes are clear; my nose dignified. I have a pardonable confidence in myself, in this Government, in the medical profession, and in answer to prayer.

A few weeks and all that is changed. I am not cheerful. I am debarred from society. I have lost my sense of liberty. I am the prey of the most ignoble fears. The sight of a ragweed inside the gates of Paradise would drive me frantically fleeing in the opposite direction. My eyes are blighted with tears that I cannot restrain. My nose is plebeian, red, noisy and beyond all control. I regard this Government as inhuman, the medical profession as an insult added to injury; and I know that answer to prayer may not be expected during six weeks in every year of my life, so long as I live.

Last year, on the morning of the fifteenth of August I woke sadly depressed. My eyes were inflamed. I could not taste my breakfast bacon—but I could taste my coffee too much. I was sneezing; I had a fever—all the symptoms of a bad cold—so I went to bed and sent for the doctor.

He was amused—that I should have gone to bed! It was only Hay Fever, he informed me. This fever lasts about as long as a particularly bad case of typhoid, and you have about the same temperature; but you do not die of it—you cannot communicate it to another; therefore you are not supposed to be ill. You are a kind of joke. The only thing you can do is to sneeze and bear it, or go away where you are immune—if you can afford the expense.

In the Summer of Discontent

IF WE could die of Hay Fever we should be segregated like lepers. The Government would make appropriations for our benefit. We should have hospitals and sanitariums provided for us, and the care of the best physicians. Because we get the disease from an innocent-looking weed that does not go about blowing its breath in people's faces, nobody pays any attention to our affliction.

Michigan is the only state in the Union that has passed a law requiring landowners to destroy ragweed and goldenrod; but if Georgia, which is the mother country of these growths, should introduce a ragweed bill into the legislature it would be tabled with a roar of laughter. Yet the Georgia Legislature did place a law on the statute book a few years ago forbidding women to ride cross saddle in that state!

Meantime two hundred thousand people in this country varying in age from three to ninety years have Hay Fever for at least six weeks every summer. A percentage of them become the victims of drugs in the effort to secure relief, others migrate to certain localities where there is no poisoned-weed pollen; but the large majority survive the best way they can, without any relief at all.

I have been fortunate enough to be able to afford the expense of migration. I have become a member of one of those ephemeral communities that coagulate in August and dissolve about the first of October.

There is a little village in New England where the victims of Hay Fever sneeze reminiscently only once a day—early in the morning. For nine months in the year the population of this place does not exceed two hundred souls; but during the remaining three months more than thirty thousand men and women fill its hotels and lodging houses. They come from every state in the Union and from the uttermost parts of the earth—from every walk and condition of life. Thousands of them would prefer to go to fashionable resorts. They are all driven here by the common desire to escape the horrors of Hay Fever.

I arrived late one afternoon, with my features still working, ready to endure any other discomfort cheerfully if, by the grace of God, I might be able to look at my fellow man without shedding tears or sneezing in his face. I found lodgings in a charming old tavern, and my adventures began.

There were forty other guests, many of whom have been coming here for thirty years. Some were young men and women, still in the tango stage of adolescence; but there is no dancing in the evenings. Even the hesitation waltz may raise a dust, and dust is strictly forbidden. The very streets are as clear of it as an old maid's dressing table. And this is the first summer resort I ever saw where romantic love, even in its mildest subacute forms, is nowhere in evidence—which is the strangest manifestation of the Hay Fever malady I have observed so far. Red eyelids and an abnormally active nose are abhorrent to the little God of Love. Or it may be that no man will risk proposing to a girl who he knows must spend six weeks sneezing every year, especially since he must also sneeze at the same time.

At first I supposed I was the only person in the house afflicted with Hay Fever. The nasal composure of the other guests was perfect.

There was a complete absence of the neurasthenic discussion of symptoms, always the chief topic of conversation in sanitariums and health resorts. It is the ambition of every guest to leave the impression that he has not got it; that he has come up for only a few days to play golf; or that she has come to escape the heat. But, sooner or later, every one of them is betrayed by his own nose or by some one else's nose; for, though the malady is not contagious, sneezing is a hypnotic affliction.

The morning after my arrival I went out on the veranda, where twenty other people were seated in what I know now was anxious repose. Presently an old lady started, looked about her guiltily, made a succession of scornful faces, and sneezed before she could escape. Instantly every one else began to make faces, every nose leaped into violent action, while the victims glared over their handkerchiefs at the criminal who started the racket.

She attempted a dignified retreat; but it is not possible to move with any grace when one must at the same time keep up a succession of cat sneezes. Her defection was the more reprehensible because she had been trusted. She claimed that she was not a victim of Hay Fever. Good manners here require that one must make with all speed to the privacy of one's own room when he feels a certain devilish tickling animation in his nose.

There is not much variety in the life and adventures of a Hay Fever victim. During the remainder of the year he may be a blade, a brilliant lawyer, a laurel-crowned celebrity, a formidable beast on Wall Street, a lion in society; but for six weeks at least he is the humblest of God's creatures. His dramatic interest in life is not dramatic; it consists of a furtive nasal anxiety for peace. He rises in the morning and attends to his sneezing the first thing; not that he wishes to sneeze—heaven forbid!—but he must do so. Not even in this weedless village can he escape these matinal spasms of his demon. He is fortunate if he is able to breakfast with calm features.

And afterward he does not vaunt himself. He avoids all excitement, especially cerebral excitement. The most gifted man would wring the neck of a great thought during his Hay Fever rustication. Thinking is accompanied by terrific nasal agitation. He becomes doless. He slumps. He puts away ambition. He dies to the world and to the things of the world. The people here avoid reading even the war news from Europe. This is not due so much to a lack of interest as it is to that first law of Nature—self-preservation. War rumors, even those fabricated in a neutral country, are exciting; and all excitement leads to one issue—furious sneezing; a tightening in the chest that will neither admit air nor relinquish the breath you already have in you.

When the Proud Become Humble

THE normal man, who scarcely knows he has a nose except when he looks in a mirror, and who can inflate his lungs like bellows, will never understand the cowardice of the Hay Fever victim, who would sometimes sacrifice his country for a night's sleep. We cannot, however, escape the dangers and excitement peculiar to our condition.

Two days ago I ventured forth for a walk with two hardy New England women. We had gone some distance when suddenly the one on my right stiffened and stopped as though rooted to the ground. She could not have looked more horrified if she had caught sight of a German battery.

"Where is it?" the other woman exclaimed, evidently equally alarmed.

"There!" answered our companion, pointing toward a sheep pasture.

They clapped their handkerchiefs over their faces, seized me, wheeled about, and literally ran fifty yards before they dared trust their noses in the open.

(Continued on Page 33)

He Wished to Know Why the Bull Moose Party Had Adopted the Red Bandanna Handkerchief

An Old Lady Made a Succession of Scornful Faces, and Sneezed Before She Could Escape

THE HAND OF GLORY

Then, Be-George, I Had to Ride Ashore Pig-a-Back on Top a Greasy Native

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE thing about books, ye know," said Captain Pratt judicially, removing his best blue cap with the varicolored house-flag embroidered above its visor—"the thing about books is, after all, they convey such information. A chap can lay back at home, like Warburton here ——" Pausing, he stroked his neat gray mutton-chop whiskers, and stared from the broad window down upon the Calle Real of the little port. "Now you and me, be-George, our heads is cluttered with all manner o' devil-tries." The captain turned and, with light blue eyes full of boyish admiration, surveyed the length of Warburton's dusky chamber, considering the shelves—rare and incongruous sight to our seafaring gaze—of serried volumes. "Most men in the Islands, alone like him, they take to drink. Warburton here, he takes to reading. Every man his own tastes; but if yours is anything sim'lar to mine, be-'anged, you'll respect him for it!"

Our host's quiet though youthful countenance lighted whimsically at this compliment. He laughed in deprecation, and while the little captain studied the bookshelves with a pugnacious, oratorical stare, he fluttered one eye demurely.

"What's the result?" continued the captain in a savage voice. "Why, here goes Gregory Pratt a-bunting and a-battering round the corners of the world, ye know, thinking now and then he runs foul of an odd circumstance. And there smokes Warburton in his long chair, no owners to chivy him but o' mail-day, and sets at home, be-'anged, and tells me what I've seen! Me! Myself! Hah!"

He strode to the nearest bookcase, rummaged in a red lacquer box, and drew forth a small object.

"There!" He laid it on the table beside Warburton's cigars. "What would you have to say to that?"

It seemed at first sight a curio in bronze work. Closer view brought something of a shock. Reaching feebly toward the cigars lay a human hand, shriveled and dried to the color of raisins.

The clawlike fingers and thumb each ended, as by an unnatural extension of the nails, in a tight twist of sago-palm fiber, coated with some waxy substance. The tips were charred.

"Not a word!" The captain triumphed. "Not a word can you say! But when I hauled that out o' wrapping fust, Warburton goes straight to book and page ——"

He turned to search the volumes doubtfully.

"Shelf above," called Warburton. "Other end. Starboard your helm. Three feet along. Blue."

Captain Pratt returned with a worn copy of The Ingoldsby Legends, in which his moistened thumb at last found the place. "There she fetches!" he cried. "Now then." And he read aloud:

"'Open, lock,
To the dead man's knock. . . .
Sleep all who sleep, wake all who wake,
But be as the dead, for the dead man's sake.'

"There!" he exclaimed theatrically. "I thought I'd took part in something sing'lar, while there it was all the time, printed out into a verse! And when these poet chaps has claimed a notion oncet, you can put it down for some old trick—common, mind ye, and wide known."

Captain Pratt, master of the schooner Nuestra Señora de Buen Viaje, rolled into a spacious chair, elevated his short, white-trousered legs, Far-East fashion, along the polished arm-rests, and so pondered, bending back and forth, as a fencer tries a foil, his heavy, shore-going stick of whalebone. As he began to narrate, his blue eyes twinkled hard and bright, yet with now and then a reminiscent glaze, in the sheltered noonday glare from the balcony window, overhung with ancient, mottled tiles.

To Think I'd Stood By and Abetted Such Mocus-Pocus!

II

YOU, being no better read than me, would have thought it sing'lar just the same. Rummest part was, all begins one morning I met Rick Fletcher on the Bridge o' Spain. A quiet old bird was Fletcher; but he waved at me violent, brought up his carromata sharp into the wind and, for a man of his long length and melancholy joints, hopped out remarkable nimble.

"Morning, captain," says he, breathing that sad and twitchy way of his. "Very man I wanted to see. What's the name of your ship again?"

"Nostar Seenoria de Bon V'yage," I told him, and pointed down Pasig. "That's her laying below the Maritima hooker."

"Nice little thing," he puffs, as soft as though praising a baby. To see his thin mourner's face a-trying to smile over toward Binondo mouth you'd have thought him a benev'lent rescue bishop. "Nice little thing. She's bound south a long voyage this time, near to Borneo, the bulletin tells me? Ah, quite so. Now, going or coming, cap'n, how far off your course would be Pulo Bintang?"

"Unload rice there," says I. "What ye after?"

Fletcher backed and filled, talked roundabout it, then ups and says he's a partic'lar favor to ask, but would I take a chit to a friend on that island and fetch back his reply very private?

Now, in those days my shoregoing at Manila was light, and my nature, therefore, innocent. Fletcher I'd known to be high in Fearby-Hume Company, signing *per-pro* and enjoying confidence. Now he was in business on his own; and, mind ye, I saw no wrong to that. You know, when a man begins to drop in his rating, how the word goes—on the street, be-'anged, or in the club; how the Old Man grumbles to his next neighbor at tiffin, saying: "Who's that picked Fletcher up?" And somebody else mutters: "Poor chap, looks a little down already, eh?" And "Rather off, ye know." Then some fool junior, out from home in flannels, pipes up: "I say, what's wrong with him?" And p'r'aps a walnut cracks so ye hear it all round the table.

But my shoregoing was so light and easy I didn't know them signs; and all I said to Fletcher, on Bridge o' Spain, was polite enough: "Bring your chit aboard. I can't go chasing ye for it."

Two days later I cleared the Seenoria for a long voyage and a slow, touching various ports o' Samar and Leyte, and keeping on to the south'ard. All this was in the good old days, afore your star-spangled navy, so remarkable glorious in history, rounded Corregidor and captured the Niña, the Pinta and the Santa Maria. Being no Yankees, every Philippine port still had a house or two that was 'orsepital and free-'earted. A man could still enjoy hisself; so the Seenoria nosed along southerly, while I visited all me old friends. But Pulo Bintang I'd never called at, and, therefore, was willing to have Fletcher's letter. 'Twas sealed, mind ye, and circumscribed to a Don Eugenio Montes.

"You'll like him," Fletcher said when he gave it me. "You'll find Montes a clever chap. Most entertaining, merry old blighter."

III

AN ONCOMMON 'earty dislike I took to that place, first clapping eye on it—a devil's dozen o' huts in a tall spindling betel-palm grove, and the roadstead all bars and banks and blooming coral. I brought the Seenoria up two mile off shore, took to the dinghy, and then, be-George, stuck in this mud veneered sky-blue with half an inch o' water, so had to ride ashore pig-a-back on top a greasy native. Don Eugenio, a great freckled big man in white, met me on a white beach that fair scorched your blessed eyeballs. He read my letter there, become peculiar civil, swept round with his big hat, so, and seemed to take to me like pitch. Couldn't return the compliment immediate, him being so oily and soople and overjoyed.

"Merry old blighter" he may have been. I couldn't say. Laughed enough, he did; laughed all the time, and thundering loud. But somehow, d'ye know, his teeth flashed so bright, he put me in mind how some boys—louts rather—laughs to watch an animal suffer. "Merry" was not the word, by no means. Entertaining maybe. A big man, count'nance like a bull's, freckled all over, amber-colored eyes bulging out bold. Short, vig'rous beard; scrub hair, vig'rous too; eyebrows like a pair o' mustaches. Vigor—that was it, wrote all over him—manly vigor.

Now, while he tried to express how much gusto the face o' Gregory Pratt give him, I recalled I'm not there to take on flatt'ry, but discharge Saigong rice.

"Steady!" says I. "Slow down. Who's on hand to receive my shipment?"

"Right-oh, *señor*," bellowed Montes hearty. "No fear. This way." He moved off, obliging and dignified, shouting: "Caban! *Pronto!*" And in one o' these thatch cubbyholes he woke up a nasty little savage, Caban by name, who seemed to act for consignee, scared blue of his master all the time.

"Caban," said the Don, "get lorchas out to ship."

This leaves me off duty to make Don Eugenio's acquaintance, which begins with gin-and-bitters and a cigar.

"And welcome, dear capitan!" he cried. "What you don't see, call for it. Nothing's too good for you. I own this village, mind ye, body and soul. Make yourself at home. I'm king here."

His house was only attap, but large and cool and lazy. Looking about from his veranda, ye know, it struck me those lorchas would take on rice enough to gorge the whole pop'lace for a twelvemonth. I passed that remark.

"Ah, no, capitan," replied the Don; "your rice is not for us. We here are only half a dozen souls. Caban and I and the Chinamen will transfer it, roundabout, far off among the trepang camps."

"Trepang your business here?" says I.

"Trepang and coir," he tells me, lolling offhand. "And siri and copra. Grand copra! Splendid coconuts we grow, bottomside the island. Ha, ha, ha!" says he. "By the way, if you will take them, I must send a basket of our best nuts to Ricardo Fletcher, that dear fellow. What a fair pleasure it is to read one of his chits again, so amusing, and meet one of his friends." He patted the letter affectionate, and stuck it in the breast pocket of his shirt. "How does my old playmate Ricardo? A charming man, capitan. Have you learned to value him proper, you money-grubs up in Manila? Eh? Ha, ha, ha!" says he.

Be-'anged, I can't do his conversation justice. Vigor, 'twas, just like the Don hisself—overflowing manly vigor. So we talked all afternoon, till Caban, dirty little savage, brought a long face to say his lorchas got all stuck in the mud, and can't reach the Seenoria afore morning tide. An'orrid little beast, that Caban was—pompadour head, pajama legs, and an old black-silk dinner jacket over his naked ribs. Looked like a sick waiter tumbled out o' bed for to run to a fire against his will.

He sidled round, trying to get a private word into his master's ear.

"Never mind that now," growls Don Eugenio; then to me, soft and pleasant, he says: "So much the better, *señor*. You will dine with me. What!" says he, cutting off my objections. "Would ye grudge poor me the pleasure of such a guest once in a lifetime?"

Put so elegant, o' course I gave in. Dinner was remarkable good, liquor free, lots o' handsome talk and fun a-plenty by candlelight.

"To-morrow forenoon," Montes was saying—"to-morrow forenoon, my Pratt, I give ye the little keepsake for Fletcher, that other friend of my 'eart."

So saying, merry as a grig and teeth all ashine amongst his beard, he picked up his table knife and swallowed it.

"My aunt!" says I. 'Twas 'orrible, so unexpected. All I could say I said then, staring: "My aunt!"

IV

THE knife seemed to drop right down his gullet. I could fair see its bone handle flash inside the red of his mouth. Gave me a reg'lar turn sick, that. But the Don laughed.

"Ho, ho!" says he, and thereupon, twitching hisself by one ear, he pulled out from it a hen's egg, tossed the egg up in air a few times, clucking, caught it, clapped his hands, and be'old, no more egg!

"My hat!" says I. "Brayvo!"

The Don leaned back, smiling careless, and poured sugar into his coffee. He stirred it awhile, then fished with his spoon, brought out the sugar again, and sprinkled it over the tablecloth as dry as dust.

I laughed and felt better, because that's a Hindu trick which I can do myself.

"Entertain you at all?" asked Montes.

"You bet!" I says. "Go ahead. Carry on."

Parlor magic it was, but the queerest and the neatest you ever saw. Montes made the tableboy fetch a big box full o' paraphernaliums, and we both clean failed to do our liquor justice, the things he juggled was so astonishing. All hours we sat there, him bringing out one surprise odder than the next, laughing easy, and conjuring away till my head spun. The magic that big bearded man performed was fair unholy.

"See them!" he muttered once, nodding past me.

I turned to look; and there from the veranda, in the stillness and dark o' the night, stood Caban and the tableboy watching, watching, as if their eyes couldn't let go.

"Terrified," says the Don, and swallowed another knife, also a fork and a wineglass.

I saw he'd spoke the truth. He was king. Those two, huddling so close for company, watching and shivering like sick dogs, their eyeballs green against the candlelight, were just no better, body and soul, than a couple o' slaves.

"The fear," he chuckles—"the fear o' me is the beginning o' wisdom."

Poor taste, I call it.

Off the Floor Rose All to Once t the Deadest Body o' the Lot

His paraphernalium box contained also a good many curios, which Montes showed me and explained their hist'ry when tired with doing his magic. No end of them. Amongst other rubbish he hauled out this very same object you have here—this nasty dried hand of a dead man. He reached it over, but I wouldn't take it.

"No, thank ye," says I. "What's it for?"

The Don stood it up endways in a hunk of bread before his plate, balancing on the stump of its wrist, like a five-prong candlestick.

"That? Oh, that's native," he laughs. "It works a great wonder. Real magic, the black art, which I don't often meddle with. These fools will tell you that when lighted it casts a *pukka* spell, ye know, like death or falling asleep. It's a charm to help burglars and murderers. Did you never hear about the Hand o' Glory? See, they've run away."

The veranda was empty, the two men gone.

"Don't blame 'em," I remarked. "'Tain't a pretty curio."

"Bah!" says the Don. "It's mere native bugaboo. Oh, the devil, what a host I am! Forgive, dear Pratt. Empty your glass and join me."

So we sat there talking and joking, but still with the queerness of his parlor sorc'ry and this dead man's hand awkward between us, whilst off among the treetrunks somebody began playing loud, mournful wails o' music, ye know, on a Chinese fiddle.

AND so to bed. Don Eugenio Montes slept inside a back room, but I chose me a hammuck in the veranda where I could breathe what little freshness might stir, and watch the Seenoria's lights riding at her anchor. No surf ran there, just a ripple. Not a breath of air, be-George, and the night hotter than what you feel it this blessed noon. I tossed until me hammick swung. *Maskes*, no go. The heat was bad enough, though still I might have dozed off; but, my word, the yowling of that tom-cat fiddle!

"Yang-yow, yang-yow," it went, the notes drawling and crawling and seesawing up your spine. Worse yet, a chap began singing to it.

"*Hao ye to*," he sang, high through his nose, but happy and fresh, good for all night. "*Moh-li Hwa*," so on, so on.

"Can't suffer that lying down," thinks I, and rolled out of hammick for to pace a few turns.

Veranda boards cracked so loud, though, that, not wishing to keep my bold Don awake as well, down I 'ops presently and walks barefoot in the grove. Remarkable pretty grove it was, too, those thin spars o' betel leaning all crossways and slender, bearing their heads like a rag-tag o' black topsails brailed up against the starlight. Takes little to please a lonesome old ass. I enjoyed that grove, and the shadows, and the cool, smooth ground underfoot, and the stars so bright and plenty. I even begun to like the China fiddle and the song: hence, afore long and quite unconsciouslike, there I went meandering in search o' the sounds.

They led me past the house, deeper into the grove, and toward a light which fell a-streaming through the open door of a hut.

Inside the hut four Chinamen showed like actors on the stage, sitting by a candle-lamp. Two of 'em was puffing turn-about at an eighteen-inch family cigar, hung on a cord from the roof. The fiddler wore that shiny black stuff like a wet umbrella. The fourth man, in naught but sky-blue trousers, knelt afore an open camphor box, counting coconuts into the same.

"Yee-sup, yee-sup yit," says he. "Yang-yow," went the two-string fiddle. And the fiddler's song wound along likewise, caterwauling no end about the Jasmine Flower. Time to time one o' the smokers leaned aside to catch little cockroaches off the walls, and feed 'em to a pet linnet whose cage set on a stool.

A sweet and homelike picture 'twas. I wouldn't have spoilt it for the world. But somebody must have spied me, for all to once t the four men stopped, listened, and stared my way.

"Who's there?" they called, or words to that effect.

I didn't answer. The man in sky-blue trousers quit a-counting coconuts, gave a jump, slammed the lid of his camphor box down and sat on it.

Not wishing to disturb, I left 'em and moved away for home. By and by the song and fiddle breaks out again in the distance. All's well; no harm done.

So round the Don's house I went, pit-a-pat on my dear little naked trotters, ye know, till a coolness come over me and the power o' sleeping.

"Back to your hammick," thinks I, passing the rear o' the house for the last time.

All was dark there, just a mound o' darkness to show that house like a hayrick, amongst the many slant lines o' the betel trees and starshine. 'Cordingly, therefore, it fair startled me when I heard two voices talking inside a room, low and hushed.

"They won't give it up," says one voice, complaining. 'Twas Caban the savage, and him full o' trouble and fright. "They want more. They refuse."

(Continued on Page 32

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

Volunteers and Patriots—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

I HOLD a strong brief for the English: For the English at home, restrained, earnest, determined and unassuming; for the English in the field, equally all of these things.

The British Army has borne attacks at La Bassée and Ypres, positions so strategically difficult to hold that the Germans have concentrated their assaults at these points. It has borne the horrors of the retreat from Mons, when what the Kaiser called "General French's contemptible little army" was forced back by oncoming hosts of many times its number. It has fought, as the English will always fight, with unequaled heroism but without heroics.

To-day after nine months of war the British Army in the field is as smart, in a military sense, as tidy—if it will forgive me the word—as well ordered, as efficiently cared for, as the German Army was in the beginning. Partly this is due to its splendid equipment. Mostly it is due to that fetish of the British soldier wherever he may be—personal neatness.

Behind the lines he is jaunty, cheerful, smart beyond belief. He hates the trenches—not because they are dangerous or monotonous but because it is difficult to take a bath in them. He is four days in the trenches and four days out. On his days out he drills and marches, to get back into condition after the forced inaction of the trenches. And he gets his hair trimmed.

There is something about the appearance of the British soldier in the field that got me by the throat. Perhaps because they are, in a sense, my own people, speaking my tongue, looking at things from a viewpoint that I could understand. That partly. But it was more than that.

These men and boys are volunteers, the very flower of England. They march along the roads, heads well up, eyes ahead, thousands of them. What a tragedy for the country that gives them up! Who will take their places?—these splendid Scots with their picturesque costume, their bare, muscular knees, their great shoulders; the cheery Irish, swaggering a bit and with a twinkle in their blue eyes; these tall young English boys, showing race in every line; these dashing Canadians, so impressive that their every appearance on a London street was certain to set the crowds to cheering.

I saw them in London, and later on I saw them at the front. Still later I saw them again, prostrate on the ground, in hospital trains, on hospital ships. I saw mounds, too, marked with wooden crosses.

Every man in the British Army to-day has counted the cost. He is there because he elected to be there. He is going to stay by until the thing is done, or he is. He says very little about it. He is uncomfortable if anyone else says anything about it. He is rather matter of fact, indeed, and nonchalant as long as things are being done fairly. But there is nothing calm about his attitude when his opponent hits below the belt. It was a sense of fair play, as well as humanity, that made England rise to the call of Belgium. It is England's sense of fair play that makes her soldiers and sailors go white with fury at the drowning of women and children and noncombatants.

Khaki, Khaki, Everywhere

IT IS at the English, not at the French or the Belgians, that Germany is striking in this war. Her whole attitude shows it. British statesmen knew this from the beginning, but the people were slow to believe it. But escaped prisoners have told that they were discriminated against. German soldiers have called across to the French trenches that it was the English they were after.

The same high-crowned roads, with pitfalls of mud at each side; the same lines of trees; the same coating of ooze, over which the car slid dangerously. But a new element—khaki.

Khaki everywhere—uniforms, tents, transports, all of the same hue. Skins, too, where one happens on the Indian troops. It is difficult to tell where their faces end and their yellow turbans begin.

Except for the slightly rolling landscape and the khaki one might have been behind the Belgian or French Army. There were as usual aëroplanes overhead, clouds of shrapnel smoke, and not far away the thunder of cannonading. After a time even that ceased, for I was on my way to British General Headquarters, well back from the front.

Every Man in the British Army To-day Has Counted the Cost. He is There Because He Elected to be There

I carried letters from England to Field Marshal Sir John French, to Colonel Brinsley Fitzgerald, aid-de-camp to the "Chief," as he is called, and to General Huguet, the *liaison* between the French and English Armies. His official title is something entirely different, but the French word is apt. He is the connecting link between the English and French Armies.

I sent these letters to headquarters, and waited in the small hotel for developments. The British antipathy to correspondents was well known. True, there were indications that a certain relaxation was about to take place. Frederick Palmer in London had been notified that before long he would be sent across, and I had heard that some of the London newspapers, the Times and a few others, were to be allowed a day at the lines.

But at the time my machine drew into that little French town and deposited me in front of a wretched inn, no correspondent had been to the British lines. It was *terra incognita*. Even London knew very little. It was rumored that such part of the Canadian contingent as had left England up to that time had been sent to the eastern field, to Egypt or the Dardanelles. With the exception of Sir John French's reports and the "Somewhere in France" notes of "Eyewitness," a British officer at the front, England was taking her army on faith.

And now I was there, and there frankly as a writer. Also I was a woman. I knew how the chivalrous English mind recoiled at the idea of a woman near the front. Their nurses were kept many miles in the rear. They had raised loud protests when three Englishwomen were permitted to stay at the front with the Belgian Army.

My knees were a bit weak as I went up the steps and into the hotel. They would hardly arrest me. My letters were from very important persons indeed. But they could send me away with expedition and dispatch. I had run the Channel blockade to get there, and I did not wish to be sent away with expedition and dispatch.

The hotel was cold and bare. Curious-eyed officers came in, stared at me and went out. A French gentleman in a military cape walked round the bare room, spoke to the canaries in a great cage in the corner, and came back to where I sat with my fur coat, lap-robe fashion, over my knees.

"*Pardon!*" he said. "Are you the Duchess of Sutherland?"

I regretted that I was not the Duchess of Sutherland.

"You came just now in a large car?"

"I did."

"You intend to stay here for some time?"

"I have not decided."

"Where did you come from?"

"I think," I said after a rather stunned pause, "that I shall not tell you."

"Madame is very cautious!"

I felt convinced that he spoke with the authority of the army, or of the town *gendarmerie*, behind him. But I was irritated. Besides, I had been cautioned so much about telling where I had been, except in general terms, that I was even afraid to talk in my sleep.

"I think," I said, "that it does not really matter where I came from, where I am going, or what I am doing here."

I expected to see him throw back his cape and exhibit a sheriff's badge, or whatever is its French equivalent. But he only smiled.

"In that case," he said cheerfully, "I shall wish you a good-morning."

"Good-by," I said coldly. And he took himself off.

The Link Between Two Armies

I HAVE never solved the mystery of that encounter. Was he merely curious? Or scraping acquaintance with the only woman he had seen in months? Or was he as imposing a person as he looked, and did he go away for a warrant or whatever was necessary, and return to find me safe in the lap of the British Army?

The canary birds sang, and a porter with a leather apron, having overcome a national inability to light a fire in the middle of the day, came to take me to my room. There was an odor of stewing onions in the air, and soapsuds, and a dog sniffed at me and barked because I addressed him in English.

And then General Huguet came, friendly and smiling, and speaking English. And all was well.

Afterward I learned how that same diplomacy which made me comfortable and at home with him at once has made smooth the relations between the English and French Armies. It was Chesterfield, wasn't it, who spoke of "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*"? That is General Huguet. A tall man, dark, keen and of most soldierly bearing, beside the genial downrightness of the British officers he was urbane, suave, but full of decision. His post requires diplomacy but not concession.

Sir John French, he regretted to say, was at the front and would not return until late in the evening. But Colonel Fitzgerald hoped that I would come to luncheon at headquarters, so that we might talk over what was best to be done. He would, if the arrangement suited me, return at one o'clock for me.

It was half past twelve. I made such concessions to the occasion as my traveling bag permitted, and, prompt to the minute, General Huguet's car drew up at the inn door. It was a wonderful car. I used it all that afternoon and the next day, and I can testify both to its comfort and to its speed. I had traveled fast in cars belonging to the Belgian and French staffs, but never have I gone as I did in that marvel of a car. Somewhere among my papers I have a sketch that I made of the interior of the limousine body, with the two soldier-chauffeurs outside in front, the two carbines strapped to the speedometer between the *vis-à-vis* seats inside the car, and the speedometer registering ninety kilometers and going up.

We went at once to British Headquarters, with its sentries and its flag; a large house, which had belonged to a notary, its grim and forbidding exterior gave little promise of the comfort within. A passage led to a square center hall from which opened various rooms—a library, with a wood fire, the latest possible London and Paris papers, a flat-topped desk and a large map; a very large drawing-room, which is Sir John French's private office, with white walls paneled with rose brocade, a marble mantel, and a great

center table, covered, like the library desk, with papers; a dining room, wainscoted and comfortable. There were other rooms, which I did not see. In the square hall an orderly sat all day, waiting for orders of various sorts.

Colonel Fitzgerald greeted me amiably. He regretted that Sir John French was absent, and was curious as to how I had penetrated to the fastnesses of British Headquarters without trouble. Now and then, glancing at him unexpectedly during the excellent luncheon that followed, I found his eyes fixed on me thoughtfully, intently. It was not at all an unfriendly gaze. Rather it was the look of a man who is painstakingly readjusting his mental processes to meet a new situation.

He made a delightful host. I sat at his right. At the other end of the table was General Huguet, and across from me a young English nobleman, attached to the field marshal's staff, came in, a few minutes late, and took his place. The Prince of Wales, who lives there, had gone to the trenches the day before.

The Faults of Censorship

TWO soldier-servants served the meal. There was red wine, but none of the officers touched it. The conversation was general and animated. We spoke of public opinion in America, of the resources of Germany and her starvation cry, of the probable length of the war. On this opinions varied. One of the officers prophesied a quick ending in the early summer. The others were not so optimistic. But neither here, nor in any of the conversations I have heard at the headquarters of the Allies, was there a doubt expressed as to ultimate victory. They had a quiet confidence that was contagious. There was no bluster, no assertion, victory was simply accepted as a fact; the only two opinions might be as to when it would occur, and whether the end would be sudden or a slow withdrawal of the German forces.

The French Algerian troops and the Indian forces of Great Britain came up for discussion, their bravery, their dislike for trench fighting and intense longing to charge, the inroads the bad weather had made on them during the winter.

One of the officers considered the American press rather pro-German. The American note to Sir Edward Grey and his reply, with the press comments on both, led to this statement. The possibility of Germany's intentionally antagonizing America was discussed, but not at length.

From the press to the censorship was but a step. I objected to the English method as having lost us our perspective on the war.

"You allow anything to go through the censor's office that is not considered dangerous or too explicit," I said. "False reports go through on an equality with true ones. How can America know what to believe?"

It was suggested by someone that the only way to make the censorship more elastic, while retaining its usefulness in protecting military secrets and movements, was to establish such a censorship at the front, where it is easier to know what news would be harmful to give out and what may be printed with safety.

I mentioned what a high official of the admiralty had said to me about the censorship—that it was "an infernal nuisance, but necessary."

"But it is not true that messages are misleadingly changed in transmission," said one of the officers at the table.

I had seen the head of the press-censorship bureau, and was able to repeat what he had said — that where the cutting out of certain phrases endangered the sense of a message, the words "and" or "the" were occasionally added, that the sense might be kept clear, but that no other additions or changes of meaning were ever made.

Behind the Lines the British Soldier is Jaunty and Cheerful

Luncheon was over. We went into the library, and there, consulting the map, Colonel Fitzgerald and General Huguet discussed where I might go that afternoon. The mist of the morning had turned to rain, and the roads at the front would be very bad. Besides, it was felt that the "Chief" should give me permission to go to the front, and he was not there.

Some of the Allies in France

"How about seeing the Indians?" asked Colonel Fitzgerald, turning from the map.

"I should like it very much."

The young officer was turned to, and agreed, like a British patriot and gentleman, to show me the Indian villages. General Huguet offered his car. The officer got his sheepskin-lined coat, for the weather was cold.

"Thirty shillings," he said, "and nothing goes through it!"

I examined that coat. It was smart, substantial, lined throughout with pure white fur, and it had cost seven dollars and a half.

There is a very popular English word just making its place in America. The word is "swank." It is both noun and verb. One swanks when one swaggers. One puts on swank when one puts on side. And because I hold a brief for the English, and because I was fortunate enough to meet all sorts of English people, I want to say that there is very little swank among them. The example of simplicity and genuineness has been set by the King and Queen. I met many different circles of people. From the highest to the lowest, there was a total absence of that arrogance which the American mind has so long associated with the English. For fear of being thought to swagger, an Englishman will understate his case. And so with the various English officers I met at the front. There was no swank. They were downright, unassuming, extremely efficient-looking men, quick to speak of German courage, ready to give the benefit of the doubt where unproved outrages were in question, but rousing, as I have said, to pale fury where their troops were being unfairly attacked.

While the car was being brought to the door General Huguet pointed out to me on the map where I was going. As we stood there his pencil drew a light semicircle round the town of Ypres.

"A great battle," he said, and described it. Colonel Fitzgerald took up the narrative. So it happened that, in the three different staff headquarters, Belgian, French and English, executive officers of the three armies in the western field described to me that great battle—the frightful slaughter of the English, their reënforcement at a critical time by General Foch's French Army of the North, and the final holding of the line.

The official figures of casualties were given me again: English forty-five thousand out of a hundred and twenty thousand engaged; the French seventy thousand, and the German two hundred thousand.

Turning to the table Colonel Fitzgerald picked up a sheet of paper covered with figures.

"It is interesting," he said, "to compare the disease and battle mortality percentages of this war with the percentages in other wars; to see, considering the frightful weather and the trenches, how little disease there has been among our troops. Compare the figures with the Boer War, for instance. And even then our percentage has been somewhat brought up by the Indian troops."

The Frostbitten Indians

"HAVE many of them been ill?"

"They have felt the weather," he replied; "not the cold so much as the steady rain. And those regiments of English that have been serving in India have felt the change. They particularly have suffered from frostbitten feet."

I knew that. More than once I had seen men being taken back from the British lines, their faces twisted with pain, their feet great masses of cotton and bandages which they guarded tenderly, lest a chance blow add to their agony. Even the English system of allowing the men to rub themselves with lard and oil from the waist down before going into flooded trenches has not prevented the tortures of frostbite.

It was time to go and the motor was waiting. We set off in a driving sleet that covered the windows of the car and made driving even more than ordinarily precarious. But the roads here were better than those nearer the coast; wider, too, and not so crowded. To Ham, where the Indian regiment I was to visit had been retired for rest, was almost twenty miles. "Ham!" I said. "What a place to send Mohammedans to!"

Eton Boys Firing From Behind a Trench on Public Schools' Field Day

In his long dispatch of February seventeenth Sir John French said of the Indian troops:

"The Indian troops have fought with the utmost steadfastness and gallantry whenever they have been called upon."

This is the answer to many varying statements as to the efficacy of the assistance furnished by her Indian subjects to the British Empire at this time. For Sir John French is a soldier, not a diplomat. No question of the union of the Empire influences his reports. The Indians have been valuable, or he would not say so. He is chary of praise, is the Field Marshal of the British Army.

But there is another answer—that everywhere along the British front one sees the Ghurkas, slant-eyed and Mongolian, with their broad-brimmed, khaki-colored hats, filling posts of responsibility. They are little men, smaller than the Sikhs, rather reminiscent of the Japanese in build and alertness.

When I was at the English front some of the Sikhs had been retired to rest. But even in the small villages on billet they were a fine and soldierly looking body of men, showing race and their ancient civilization.

It has been claimed that England called on her Indian troops, not because she expected much assistance from them but to show the essential unity of the British Empire. The plain truth is, however, that she needed the troops, needed men at once, needed experienced soldiers to eke out her small and purely defensive army of regulars. Volunteers had to be equipped and drilled—a matter of months.

To say that she called to her aid barbarians is absurd. The Ghurkas are fierce fighters, but carefully disciplined. Compare the lances of the Indian cavalry regiments and the *kukri*, the Ghurka knife, with the petrol squirts, hand grenades, aëroplane darts and asphyxiating bombs of Germany, and call one barbarian to the advantage of the other! The truth is, of course, that war itself is barbarous.

A Cordial Welcome at Ham

THE road to Ham turned off the main highway south of Aire. It was a narrow clay road in unspeakable condition. The car wallowed along. Once we took a wrong turning and were obliged to go back and start again.

It was still raining. Indian horsemen beat their way stolidly along the road. We passed through hamlets where cavalry horses in ruined stables were scantily protected, where the familiar omnibuses of London were parked by what appeared to be hundreds. The cocoa and other advertisements had been taken off and they had been hastily painted a yellowish gray. Here and there we met one on the road, filled and overflowing with troops, and looking curiously like the "rubber-neck wagons" of New York.

Aside from the transports and a few small Indian ammunition carts, with open bodies made of slats and drawn by two mules, with an impassive turbaned driver calling strange words to his team, there was no sign of war. No bombarding disturbed the heavy atmosphere; no aëroplanes were overhead. There was no barbed wire, no trenches. Only muddy sugarbeet fields on each side of the narrow road, a few winter trees, and the beat of the rain on the windows.

At last with an extra lurch the car drew up in the village of Ham. At a gate in a brick wall a Scotch soldier in kilts, carrying a rifle, came forward. Our errand was explained and he went off to find Makand Singh, a major in the Lahore Lancers and in charge of the post.

It was a curious picture that I surveyed through the opened door of the car. We were in the center of the village, and at the intersection of a crossroads was a tall cross with a life-size Christ. Underneath the cross, in varying attitudes of dampness and curiosity, were a dozen Indians, Mohammedans by faith. Some of them held horses which, in spite of the rain, they had been exercising. One or two wore long capes to the knees, with pointed hoods which fitted up over their great turbans. Bearded men with straight, sensitive noses and oval faces, even the absurdity of the cape and pointed hood failed to lessen their dignity. They were tall, erect, soldierly looking, and they gazed at me with the bland gravity of the East.

Makand Singh came hastily forward, a splendid figure of a man, six foot two or thereabout, and appearing even taller by reason of his turban. He spoke excellent English.

"It is very muddy for a lady to alight," he said, and instructed one of the men to bring bags of sacking, which were laid in the road.

"You are seeing us under very unfavorable conditions," he said as he helped me to alight. "But there is a fire if you are cold."

I was cold. So Makand Singh led the way to his living quarters. To go to them it was necessary to pass through a long shed, which was now a stable for perhaps a dozen horses. At a word of command the Indian grooms threw themselves against the horses' heads and pushed them back. By stepping over the ground pegs to which they were tethered I got through the shed somehow and into a small yard.

Makand Singh turned to the right, and throwing open the low door of a peasant's house stood aside to allow me to enter. "It is not very comfortable," he explained, "but it is the best we have."

He was so tall that he was obliged to stoop as he entered the doorway. Within was an ordinary peasant's kitchen, but cleaner than the average. In spite of the weather the floor boards were freshly scrubbed. The hearth was swept, and by the stove lay a sleek tortoise-shell cat. There was a wooden dresser, a shelf chimney with rows of plates standing on it, and in a doorway just beyond an elderly peasant woman watched us curiously.

"Perhaps," said Makand Singh, "you will have coffee?"

I was glad to accept, and the young officer who had followed accepted also. We sat down while the kettle was placed on the stove and the fire replenished. I glanced at the Indian major's tall figure. Even sitting, he was majestic. When he took the cape off he was discovered clothed in the khaki uniform of his rank in the British Army. Except for the olive color of his skin, his turban, and the fact that his beard—the soft beard of one who has never shaved—was drawn up into a black net so that it formed a perfect crescent around the angle of his jaw, he might have been a gallant and interested English officer.

For the situation assuredly interested him. His eyes were alert and keen. When he smiled he showed rows of beautiful teeth, small and white. And although his face in repose was grave, he smiled often. He superintended the making of the coffee by the peasant woman and instructed her to prepare the table.

She obeyed pleasantly. Indeed, it was odd to see that between this elderly Frenchwoman and her strange guests—people of whose existence on the earth I dare say she had never heard until this war—there was the utmost good will. Perhaps the Indians are neater than other troops. Certainly personal cleanliness is a part of their religion. Anyhow, whatever the reason, I saw no evidence of sullkiness toward the Indians, although I have seen surly glances directed toward many of the billeted troops of other nationalities.

Conversation was rather difficult. We had no common ground to meet on, and the ordinary currency of polite society seemed inadequate, out of place.

"The weather must be terrible after India," I ventured.

"We do not mind the cold. We come from the north of India, where it is often cold. But the mud is bad. We cannot use our horses."

"You are a cavalry regiment?" I asked, out of my abysmal ignorance.

"We are Lancers. Yes. And horses are not useful in this sort of fighting."

From a room beyond there was a movement, followed by the entrance of a young Frenchman in a British uniform. Makand Singh presented him and he joined the circle that waited for coffee.

The newcomer presented an enigma—a Frenchman in a British uniform quartered with the Indian troops! It developed that he was a pupil from the Sorbonne, in Paris, and was an interpreter. Everywhere afterward I found these interpreters with the British Army—Frenchmen who for various reasons are disqualified from entering the French Army in active service and who are anxious to do what they can. They wear the British uniform, with the exception that instead of the stiff crown of the British cap theirs is soft. They are attached to every battalion, for Tommy Atkins is in a strange land these days, a land that knows no more English than he knows French.

True, he carries little books of French and English which tell him how to say "Porter, get my luggage and take it to a cab," or "Please bring me a laundry list," or "Give my kind regards to your parents." Imagine him trying to find the French for "Look out, they're coming!" to call to a French neighbor, in the inevitable mix-up of the line during a *mêlée*, and finding only "These trousers do not fit well," or "I would like an ice and then a small piece of cheese."

Coffee With the Sikh Major

IT WAS a curious group that sat in a semicircle round that peasant woman's stove, waiting for a kettle to boil—the tall Indian major with his aristocratic face and long, quiet hands, the young English officer in his Headquarters Staff uniform, the French interpreter, and I. Just inside the door the Major's Indian servant, tall, impassive and turbaned, stood with folded arms, looking over our heads. And at the table the placid-faced peasant woman cut slices of yellow bread, made with eggs and milk, and poured our coffee.

It was very good coffee, served black. The woman brought a small decanter and placed it near me.

"It is rum," said the major, "and very good in coffee."

I declined the rum. The interpreter took a little. The major shook his head.

"Although they say that a Sikh never refuses rum!" he said, smiling.

Coffee over, we walked about the village. Hardly a village—a cluster of houses along unpaved lanes which were almost impassable. There were tumbling stables full of horses, groups of Indians standing under dripping eaves for shelter, sentries, here and there a peasant. The houses were replicas of the one where Makand Singh had his quarters.

Although it was still raining, a dozen Indian Lancers were exercising their horses. They dismounted and stood back to let us pass. Behind them, as they stood, was the great Cross.

That was the final picture I had of the village of Ham and the Second Lahore Lancers—the turbaned Indians with their dripping horses, the grave bow of Makand Singh as he closed the door of the car, and behind him a Scotch corporal in kilt and cap, with a cigarette tucked behind his ear.

We went on. I looked back. Makand Singh was making his careful way through the mud; the horses were being led to a stable. The Cross stood alone.

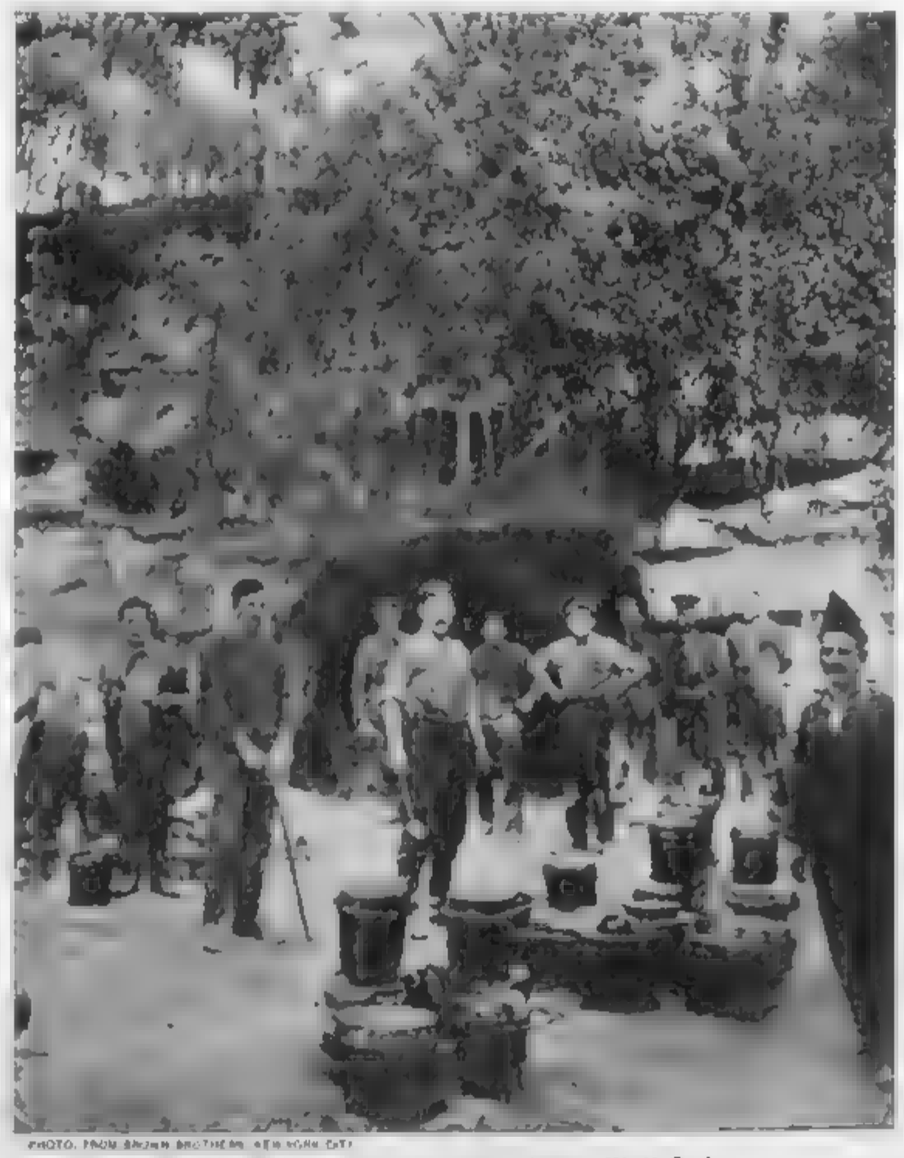

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The British Army is Exceedingly Well Fed

The next day I was taken along the English front, between the first and the second line of trenches, from Béthune, the southern extremity of the line, the English right flank, to the northern end of the line just below Ypres. In a direct line the British front at that time extended along some twenty-seven miles. But the line was irregular, and I believe was really well over thirty.

I have never been in an English trench. I have been close enough to the advance trenches to be shown where they lay, and to see the slight break they make in the flat country. I was never in a dangerous position at the English front, if one excepts the fact that all of that portion of the country between the two lines of trenches is exposed to shell fire.

No shells burst near me. Béthune was being intermittently shelled, but as far as I know not a shell fell in the town while I was there. I lunched on a hill surrounded by batteries, with the now celebrated towns of Messines and Wytschaete just across a valley, so that one could watch shells bursting over them. And still nothing threatened my peace of mind or my physical well-being. And yet it was one of the most interesting days of a not uneventful period.

In the morning I was taken, still in General Huguet's car, to British Headquarters again, to meet Sir John French.

I confess to a thrill of excitement when the door into his private office was opened and I was ushered in. The Field Marshal of the British Army was standing by his table. He came forward at

(Continued on Page 37)

THE FUGITIVE

By Charles Trethewey

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

"I Fled in Fear From Every Clutching Shadow Along the Street"

CRAVIN' your pardon, skipper, we've run foul of a chap that didn't look to sign no ship's books when he come aboard. Next door to all in, sir—the gentleman is, if you ask me."

Sprawled crablike over a month-old copy of a Liverpool paper in the drowsy quietude of his cabin, Captain Jim Barlow had alternately gaped and nodded for the better part of an hour. Of actual reading he had done little. Once clear of the marine page, a luxurious torpidity had claimed him.

Now at the mate's apologetic bass he opened his eyes grudgingly and shouldered to a more dignified position in the big Canton chair. He launched an impatient query deckward and sent an explosive comment hard on its heels, without so much as a decent breath between.

"Huh! What's that you're giving me? So —— The devil you did, eh?"

There followed a telltale clink of glass, the dexterous removal of a square bottle, and he whirled, facing the door.

"Ah! Got him along, too, have you? Well, let's have a look, Mr. Corbin. Where'd you come on him, then?"

"Cargo hold, sir—forward. MacNaughton had a batch of the men below tryin' to straighten out the bit of a list to starboard we borrowed in Sunday's blow off Cape Flattery. At dark, as they was knockin' off, they stumbled on His Nibs here."

For a moment the captain's eyes blinked a stubborn protest as they faced the naked glare of the lamp beneath the skylight. Now they conquered the haze of stale tobacco smoke that hung about the door and came to rest on something that loomed tall and motionless beside the mate.

Corbin took advantage of his chief's mood to stoop, whispering a hoarse injunction to the man at his side.

"Hop along closer, you! It's Cap'n Barlow! He ain't apt to bark so bloomin' fierce if you sport a civil tongue. Savvy?"

He thrust the flat of a weather-bitten hand into the small of the stranger's back, urging him firmly into the middle of the room.

The man's roving eyes carried famine in their depths. They embraced their new surroundings with a certain feverish stealth. His clothes, which spoke of the hills rather than city streets, hung loosely about his ill-nourished frame, and in places here and there a ragged hole gaped through. One of his hands grasped the faded cap the mate had yanked unceremoniously from his head; the other fingered a dark tangle of beard, which still maintained some crude resemblance to a conventional Vandyke.

Now the fellow's eyes suddenly left off wandering and focused on the big, ruddy-faced man in the chair.

The skipper glowered. Inwardly he felt nonplused. He had baited stowaways in plenty before to-day. In his first ten years at sea he had badgered scores of them down the turbulent, wind-torn lanes that stretched from Cardiff to the Cape. In later years, too, he had harried their kind from the bustling wharves of the Channel to far-off sapphire-tinted seas, and back. Yet something told him now that here was one who did not class with any of the old, familiar breed. The thing annoyed him a little. He cleared his throat aggressively and opened hostilities.

"Well? How did you happen aboard? We booked no cattle below decks from Pacific Coast ports that I'm aware! Come, you black-jowled scarecrow, you! I'm listening? Out with it! What's the name—eh?"

Except for the warring drone of the flies among the sultry, drab-painted beams overhead, no sound touched the cabin. If the fellow had swayed a little, it appeared to come from something else than the harsh prod of the captain's speech.

"So—you hound! So you haven't found me a lying word yet. Stuck in your gullet, is it? You sneaking mongrel, you!"

The skipper's jaw was thrust forward ominously. But the man had stirred. Now he woke to life.

"Stop! Listen, won't you? I'm English, at least, like—like yourself! It couldn't hurt to tell you that! I'll only be asking the dog's chance here! Even the mongrel, that you've called me, gets his sometimes!"

The voice seemed to labor over the words, an odd pulsing of weakness in the slow-coined speech. The face stood out above the ragged beard line, pallid and colorless from the tainted air and stifling reek of the hold. Yet the man's eyes braved the skipper's fearlessly enough.

"You've asked me questions that I'm bound to answer—how I came here—here aboard your ship. That was one. And—and that other—a thing that's mattered so precious little to anyone all these rotten, festering years." The bloodless hands lifted, sweeping the face half petulantly. It was not unlike the movement of a tired child. "Why is it people ask for a name first of all? Does a mongrel answer to one always?"

He stopped, a swift appeal in his eyes.

"You can't set me ashore now! You'll give me my chance, won't you—to England, there at the end? You see, I know what it means, right enough. Work—the mongrel's share, and all that." He threw out his lean arms in a sudden gust of passion. "I'll answer your questions from now till Kingdom Come—everything! But, for God's sake, if you're a man, fill the dog's stomach first, won't you?"

Captain Barlow's face showed signs of violent apoplexy. His fiery glut of words nearly strangled at their birth.

"Questions! Eh? What? Answer my questions, will you? Yes, you hound, I'll take good care of that! Aye, before you eat! D'ye hear, you scum? Before you eat! You scurvy crab—you—you ——"

Captain Barlow came out from under the glowing lamp, a hairy, bludgeonlike fist raised menacingly. The mate was on his feet.

"No! It'd be murder—rank murder! Can't you see, skipper? For the love o' your wife, hold your hand!"

But it was something else that disarmed the captain's wrath. His arm dropped impotent by his side. The other man had cut in again. His voice, which had grown suddenly stronger, seemed to fill the somber cabin.

"Murder! The word's got a nasty sound, no matter where you hear it; and no voice makes it seem any softer. They lynched many a man for less up there where I've come from, before the law got a hold. I've even known times when I've been asked to lend a hand."

He laughed mirthlessly.

"You wanted a name, you said? And you shall have it, my friends, for meat and drink. You can't begrudge me that! Something else I'll tell you, before I'm done, for good measure—something I'd planned to keep for an English sheriff and his crew—when we get home—we three."

The man had dragged a step closer to the captain, who was staring at him now, open-mouthed, from the table.

"How did I come here, you asked me. I wanted more time to answer that. It's a weary trail back there to where I started. You'll smile and judge me a pretty sort of bird to blab his ungodly soul about a woman perhaps. Yet I held my shoulders straighter once. There're few men living at thirty-five, who've traveled my road, who wouldn't have some of the marks to show. The best way, maybe, is to take you back to where the whole business got a date line."

He stopped, his eyes searching those of the captain and the mate undeterminedly for a moment. Then his speech went plunging on:

"Did you ever chance to see two men run red with hate, all of a sudden, and fly at each other's throats on account of a woman? I expect such things are common enough. But what I'm getting at is this: they aren't often the sort I've got in mind—the kind, I mean, that set Phil Dallas and me glutting our fists in each other's faces, like we did one night in the old cobbled street back in Plymouth. That one wasn't the sort whose smile is bought by the gold of the creeks and hills, like they are up yonder—Dawson, Juneau, Nome—bah! And all the rest! Mary Loring—ah, men, she was different! Victory and defeat I tasted for her that night. Did you ever hear of a man putting both to his lips at once? Victory and defeat! When they're mixed it's a devil's dose ——"

There came a worn-out, piping cry. The man swayed a moment blindly and crumpled to the floor, where he lay inert and apparently lifeless.

Captain Barlow stood, breathing noisily. He had fallen back against the edge of the little baize-covered table. Something had wiped the transitory passion from his face. It seemed chastened now and dazed. A moment of hesitation and he stooped. There came the soft glug-glug of liquid poured freely from a bottle. He rose, thrusting forth a glass with unsteady hand.

"Quick! Get some life into him, Corbin!" He mopped away the sweat that grew in beads on his forehead. "You heard all he whipped out there before he dropped? You heard him, man?"

The mate seized the brandy from his chief's nerveless fingers.

"Sure, I heard him, sir. Only I can't brag o' bein' wiser—none. Some fuss he might 'a' had in the Old Country, I grubbed out of it all. A female mixed in somewhere. Two o' the names I caught handy enough, but not this chap's here." He knelt beside the wretched heap on the floor. "I warned you he was clean beat, skipper. Quite a spell he's been company for the rats; an' the bloomin' hold's a Dutchman's oven. Touched in the head, I fancy, by his babble."

He glanced up narrowly at his superior, wondering at the look of amazement still there on the latter's face. At the same moment the captain stepped out from under the brazen radiance of the lamp. He motioned toward a couch that backed against one side of the cabin.

"We'll just make him easy there, Mr. Corbin. He should come round, I think, in a minute or so."

Then he ran on a moment softly, as though he communed with himself:

"Pshaw! It's no foolish age for miracles! I shouldn't want to say it was him, even now, if it wasn't for him coughing up her name so pat as he did, all to once."

He broke off abruptly.

"Hello! Look sharp, Mr. Corbin! You'll be spilling the most of it, I fancy."

He came forward like a man in a dream, staring down at the mate's clumsy efforts to force the brandy between the teeth of the man on the floor. He stooped closer appraisingly, still muttering under his breath:

"I shouldn't have guessed him, myself, in a hundred years. Besides, he isn't answering the little lady's description by a mile or more. It would be the beard he's carrying, maybe—that and the starved, gates-ajar look the poor

beggar's got there on his face." His voice sank to a sort of awed whisper. "Lord! Think of me chancing on him this way! Or was it him chancing to come to me? I give it up."

He quit worrying his chin with forefinger and thumb as he spoke.

"Ah! He's coming back, Mr. Corbin?"

"Aye, sir. He's takin' a brace."

The mate had paid scant heed to his chief's musing. Intent on his work he, too, had been quick to note the suspicion of color that was worming into the man's sunken cheeks. Now the fellow's mouth opened and he gulped greedily at the few remaining drops of the fiery cordial. At a nod from the captain, Corbin lifted him and bore him like a feather to the couch. He turned inquiringly.

"Anything more, sir?"

The captain, his head cocked a little on one side, was still studying the man before him, as though trying to get something clear in his mind. He answered the mate at last, but without altering his pose:

"I'm thinking there will be more, Mr. Corbin. We've got to handle a man's life here and save the snuffing out of the grain that's left. I'll have you see Lee Chong, the cook. Ask the slant-eyed son of a pirate whether he's forgot how to rustle gruel in a hurry—reg'lar hospital kind—thin, d'ye hear?—but plenty."

He considered a moment.

"Aye, and a pot of his best-brewed tea. A doctor, maybe, would be for tapping the medicine chest first; but this chap isn't clamoring for quinine capsules—or a ration of liver pills, either. When a man in his fix declares for victuals he can't have his order filled too rapid, I fancy."

He glanced round significantly at the mate.

"One thing more, Mr. Corbin."

"Aye, sir!" The other halted, his paw on the handle of the door.

"A still mouth would help some. No need for idle talk. The crew are a parcel of old grannies for hatching questions. If they're minded to gape a bit at a stowaway coddled in the Old Man's cabin, why, the chap's in a bad way, that's all, tell 'em. Maybe for once, till we get the fellow right in his head, you'd not be above packing the things yourself?"

The mate nodded sagely and slipped out on the tranquil deck, which was already washed here and there by the copperish light of a slow-rising moon. The captain crumbled fresh tobacco into his pipe and turned to the figure on the couch again.

Except for an almost imperceptible movement of his chest, the man gave little evidence of life. So he remained until the mate made his reappearance a short time later, his gorilla-like hands nursing a generous tray. Roused by the drone of their voices, the fellow's limbs relaxed and he made an ineffectual effort to struggle up.

"Ah! How are you feeling by now?" The skipper surveyed him dubiously, as though his mind was still big with a mystery he had not solved. He cautioned the man with his hand. "Better stow any more talk. There's no rush with what you've got to unload, my friend. Nothing like fresh fire under the boilers for that. We've something along to start the works again. Food—d'ye hear?"

Both men watched the derelict trail a lean hand across his forehead.

"You were wanting my name, I remember." He eyed them feverishly. "Robert Geoffrey Carstairs—the fellow who won—and lost. But there was a thing that went click—in my head, here."

He stopped, breaking into a fierce, impetuous cry at sight of the tray. The next moment he was eating with the eager lust of a wolf, restrained only by the outstretched hand of the mate, who intervened whenever the man threatened to overtax his weakened power of assimilation. When at last he had made an end he drooped away, with eyes closed. He remained quiet so long that the others were deceived into thinking that he had fallen into an exhausted sleep.

As they watched, however, he drew himself up again, with one of his shoulders braced against the dingy paneled wall. A new life-tide already purpled the great hollows about his eyes. When he spoke the quavering note was missing from his voice.

"Tell me, men, did you ever in your time chance to stand under a great staring moon and feel another man's forehead go damp and cold to your touch? But—no—I don't suppose either of you ever did a thing like that."

He fingered his beard a moment, as though memories crowded fast. Then his face changed like that of a man who has come on the threads of a tale where they had been snapped in twain.

"It was years ago, back there in Plymouth town, that I got the feeling I speak of—back there, where the curse of the wandering foot fastened on me first. Maybe you'd find it hard to understand how two men who ate from the same platter, as the saying is, and who had never passed a harsh word in their lives, could spring at each other's throats like beasts, jungle bred and born. But there's a strain of the savage in us all, I guess. It's there all the time, only waiting to blaze out like it did in Phil Dallas and me that night.

"He was a pretty fair sort, this Phil Dallas I'm telling of, men. Yet he was one of your moody, silent kind, seemingly fonder of his pipe and his den at any time than women, handsome as he was. I used to see Mary Loring twit him in her own pretty way, and him give no more heed than a bat to the tenderest, sweetest set of eyes in Plymouth. Eyes that lit my worshiping soul, they were. But I know now I was mad that night to babble my heart to Phil Dallas, comrade and friend though he was. Men are as blind as moles sometimes.

"Clerks in the same shipping office, Dallas and I were then. We had both been working late on our books, I remember; and Mary Loring's winsome face had muddled my figures more than once. It would be close on midnight when Dallas and I started home. Scores of times since, I've had the feeling of his arm resting here on my shoulder like it did that night as we strolled along. It was when I blurted out that I planned to ask Mary Loring to be my wife that I noticed his arm tremble. The next moment he had flung it off from me and I heard him choke in his throat.

"'Man! You don't mean to ask her that? Do you hear? Not that?'

"Perhaps it was the sight of him standing there, with his eyes on fire all at once, the queer paleness in his cheeks, and the sudden thought that he wanted her, too, that

"'I'll Wager the Gentleman Would Come Running Fast Enough if He Only Knew the Party That Was Planning to Get Wind of Him, Miss'"

roused me more than his words. Then he shrieked his first curse at me and shook his fist in my face.

"'By ——, Carstairs, if it runs that way, then you'll fight for her—here—to-night! And a clear field for the man who wins!'

"I think he hoped to cow me with his words, though we were fair enough matched as men are measured. But there he overshot the mark. Under the moon I caught a glimpse of his eyes again. It was the spark to the powder train.

"It's a horrible thing—a frightful thing—to see men's friendship curdle to hate in a moment! God knows who struck first that night. It may have been he. But I had taken his challenge greedily enough and it may have been me. It doesn't matter now. We were fast on our feet and our football training had brought us lung power and strength, though he had some advantage in steadiness and reach of arm as well. It was over before you could have walked half the length of your ship, men.

"One of his first blows gashed the skin of my cheek; and, with his brain on fire, he taunted me. Twice I swung at his gibing mouth and missed. I heard him laugh in the moonlight. As he led for my face again, I flashed aside and struck. It was a fair blow—I swear it before God!—but it carried the newborn spleen of a tiger's paw."

Above the captain's head an imprisoned fly cried for an instant in the globe of the lamp. Carstairs' gaze wavered to it dully. His head and beard made a fantastic pool-like shadow across the cabin floor.

"Did you ever put your hand to another man's forehead and feel—no, no—I asked you that before, I remember. Nowadays I get wanting to ask it of every soul I meet. A queer storehouse the brain is, with all the things that get locked in which never creep out any more!

"I recollect how, that night, I couldn't feel the beat of a man's heart. I knelt there, still daring to hope, when there came the sound of voices; and I fled in fear from every clutching shadow along the street. At my rooms I scrawled a black note to Mary Loring. I told her all and begged her woman's prayers. Then, down at the wharves in the ghostly morning mist, I stumbled on a fruit steamer casting off for the West Indies. I knew, for me, there could be no turning back."

Carstairs paused half wearily. Over against the table Captain Barlow was shifting uneasily in his chair. Twice he leaned forward as though he meant to put a question; but he checked himself, watching the man on the couch, who plucked nervously at a ragged hole in his sleeve. Now Carstairs was going on again:

"Would you like to follow the road I've taken since? Look at me, men, and guess. But a look wouldn't measure the dreary miles of God's earth I've drifted over all these worthless years. First, it was Barbados; then the Argentine for a spell; Panama; Mexico; and up the coast to 'Frisco. There I answered the call of the land that's lured sin-spotted souls and honest hearts alike the world over. They say Alaska holds men longer than all the rest, and I've been no exception.

"You wouldn't suspect I'd prospered, maybe? It's hard to guess the history of a wreck anywhere; but you can

"At Dark, as They Was Knockin' Off, They Stumbled on His Nibs Here"

bank on its being true—that about the devil taking care of his own. He does for a time, at any rate. There were years when I seemed to own the luck of one in a million. And through it all I've watched many a better man slave on unrewarded and cure his blues, in lots of cases, with a kindly dose of lead. I've known times when, if it wasn't for the old ache here at my heart, my dreams of Mary Loring and the sight of Phil Dallas lying there pale and quiet under the moon, I might have been happy after a fashion; but I knew it was the ashes—always the ashes—I was tasting. I was drifting like a ship that doesn't answer to her helm.

"'The Mad Englishman,' some of the camps came to dub me; and in more ways than one, I fancy, I earned the name. Once, in my cheechaka days in Sonora, Mexico, I stumbled like a drunkard on two scarred and separate lodes in the hills, where the native silver ran as pure and rich as great streaks of fat in beef. Tenderfoot though I was, a mining syndicate in Monterey gave me big money for them both. It all went as water runs downhill—cards, whisky, Mexican race meets—trying to smear out the old pain that was there—always—at my heart.

"Again, up yonder in the North country, I've thawed placer ground that brought me treasure and friends in plenty, such as they were—smooth-spoken men and purring Jezebels too. While they angled for my money they toasted my health. Because I lived like a prince of the blood and laughed as loud as the rest, for a while they thought I was happy—the fools!

"But one day Aladdin lost his wonderful lamp. Things came to an end. My luck, which had mothered me through many a wild stampede, oozed away. I would strike it rich again, I argued; but I was wrong—dead wrong. Month after month I mushed it wearily from camp to camp, a vagabond, without hope and without grace or favor. My self-respect had drained away by degrees, and I learned that fortune and friends usually turn their backs together. I got to know there's a kind of failure, men, where the shoulders get stooped with the black, sodden weight of it all.

"Well, I lived on that way till I seemed to lose track of time. And all the while I kept straggling farther south buffeting the salmon canneries and the logging camps along the lonesome coast till I struck Vancouver. There I prowled about for weeks, playing hide-and-seek with the police, and living mostly about the docks, like the wharf rats themselves. Why I didn't end things then I've never come to know; but, instead, one night my heart leaped. Two sailors went gossiping by my hiding place and I overheard one of them speak of Devon. A mad plan hatched in my brain. With the yearning that gripped me, I skulked at their heels like the mongrel you called me a while ago. And when the coast was clear I sneaked aboard."

There was a moment of quivering silence. Carstairs raised his head listlessly. The man's face showed like some grim and ashen mask, framed as it was in the dark setting of his beard.

"People may call it late in the day to be getting back after what's happened, perhaps; but it isn't as though I shouldn't be welcome. There's one that never forgets—the Law. You see, it's never too late for that."

Captain Barlow was sitting craned forward heavily in his chair. His flushed face betrayed a nervous twitching—a characteristic of his when strongly moved. It was as though the words of the man with blood on his hands had served to quicken in his consciousness some tense and vivid remembrance. Now that Carstairs had finished he flashed a question eagerly, his tone strangely apologetic:

"You left England, you say, and struck for the West Indies, Mr. Carstairs, if I get you right. You didn't make an overlong stay of it anywhere in Barbados, I'm judging?"

"No—no; not long." Carstairs glimmered up at him strangely. "Six weeks and I had quit the island. There's no feeling like fear to drive a person on. Part of the item, there was another man with me—Hutton his name was; a decent, likable young chap from the States, and fretted to a shadow.

"One sweltering day under the palms in the public square at Bridgetown we turned our guilty, homesick souls inside out to each other. A bank cashier, or something of the sort in North Carolina he'd been, it seems. Our plan was to make for Brazil together. We changed our minds afterward and switched to the Argentine instead. Poor chap! He shot himself in Buenos Aires a month afterward."

Captain Barlow nodded understandingly. His eyes were on the careworn lines etched in the other man's face—this man who had said he was only thirty-five! Then, swift, another picture, one from a far-off screen, warmed in his thoughts. Wonderfully vivid and real, it swept in on him now. And in that picture he, too, had played a part! He passed a fleshy palm across his eyes and stared at the broken figure on the couch again. The next moment he roused himself, a question coining hurriedly on his lips.

"I'm going to ask you, Mr. Carstairs, whether you wouldn't come marvelous close to knowing a craft called the St. Hilda. Used to clear at Plymouth in the old West Indie trade—sugar mostly. Remember her, sir?"

The derelict swayed toward him sharply.

"I'll Answer Your Questions From Now Till Kingdom Come—Everything! But if You're a Man, Fill the Dog's Stomach First, Won't You?"

"The St. Hilda? Man, I left England in her—that night!" He stared. "Faces I forget, sometimes. But—your voice! I used to hear it raised in anger among the crew. Why—why, it's the mate, isn't it?"

The captain reddened slightly. He gave a quick answering nod.

"Aye; now you have me. Truth to tell, a more scoundrelly pack than I handled those times a man never wasted language over. But that's neither here nor there, Mr. Carstairs, when there's a matter of something waiting this minute that's got so much to do with you, sir, and—and one other. Aye, one other, I'm thinking, sir, that's carried a kinder memory than the Law."

The skipper's voice shook a little.

"You see, it's a piece of business that's seen many a moon go by since I first blundered on it. Running out cargo we were, at the old Traders' Quay in Plymouth one evening, when I first took it on. Scores of nights since, I've been held pop-eyed in my berth by the puzzle of it all, yet never once figuring I'd get any nearer to its answer. There's little you can do but listen, sir; and, if you're strong enough, hold steady till I'm through."

Across the room, Carstairs had suddenly stiffened. His dark cavelike eyes were fixed on the captain's twitching face. The skipper stared past him, as though he sought to visualize something shut out by the dingy, shadow-frescoed wall. His voice all at once had changed to a softer, more retrospective key.

"I'd been mate of the old St. Hilda going on six months and over when the thing came about. We'd made our berth at Plymouth late one afternoon, and after supper I'd got all hands rustling out our cargo of Barbados sugar pretty lively for an hour or more. A bit of a row had sprung up round one of our forward hatches between two of our niggers. I'd just squelched it and clambered back on the pier, I remember, when I fetched up face to face with something that set me dizzy-headed for a moment.

"Taking my measure under one of the lights of the quay was a young woman, pretty and graceful as a faun. She was rigged out stylish and becoming, in a habit of cool gray cloth, with a dainty blue jacket that carried snug pockets for her hands; and she wore, fastened at her breast, a flower—a great, ripe, deep-tinted rose I made it out to be. Perched atop her head was a saucy little white tam-o'-shanter, that seemed as though it might have been made for her and nobody else in the world. There was a meddlesome breeze stirring the quay that night, and she had a pretty trick, I remember, of putting up her gloved hand to brush back the little yellow curlicues of hair that kept on playing and skylarking about her face."

The man on the couch gave a low, incoherent cry. If Captain Barlow heard it he made no sign.

"I took notice that her voice, when she spoke, was keyed soft and gentle; but it didn't need that to show me she was a lady clear through. From the start, she frittered away no time after we'd said our how-d'ye-do's.

"'You are Captain Poole, of the St. Hilda?' she began; and I caught her drenching me with a pair of eyes that first I swore was blue, and a bit later I suspected might be violet.

"'No; I'm sorry, miss,' I answers her when I'd got my breath. 'You see, Captain Poole's away with Lloyd's agent somewhere uptown; but I'm Mr. Barlow, the mate, if that'll help matters any,' I says, touching my cap.

"She peered off into the dark, a shade disappointed, I thought, at first.

"'Perhaps, after all, you could tell me what I should like to know,' she ventures after a space, and I saw her looking round at me again.

"She appeared confused; so I nodded at her to begin.

"'Your boat here—the St. Hilda—plies to ports in the West Indies, I believe, Mr. Barlow?' she comes out at last. 'Though she is termed a freighter, you do book passengers sometimes, don't you?'

"I recall I stared at her, keen and wondering.

"'Why, for the matter of that, miss,' I says, 'we do. There was one or two along the last trip across. A Jew sugar planter, with his wife and a couple of crying kids, and a North-of-England parson, going out for his lungs.'

"She lifted her eyes again; and I thought they fastened on me disappointed for the second time.

"Then you couldn't possibly have carried as a passenger a young gentleman, who may have worn tweeds—a young gentleman rather tall, and of dark complexion and hair?'

"Well, with that, it didn't take no particular thinking on my part to remember that I'd dropped one somewhere in my count.

"'Right you are, miss,' I says. 'Yours would be a party that was down on our books as McAllister. Fits the description to a T. I caught a glimpse of the gentleman on deck once or twice when the weather was fine; but he kept to himself mostly and hugged his cabin uncommon close.

(Continued on Page 53)

ALONE IN JAPAN

The Cherry-Blossom Feast is the Innkeeper's Harvest Time

Cherry Trees at the Time of the Cherry-Blossom Festival

By Samuel G. Blythe

"WHERE are the ships?"

We had sailed past the Yokohama Breakwater into that harbor which usually is so frequented by argosies from all the seas. That great haven was as silent as a mill pond and almost as shipless. Instead of twenty or thirty great liners and freighters tugging at the buoys or snuggled against the docks, there were not more than three; one was the ship I went in on, and another was a snubby little Japanese torpedo boat.

Fuji was beautiful in the shimmering distance. The Bund; the Grand Hotel; the foreign business houses and godowns; the green trees on the Bluff, half concealing the great homes of the traders; the 'rikisha men; the peddlers; the guides—it was all as usual; but there were no ships.

"Where are they?" I asked. "What has become of the ships?"

"There are very few ships these days," the man replied. "It's the war, you know."

Martin, smiling and sucking in his breath, was on hand; and the white-coated boys; the blue-coated boys; the Chinese tailors; the Number One Boy and his assistants behind the desk; the portentous head waiter at the dining-room door—all smiling and all sucking in their breath, and bowing, bowing, bowing; but there was not a name on the register for several days back.

"Where are the guests?" I asked as I signed.

"There are very few guests these days," the man replied. "It's the war, you know."

The shop windows were alluring with silks and silver, with curios and porcelains, with ivory carvings and with all the specimens of expert Japanese handicraft; but the shops were empty. "Where are the customers?" I asked.

"There are very few customers these days," the man replied. "It's the war, you know."

Then it dawned on me—I was alone in Japan!

Speaking by and large, as the saying is, Japan is not such a depressing place to be alone in as might be expected. There is a certain satisfaction in having the entire resources of a great hotel at one's disposal, and even the most exacting traveler should be able to get sufficient service when, instead of one waiter in the dining room, he has forty at his call, or, instead of one room boy, he has twenty to do for him.

Of course the question of tips rather obtrudes; but very few of us have had exclusive occupancy of big hostelries and fifteen smiling little Japanese bell-hops at one's complete command. It makes one feel like an emperor, I should say—or a sub-emperor, at the very least; and it always is to be remembered that fifty sen is not fifty cents, but half of that, as our money standards go. I had that drilled into me.

"Beware!" said my long-time friend, who had also been a long time in Japan. "Beware of the insidious yen and the still more insidious sen. Perhaps these shopkeepers and curio dealers, and kimono sellers and ivory carvers do not appreciate that insidiosity—perhaps not! They bring a curio or a silken garment, or some embroidery, and they ingratiatingly say: 'Only seventy yen!'

"'Only seventy yen!' You make a mental calculation—seventy yen divided by two is thirty-five dollars. 'Why, goodness gracious!—that is very cheap. I'll take it.' And you do, forgetting that the purchasing power of the yen in Japan should be as great as the purchasing power of the dollar at home; forgetting that the price should be thirty-five yen, instead of seventy yen, figuring always in dollars instead of yen, and getting stung, stung, stung!"

But I digress; also, I forgot about the yen part of it. However, "*Shikata nai*," as the Japanese say when—as they constantly do—summarizing the national philosophy into two words, or one word and a half: "*Shikata nai*"—It cannot be helped.

"*Shikata nai.* Escoos, please; I am sorrow for you."

There you have the entire Japanese viewpoint when it comes to dealing with a foreigner. When a Japanese tailor sends you a sky-blue coat instead of the sober gray one you ordered, and you begin proceedings of inquiry, the tailor smiles, bows seven or nine times, sucks in his breath, and says pleasantly: "Escoos, please; I am sorrow for you." Then he turns to other things.

The Beginning and End of Apology

SO FAR as Japan is concerned "I am sorrow for you" is the last word in extenuation. It is the ultimate in palliation. It is the beginning and end of apology. It is as final as it is universal. When a Japanese has done a thing, and has expressed his polite sorrow if that thing happens—as it often does—to be the wrong thing, it is your part to quit fussing. No matter whether you quit or not, there is nothing to be gained by continuing. He is sorry for you, is he not? Well, what more do you want? Or, to put it another way, it makes no difference whether you do want something more or are content—that is all you will get: "I am sorrow for you."

I had some dealings with a Japanese merchant—that is, I imagined I was to have some dealings with a Japanese merchant. He assured me that he was the one person in all Japan who could and would obtain for me the exact article my curious foreign fancy desired. Of course he could not imagine—and he had given thought to the subject—why any person on earth should want what I wanted. No Japanese would, therefore none else should; but he would gratify my whim in the expeditious manner for which he is celebrated in two hemispheres.

I was to attend on him on a day certain. I attended. Much to his regret—in fact, to his intense chagrin—the required article had not arrived; but it was on its way. That was as sure as could be. Would the honorable gentleman be so extremely gracious as to attend on another and farther away day certain?

I attended. There was nothing at hand save the smiling Japanese merchant. There was not a leaf stirring.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I am sorrow for you," he replied.

"Admitting that and expressing my heartfelt thanks therefor, and being deeply touched and sensible of the genuine quality of your woe," I parried, aiming to carry the subject to a definite conclusion, "why isn't what I ordered here as you said it would be?"

"Escoos, please," he repeated. "I am sorrow for you."

"That's twice," I observed as calmly as possible "twice that you have been sorrow for me; and that, also, is a sufficient amount of sorrow in the circumstances. It is all the sorrow I can use. Wherefore let us eliminate further sorrow and get down from a sentimental to a commercial basis. What's the matter?"

He smiled radiantly—smiled and smiled. He bowed deeply—bowed and bowed and bowed. It was hypnotic. I felt myself getting ready to participate in the ceremony. I knew if I did I was lost; so I stood stiffly erect, all the time feeling strongly inclined to begin bowing, myself, but giving a very fair imitation of outraged foreign commercial understanding.

He smiled again, and bowed and bowed and bowed. "Stop it!" I shouted. "Stop it! You'll have me doing it in a minute."

"I am sorrow for you," he said again in a sort of bored way, as though he wondered, in his Oriental manner, what was ailing me.

"But," I persisted, "that is a wrong viewpoint. There are other places where I can get what I want and you will lose the sale. Has that phase of this matter occurred to you? Why not shift this sorrow and be sorry for yourself?"

He was still smiling, but there was a contemptuous look in his eyes. Here was a crass foreigner who did not understand the finality of the proceeding. It was all over. Why, in the names of four million ancestors, should there be any further conversation about it?

He tried once more. His smiles came sixty to the minute. He bowed almost to the ground. He paused after every word, sucking in his breath enormously.

"I—am—sorrow—for—you!" he said.

Just Waiting

Then he walked away. If that did not settle the matter nothing would. So far as he was concerned, it was complete, consummated.

I stayed, in earnest pursuit of that man, for half an hour. I accomplished nothing. I should have accomplished nothing had I stayed in pursuit of him for a week. My idea of the apex of futility is to try to get information out of a Japanese who does not desire to impart it. It is the extreme of the ineffectual.

But to return: There is a certain exclusiveness about being the only tourist in Japan—and I was not so much of a tourist at that, but sufficient—that is interesting and impressive. So, when I walked into one of those big hotels along about eight of an evening, after a day by myself in the first-class section of a train, I rather imperiously approached the desk through a line of bowing and smiling boys, and was greeted expansively by another group of smiling and bowing desk employees

The dining-room door was open. The head waiter stood smiling at the door. I glanced into the room. There were forty tables, immaculate in napery and shining with silver. There were bunches of flowers—no, not bunches—creations of flowers, daintily decorating each place; every light was burning and forty waiters, immaculate also, stood smiling, one at each table. There was not a soul else in the room.

I signed my name to the register. There was a long consultation behind the desk. No Japanese can do a thing without consulting. If you ask one to look up a telephone number for you he summons two others to consult about it. There was whispering; and finally I was informed that certain rooms on certain floors would be shown to me. This was politely done. I selected my room. An alert room boy attended to my wants. My baggage was brought in. A fire was lighted in the grate. Everything was done silently, quickly, smilingly.

Dinner in Solitary State

I WENT down to dinner. The head waiter was at the door. The bell boys lined up and bowed and smiled. The waiters all came to attention, standing at their tables and smiling. The head waiter conducted me halfway down the room and, with a bow and a wave of his hand, turned me over to the captain, who had advanced to meet me. The captain bowed and smiled, and showed me to a table. Instantly the whole gastronomic resources of that hotel were at my disposal. My waiter was assisted by half a dozen others. I sat in the exact center of that great room and dined alone—alone—not in the sense of being alone at my table, but alone in the room. I was the only guest in that hotel. I had forty waiters to wait on me and fifteen cooks at my disposal. I know how it feels to be a Czar.

After dinner—and it was a good dinner, served with all the care and attention and skill that would have been accorded if I had been forty persons instead of a rather hungry one—I went out into the lobby. The manager introduced himself to me and welcomed me. It was a pleasure and an honor to serve me.

"Business seems very bad," I ventured.

"Yes," he replied, smiling; "I am sorrow for you."

Fuji, the Sacred Mountain Across Motosu

Good sports, those Japanese hotel keepers! For years—at the season I was there—their hotels have been full of money-spending Americans, Englishmen and Germans—albeit the Englishmen and the Germans are no spendthrifts. Here they were, with the cherry-blossom festival coming on—the cherry-blossom festival, which usually is the innkeepers' harvest time—and not a soul in their hotels, not a tourist, save myself and a few scattered others in sight; with no signs of the usual influx. But they smiled and bowed, and, whatever their inner emotions were, ran their hotels for my exclusive benefit.

And, speaking about being alone in Japan and alone in their hotels, I am here to remark that the coldest place in the coldest known world is a Japanese hotel in the mountains which has had no custom for a week or a month. The Japanese endure cold stoically. They are used to it. They walk about in the snow thinly clad, with their bare feet in their clogs, and smile over it. They warm themselves over infinitesimal charcoal fires, holding their wrists over the heat—thus, I suppose, warming the blood that flows near the surface. The better classes incase themselves in thick underwear; but, at that, they are thinly clad, when in a kimono, compared with the European or the American.

The walls of their houses are thin and the ceilings of their rooms are high, and the grates in them are tiny; and it is cold at Nikko, and it is cold in other places—cold—cold—cold! One night I had a room in a hotel that had not had a guest for a fortnight. Consequently no fires had been lighted save the little charcoal ones. I had not telegraphed ahead, for I knew there would be plenty of room. It was a grave error. There was plenty of room but there was no warm room. They did their best smilingly They were sorry for me. And after another of those solitary meals I went to bed in a room where a fire had heated to a point slightly above freezing a space about three feet round in front of the grate. Over in a dim recess of the room my bed stood, gelid in the glitter of the electric light.

As a boy, I lived in a section of the United States where it is cold in the winter, and where, in my boyhood days, such luxuries as fires in sleeping rooms occupied by boys were unknown. I remember the old trick of hurrying out of my clothes, turning down the bedspread, jumping in, sticking my legs straight down the middle of the bed, and turning on my side so as to touch as little as possible of the frigid sheets. I looked at that bed—calm and cold there in the electric light—and I speculated on my ability to twist myself into it as I used to twist myself into my bed in the old, cold days back home.

The room boy was bowing and smiling. I huddled over the grate. It took nerve to make that bed adventure.

"Boy-san," said I, "it is quite true, isn't it, that I am the only guest in this hotel?"

"*Hai*," he replied. "*O-samu gozai-masu*—I am sorrow for you."

I conned my scanty vocabulary of Japanese. "*Samu-samui*"—cold. He was right. It was cold that day.

Then I said, speaking slowly and with great impressiveness:

"Please tell me how many rooms there are in this hotel."

"*Ni-hyaku*," he replied, adding the full supply of honorifics.

Slowly I comprehended that: *Ni*—two; *hyaku*—a hundred; two hundred.

"Boy-san," I said earnestly, "go you to the one hundred and ninety-nine other rooms and fetch me all the blankets on all the beds therein."

As Cold as a Gooseberry Ice

HE BOWED and smiled, bowed and smiled, bowed and smiled—and backed out of the door; and I saw him again no more that night. And, indeed, why should I have seen him? He had been sorry for me! Enough and plenty for the shivering foreigner!

I shucked myself out of my clothes—or out of a part of my clothes—and dived into that bed. My fears were verified—the bed was cold. It was all of that. I was the sole guest in that hotel and I had all the frigidity to myself I did not feel like a Czar. I felt like a gooseberry ice.

It is astonishing how little warmth there can be in blankets or in floor mats in Japanese hotels. Along later in the process of refrigeration, after I had piled my overcoat and my outside clothes and some newspapers, and my suit case, on me, I bethought myself of the floor mats that were so cleanly cold and so coldly clean. I pried one of them up. It was a slab of rice-straw matting, two inches or more thick, like all Japanese floor mats, and it did not seem to possess any very great heat-giving attributes; but I hopefully laid that on me too.

PHOTO © BROWN BROTHERS NEW YORK CITY

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS NEW YORK CITY

The Hibachi, or Charcoal Bowl, is the Fireplace of Japan

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS NEW YORK CITY

Then I shivered off to sleep and dreamed I was nailed up in a piano box, and that the stevedores who loaded me on the ship were shamelessly disregardful of the painted injunction on the outside of me to Use No Hooks! I felt the hooks, but later concluded that what I really felt was merely the sharp pain which comes before complete gelidity.

"You come New York?" my room boy inquired next morning when he was thawing me out.

"No," I replied; "but I am in New York frequently."

"New York big place like Tokio?"

"Oh," I said, swanking a little, "New York is twice as big as Tokio."

"Yes," continued the boy, smilingly unimpressed, "Tokio big city—very big city."

"I know," I said; "but New York is twice as big as Tokio."

"Tokio many big houses." And the boy was still unconvinced.

"Big houses!" I exclaimed. "Why, there is a building in New York that is eight hundred feet high—eight—hundred—feet! Do you get that?" And I made a magnificent gesture indicating eight hundred feet.

The boy smiled politely.

"Oh, no," he said; "not so big as that!"

"Why not?" I asked. "I tell you we have a building in New York eight hundred feet high and plenty almost as high."

"No," said the boy, with the finality of certain knowledge. "Cannot be; no ladder to build with so long as eight hundred feet."

Well, that settled that; and it reminded me of the man who sat next to me in an electric street car. Like all other Japanese, he was curious. He engaged me in conversation for two reasons. The first was that he desired to show me the quality and quantity of his English. It is very hard for foreigners to learn Japanese in Japan, because all Japanese—or nearly all the educated ones—have a smattering of English, and they insist on using it on all occasions.

A Lake Near Tokio

The second reason was the inveterate and almost childish curiosity of the Japanese.

"Do you have electric street cars in America?" he asked.

"Yes," I said; "in fact, I think this car was made in the United States."

He bowed and smiled.

"I am sorrow for you," he said.

The Japanese have a lively desire to know all about you. They are actively interested in your health, your business, your habits, your wealth, your personal affairs; how you like your eggs for breakfast; what your clothes cost; where you are going, when you are going and why you are going; what you intend to do after you get there; what your excuse for existing is; how often you get your hair cut; how many children you have or have not, and why; what your watch cost; who is your tailor; how often you wash your teeth; what your secret sins are; how much you owe; whether you have any birthmarks; and what was the occupation of your grandfather. These, and all other topics that are personal to you, they are anxious to discover. Their curiosity is unbounded; but, my sakes, how polite they are about it!

However, if you turn the tables on them and begin to ask them questions, you will find that the well-known silent oyster is loquacious beside them. They retire behind the bow and the smile. As well try to get the great bronze Daibutsu, at Kamakura, to burst into comic song as to induce a Japanese to tell you anything he does not want to tell you. And he never, never will tell you anything he thinks will or may hurt your feelings, or cause you any inconvenience or disappointment, however momentary. It is harder to get a Japanese to say No than it is to underpay a jinrikisha man—and that is the most difficult thing to accomplish in this world. They simply will not say No to you on any matter they think may in the slightest degree cause you even the least twinge of displeasure or dissatisfaction. Conversely, you must not wound their extremely delicate sensibilities either.

A man I know tried experiment along those lines once. He had never been able to force, cajole or threaten his chief retainer into saying No without reservations. Always there was a twist or an evasion—never the direct negative. So one day he framed a question to which there was no other answer, as he thought, save a straightforward No. He plumped that question at his man. The man smiled, bowed and evaded. The questioner was persistent. He backed the evader into a corner and flung the question at him again and again. Each time he slipped round it. Finally the man grew imperative.

"Answer me directly!" he commanded.

The retainer tried to squirm out. He was held to it. Then, when there was no escape, he grudgingly replied:

"Not yes!"

This lack of frankness extends to their dealings with one another. They do not, under any pretext, say a

(Continued on Page 57)

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXI

H. R. AT that very moment was in his office. He had prepared a few model epistles for his Public Sentiment Corps to write to the newspapers, chiefly asking whether the composition of the Ideal Hunger Appeaser had been printed, and also when the tickets for the Mammoth Hunger Feast would be offered for sale. This would keep alive interest in his plans and in the personnel of his public commissions; for all sorts of commissions were highly popular. They were necessary not only to free but to intelligent government.

He summoned Andrew Barrett and said to him:

"Get this sandwich out to-morrow. It is one of our own. S. A. S. A. account; all-day job."

"The men objected to the other ——"

"Seven thirty-cent tickets to Weinpusslacher's apiece," interrupted H. R. impatiently. "Get them from Weinie. He owes us three thousand."

"Greatissimo!" shouted young Mr. Barrett. He hated to pay out real money and the members were getting ugly. They wanted pay for everything.

"Go to the costumer of the Metropolitan Opera House, to Madame Pauline, and to Monsieur Raquin, of the Rue de la Paix, who is stopping at the Hotel Regina, and to the fashion editors of the women's magazines, and ask each to send us a design for a ticket-seller's costume. They will be worn by perfectly beautiful girls. There will be one hundred of them. I myself vote for the perfect thirty-eight, about five feet seven and a half inches tall. My model of perfection is Miss Goodchild. Get busy! And, Barrett!"

"Yes, sir."

"Here is the text for the sandwich."

H. R. handed a sheet of paper to his lieutenant, who read thereon:

ONLY GIRLS
WHO ARE PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL
WILL SELL TICKETS
TO THE
MAMMOTH HUNGER FEAST
THEY ARE THE ONLY
PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
IN ALL NEW YORK
LOOK FOR THEM!
LOOK AT THEM!
PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL!
(Signed) H. R. Sec

"Say, H. R., this is the master stroke!" commented Andrew Barrett.

"To-morrow," said H. R. coldly, "one hundred sandwiches on the Avenue. One of them in front of Goodchild's all day. White canvas. Heliotrope letters. Pea-green border. Design Number Eleven. Also insert this ad in all the papers."

This was the copy of the advertisement:

WANTED—Perfectly beautiful girls. Not merely pretty, or merely young, or merely hopeful; but perfectly beautiful! Object: To make New Yorkers thank Providence they live in the same town. Apply H. R., Allied Arts Building.

Andrew Barrett read it and left the room, shaking his head, unable to speak coherently.

H. R. looked up a few addresses in the directory and went out. He called on the president of the National Academy of Design; on the professor of anatomy of the College of Physicians and Surgeons; on the president of the National Sculpture Society; the president of the Magazine Cover Designers' Guild; the president of the Equal Suffrage League, who was Mrs. Van Vervain; and Professor Tangolino, late of the Argentine Republic. These, with H. R., would constitute the Public Beauty Commission and would decide who was perfectly beautiful.

To each he pointed out that the noble cause of charity must be advanced. Also, an American standard of perfect beauty would be established for all time, their decision being unappealable. The artists instantly approved the plan, the method being artistic and, therefore, strictly logical. The president of the Equal Suffrage League objected to sex being dragged into the affair; and, besides, mere physical beauty too long had been accorded a disproportionate importance in social and political matters. It degraded a sex fit for higher things than to be man's plaything.

H. R., however, earnestly pointed out that it involved the recognition of the superior salesmanship of women—not saleswomanship, but salesmanship; for, though man was no better than woman in the conduct of the government or anything else, woman was infinitely the superior of man in many things. He finally induced Mrs. Van Vervain and the others to serve on the commission; but the newspapers, he warned them, would print names, and would, alas, devote much space to their deliberations.

They assured him that the regrettable publicity would not stop them from doing their duty.

He returned to his office, and prepared a series of questions for the papers to ask. This is the most intelligent form of newspaper interview. It is always printed. Answers to the reporters' own questions always appear in the papers when the reporters themselves have to supply them.

These were a few of the questions—which, later on, the Public Sentiment Corps answered:

Were there one hundred perfectly beautiful girls in New York?

Would there be a second Judgment of Paris?

Was the Public Beauty Commission really competent?

How many points for complexion and coloring? For teeth? For figure? For hands and feet and hair?

Would not a uniform garment, on the lines of Annette Kellermann's bathing suit, be the only fair way?

Would the wives, daughters or fiancées of the members of the commission be *hors concours?*

At what age did a girl cease to be a girl?

Should morality be allowed to interfere with art?

When the reporters called at the S. A. S. A. offices, H. R. said to them:

"The commission will hold meetings. They will be public—to the applicants. Nobody else, except reporters, will be allowed to be present. And you might add, gentlemen, that the commission considers the requirements for success so uncommon as to render unnecessary the lease of Madison Square Garden to hold the candidates. The sessions will be held in a room not much larger than this room.

"And," added the diabolic H. R., "we have no fear of overcrowding. They have to be perfectly beautiful girls—beautifully perfect. Now don't quote me, boys; but you might print, as a report on good authority, that the only one thus far chosen is Miss Grace Goodchild!"

XXII

LONG before the tea was over Grace Goodchild, two miles north of him, realized that H. R. was one of those detestable persons who are always right. A dozen of her intimates surrounded her in the Dutch Room. They all talked at once.

When eleven stopped for lack of breath, the twelfth, who very cleverly had saved hers, asked:

"Did they really pick you out, Grace?"

The speaker was not perfectly beautiful; but she was wise in her own generation.

"No!" said Grace; "but—really, I don't want to have anything to do with it."

"If Hendrik was my Hendrik I'd be It," said the wise virgin determinedly, "or he'd know it!"

"He told me," Grace spoke modestly, "that only perfectly beautiful girls would be chosen. And so, of course, that lets me out!"

"Oh-h-h-h!" came in chorus.

There ensued much whispering. Grace flushed. No woman likes to be accused of mendacity monosyllabically. It made her dislike H. R. more than ever. This ominous symptom did not disturb, because she did not ask herself who it is that a woman invariably blames when she must blame somebody.

"Does your father," asked the wise one, "still oppose ——"

"He does," answered Grace shortly. Then she added: "Of course!"

"I think your father ——"

And the wise one bit her lips. You would have thought she was snipping off thread with her teeth. A well-bred person must do this oftener than a seamstress—to keep herself from telling the truth.

"My father," tactfully observed Marion Molyneux, "could oppose until the cows came home."

"Mamma is on the commission and I'm not eligible; so I am not after his vote," said Ethel Vandergilt. "But I'd love to meet him, Grace. Is he all they say he is?"

Grace Goodchild, for the first time, began to realize that H. R. was a remarkable man. She realized it by the simple expedient of disliking Ethel.

"Is it true that he'll do anything you tell him?" cut in Cynthia Coleman.

She was a very pretty girl, with the absurd doll face that makes some men feel so manly. She had brains. A girl with that face always has. She shows it by never showing them. The face does the trick more quickly.

Grace said calmly:

"H. R. never ——"

"Oh, girls, she calls him H. R. too!" exclaimed Marion Molyneux.

Feeling herself one of a multitude made Grace feel like a mere human being. Created in the image of God, each of them naturally desires to feel like a goddess.

"I do not call him H. R.!" said Grace coldly.

"It is more important to know what he calls her," observed the wise one.

Grace remembered what H. R. had called her. She felt herself blushing—with anger. Truly the gods were kind to H. R.

"Coming back to our muttons, are you going to introduce us?" asked Ethel Vandergilt.

"I'm not going to have anything to do with the affair," said Grace decisively.

"Aren't you?" said the wise one. It barely missed being a sneer.

"Why not?" asked Ethel. She was the best-gowned woman in the United States. And she was, *ex officio*, *hors concours*.

Grace Goodchild felt the stare of a dozen pairs of eyes of differing degrees of brightness, but of the same degree of unbelief. They irritated her by flattering her.

Being logical she allowed these conflicting thoughts to interfere with her inventiveness. No woman can concentrate when watched by other women. Grace, therefore, was compelled to live up to the rôle society had assigned her, whether she liked it or not.

When you tell a man he is wise, and ask for advice, he looks as wise as he can and answers ambiguously. When you tell a woman you do not believe her she indignantly tells you the truth.

"One of the reasons"—she spoke very, very sweetly—"is that he said my friends would ask me to pull wires for them but he did not wish me to add to his troubles."

The girls were listening with their very souls, for this was inside news, and they are no more immune than stockbrokers. Grace went on:

"The commission will be absolutely impartial ——"

"You don't know mother!" muttered Ethel Vandergilt.

Grace heard her and said rebukingly:

"Yes; absolutely impartial and ——"

"Are you chosen one of the hundred?" asked the wise virgin.

"I had nothing to do with it," answered Grace defiantly. "This whole affair is exceedingly distasteful to me."

"Of course!" came in a great chorus.

To agree with her in that tone of voice was intolerable.

Grace's hatred shifted from the unspeakable H. R. to these bosom friends. If it were not that H. R. was always right she would not dislike him so much.

"It is not that I mind not being one of the hundred, but not being asked to be," complained the pretty one through her nose.

It was obviously what all of them minded. Ethel Vandergilt said:

"If I could make my mother resign I'd offer my services; but she is not the resigning kind. Good-by. I'm crazy to meet your H. R."

Well, they were welcome to him—if she made up her mind she did not want him for herself. The moment the last false friend left, Grace's tolerant smile vanished.

Was she, in sooth, chosen Number One? The papers said it was only a rumor. Suppose she was not Number One after all? Suppose the commission ——

"I could kill him!" she hissed, and left the room.

Frederick came to her.

"Miss Goodchild, there are five reporters waiting."

"Say I'm not at home!" Then she called the man back. "Ask them what they want." And she went upstairs to her room. Frederick returned presently and reported:

"One of them says they will do themselves the honor to inform you in person if you will be kind enough to see them. And, Miss ——" He paused. He had exceeded his duty.

"What is it, Frederick?" asked Grace, knowing that the imperturbable cockney was perturbed.

"There is quite a crowd outside. They are photographing the ladies, ma'am."

"What ladies?"

"Begging your pardon, Miss Vandergilt and the others, ma'am."

"Where?"

"Just in front of the door. Mr. Goodchild had some trouble in getting in, ma'am. He's quite vexed about it; but it wasn't my fault, ma'am," he said, forgetting that he was a menial—that is, protesting against injustice. "I couldn't help it, ma'am."

"Very well, Frederick," she said very graciously, and descended.

Five reporters were politely listening to Mr. Goodchild's vituperation. Therefore, his daughter walked down the stairs as majesty descends from the dais. One of the reporters started to meet her halfway.

"Hey! Confound you, come down!" shrieked papa.

"Miss Goodchild, we wished to ask you whether you have been chosen as the first of the perfectly beautiful hundred. Now that we have seen you at close range the question is unnecessary." She smiled slightly; then ceased to smile. The intelligent young man proceeded courteously: "Will you, therefore, kindly tell us when the wedding will be?"

All reporters are psychologists in their interrogations. The other reporters ceased listening to Mr. Goodchild and, as politely as the circumstances permitted, took out paper and pencil. When an angry man is suddenly deprived of his audience he becomes a mental assassin. Mr. Goodchild blamed it on H. R.

"She'll never marry that infernal idiot!" he shrieked, to show where the limelight should strike.

"Ah, yes!" said the diplomatist on the stairs, looking as though he had memorized the exact words. "Ah, yes! June! Thank you." He nodded gratefully at Mr. Goodchild, jotted down a date and put the paper in his pocket. "Congratulations, Miss Goodchild!" he said to her with profound respect, and descended. In the hall he said to his colleagues: "Come on, boys. We've got the month. She is Number One, and ——"

"If you dare to print anything I'll have you fired!" fumed Mr. Goodchild.

"If you were a younger man I'd tell you to fire your grandmother, sir; but I fear me she is, alas, no more. Meantime, Mr. Goodchild, will you be good enough to pose for our artist? Look pleasant, please. You'll have to close your mouth to do it. Wilson, you may film when ready!" he said to his photographer, who had just pushed past Frederick.

Sounds of cheering and applause came from the street. The ultra-fashionable friends of Grace Goodchild, having been photographed, were shaking hands with the artists and spelling their own names to the reporters. "Them's real swells!" shrieked a red-headed girl, who carried a large bandbox. More cheers. At that moment Grace Goodchild, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, appeared at her door.

"There she is! Hooray!" proudly shrieked two hundred and eighteen potential Socialists. They made room for Bishop Phillipson. Knowing now that they were not too late for the wedding the throng clapped furiously. Even at marriages there are encore fiends.

"How do you do, my child?" inquired the bishop, with a tolerant smile.

"Please turn round, bishop!" shrieked the Journal artist. He was paid by the portrait.

The bishop did so, smiled benignantly, saw the shutter open and close, and then said deprecatingly:

"I do not wish my picture taken, sir."

"No, sir. Will you give us another shot, bishop?"

The reverend gentleman waited a moment, and then shook his head and turned his back rebukingly on the photographers, who a second time had not respected his wishes.

Grace Goodchild, Impelled by an Irresistible Curiosity, Appeared at Her Door

"Such is fame, Bishop Phillipson," Grace told him, with a smile, pleased that the newspapers were taking his picture at her front door

"Reflected greatness, rather," said the bishop, with his kindly courtesy.

"It's an infernal outrage!" came in a husky voice from the house.

"It's papa. He doesn't understand "

"He and I are too old, I fear," smiled the bishop mournfully. "And how is H. R., my dear?" She shook her head and frowned. Always that person! "A most remarkable young man!" pursued the bishop congratulatorily.

He had received three and a half bushels of letters from utter strangers, commending his practical Christianity and his highly intelligent plan for feeding the hungry. Five vestrymen, also, had expressed their gratification that his name headed the list of the men who had made New York the greatest city of the hemisphere. It looked as though the hungry would be fed. That *hope* made *him* forgive much.

The bishop and Grace moved out of the doorway to allow the reporters to pass, and were themselves about to enter the house when a sound of cheering made them halt in their tracks

A vast crowd was walking up the Avenue. In the van marched one of H. R.'s free sandwiches. He was dressed in crimson broadcloth—from Morton & Company, as the next morning's account said—and he wore a shining silk hat—Fox Brothers, so said some of the newspapers. The sandwich board was a most gorgeous affair, a shield of burnished gold—by Cellini & Company, Florentine Frame Makers—on which were the arms of the city of New York in heraldic colors. Beneath, in six-inch letters of glittering turquoise enamel, was:

THE FIRST OF THE
PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL HUNDRED
IS
GRACE GOODCHILD
OF
FIFTH AVENUE
O. K.—H. R.

Before the Goodchild mansion the stalwart free sandwich stopped, faced Miss Goodchild, raised his glittering top hat and held it in the air, Beaubrummellesquely.

Andrew Barrett was immediately behind the herald of the free and intelligent people of the greatest city of the New World. A hush fell on the multitude.

"Speech!" shrieked Andrew Barrett.

"Speech!" shrieked twelve hundred and thirty-eight intelligent New Yorkers.

"There's Bishop Phillipson!" shrilled a correctly gowned elderly lady, pointing a jeweled lorgnette at the Bishop of New York. It meant the Church approved.

"Hooray for the bishop! Bishop! Bishop!"

"*Vox populi, vox Dei!*" murmured the bishop to himself. "Say something, my child," he gently urged Grace. "After all, we may dislike the way it is done; but if the hungry are fed we may be forgiven."

Grace Goodchild burned with a desire to make a wonderful speech, to prove that her greatness was her very own. They wanted her—not H. R.—this time! It was her triumph—not his.

Alas! She did not know what to say. She did not even know how not to say it. She, therefore, shook her head angrily.

"Speech!" shouted the crowd twice as vehemently as before. They always want to hear what you do not wish to say.

The cameras were clicking away madly. They sounded like the telegraph room of a national convention. Five dozen healthy young persons began chanting rhythmically, as one man:

"Speech—speech! Speech—speech—speech!"

Grace thought they were saying:

"His Peach! His Peach! Peach—peach—peach!"

Though she resented the intimation of H. R.'s ownership, she was, nevertheless, thrilled by the sincerity of the tribute.

It paralyzed her.

The sandwich man had been amiably told by Andrew Barrett: "Hold the pose, you slob!" and did so. His immobility was most impressive. His shield dazzled Grace. She recalled, in a flash, Geraldine Farrar.

She bowed to the sandwich, then to right and left, kissed her hand to the crowd of voters and not-yet voters, and ran blushing into the house.

The storm of applause broke loose. The very house rocked drunkenly as the sound waves dashed themselves against the façade.

The strenuous, nerve-racking life of New York compelled the crowd to linger for an hour. It was not until they began to break off bits of the bronze railing and chip souvenirs from the portico columns that the Goodchilds' butler sent a hurry call for the police.

The lieutenant's official version was cold and formal.

A Man Who Could Dance Like That Was Fit to be Any Girl's Husband!

XXIII

ON THE following day the newspapers announced, on unimpeachable authority, that serious dissensions existed among the members of the Public Menu Commission. It was hinted that resignations would be called for. Applications for the vacant places and suggestions from really competent men poured into the editorial rooms. It made the commission, as usual, an editorial target.

More space! That impelled the commission, speaking with difficulty by reason of the swollen lips of the chairman, to announce the menu. H. R. had it printed on academy board. New York, on the tiptoe of expectation to learn what an Ideal Hunger Appeaser would consist of, and how it could be done for twenty-five cents, and how the commission could decide without bloodshed, made haste to read the menu:

Soup *à la* Piccolini
Entrée *à la* Hotel Regina
Roast *à la* Perry
Vegetables *à la* Weinpusslacher
Dessert *à la* Fitz-Marlton
Bread *à la* Professor Preston
Milk *à la* Pasteur
Coffee *à la* Manhattan
Tea as wanted

O. K.—H. R., *Sec.*

The exact recipe of each dish would be made public after the Hunger Feast. It would remain a secret until then!

More space. See? Could the newspapers help it? Did not people have to have something to talk about? If they did not, what could the editorial writers have to write about? News!

Knowing that talk must continue in order that interest in the Hunger Feast might not abate, H. R. himself went to the shops on Fifth Avenue. The shops elsewhere would follow the Avenue fashions. He told each window dresser the same thing:

"I come to you first because you are an artist. You are æsthetically concerned with color effects and striking arrangements. You are a psychologist. You compel people to halt on the sidewalk and then you mutely induce them to use the doors. You really are the man who declares the dividends on the firm's capital stock. Yes, you do; and I'll see that the Big Chief acknowledges it too.

"Now, I've come to you—first! Whatever you do will be copied. It makes you plagiarizable; and that is merely the recognition of greatness You have the window. In order to dissociate the idea of money from your shop, in the public's mind, I'm going to give you a chance to do something swell, something to prove that you are above mere money making, which is something no Fifth Avenue shop ever did before. Remember, in this connection, the psychology of the crowd and of the money they want to spend and at the same time keep in their pockets.

"You and your windows are New York—the New York that draws the crowd of natives and Americans. Give a whole window, not to my charity, but to New York's—yours! Put this menu on an easel, with a background of that wonderful velvet you had the other day—the one that killed your competitors. It was wonderful!"

Before the artist could draw his breath H. R. warmly said good-by, leaving a menu in the astonished artist's hand.

They did what he wished. It was original, as they explained to the bosses. And department-store bosses know that originality means novelty, and novelty is what New York pays for. Within six hours the first edition of menus was exhausted. In every shop window in New York the public could see the Public Menu Commission's masterpiece. Cost: $68.14+H. R.

The undoubted possessors of perfect beauty gave more trouble than the menu and, therefore, more space in the newspapers. A regular detail of police guarded not only the Allied Arts Building day and night, but also the honor and features of the Public Beauty Commission. Grace Goodchild was compelled to make use of her neighbor's house—Mrs. Vantin's—in order to reach the street. She used the Seventy-sixth Street entrance. Mrs. Vantin congratulated Grace each time on her deserved triumph and asked her to look at Louise, her youngest.

The theatrical profession howled individually, collectively, in person, in writing, by telephone and through press agents. Nightly these favorites would ask, more or less nasally and slightly below pitch, whether they were not perfectly beautiful, and gave the audience the opportunity to judge of fifteen-sixteenths of their persons. And the unanimous reply was: "You are!"—from the claque.

It became the topic of the day and, as such, divided families and parted friends.

At the end of three days H. R. diabolically announced that only sixty-eight had been selected.

"Aren't there one hundred perfectly beautiful girls in Greater New York?" he feverishly asked the reporters. "Aren't there?"

The literary misogynists propounded the same query—in the headlines at that! On the very morning which saw the insulting question printed it was estimated by one of the newspapers that 318,029 answered "Present!" It was probably an exaggeration, as there doubtless was some repeating. The Public Beauty Commission that day added fourteen to the list of utter pulchritudes—names, addresses and portraits duly printed.

On Sunday all the newspapers published the full list of one hundred perfectly beautiful girls who alone would sell tickets admitting the holder to the Mammoth Hunger Feast in the capacity of spectator—one to each customer; no more.

On Monday they printed a facsimile of H. R.'s ticket:

1	2	3

Number One was a coupon, to be detached by the seller. It was in the nature of both wages and a vote to show which was the perfectest of the perfect. It would mean the only fair election ever held in America—only one ticket to each customer. There would be no rich man buying tickets by the thousand; no stuffing of the ballot boxes by the gallant commander of a militia regiment; no undue influence on the part of high political officials. No man could resist a perfectly beautiful girl who asked him to buy

one ticket for a quarter of a dollar—twenty-five cents—no bribing by kisses necessary

The rest of the ticket was retained by the buyer. It bought what the masses were beginning to speak of as the Perfect Belly Filler for a hungry person who was warranted not to have any money. Number Three coupon was to be detached by the doorkeeper at Madison Square Garden and returned to the ticket buyer. If the holder of said coupon exercised his or her brains, he or she would receive ten thousand dollars in cash. Conditions governing the collection of said ten thousand dollars would be published on Saturday morning. It would not be a lottery!

The ten thousand dollars would be paid in cash, with United States Treasury notes obtained from the National Bank of the Avenue. This insured their genuineness.

On Monday the perfectly beautiful started. It was fittingly a perfectly beautiful day. In automobiles—makers' names given, since it was for charity—decked with beautiful flowers—donating florists also honorably mentioned in the public prints and paid ads. besides—the perfectly beautiful hundred went forth to appeal to the great heart of New York.

They were indeed beautiful—at least the men, being blind and possessing the suffrage, thought so. Why, they even clamored to be allowed to buy. And they even found ways and means of repeating. They can never vote honorably.

The newspapers reported that by eleven P. M. 18,647 tickets had been sold. Also, they announced twenty-three engagements of perfectly beautiful ticket sellers. Grace Goodchild's name led the list. This time Mr. Goodchild did not deny it; the reporters refused to listen to him—hang 'em!

On Tuesday the receipts fell off. Only 7363 were sold. No engagements.

On Wednesday the sales rose. The offers of marriage aggregated 8889. Sixteen engagements of poor but perfectly beautiful girls to rich but devilishly wise old men!

A truly remarkable thing happened: Everybody ceased to be concerned with the sale of tickets or the object thereof. Crowds before the newspaper offices patiently watched for announcements of fresh betrothals. Every time one went on the bulletin board the spectators cheered as though it were a home run instead of a prospective marriage.

The betrothed reported to H. R. that they found the display of the solitaires interfered with the sale of tickets. He advised them to remove the rings. They refused.

"Well," he said coldly, "the one who sells the most tickets will be declared the most beautiful of the hundred. Of course you don't care what men think of your looks, so long as one man thinks you are the most beautiful. He must, since he is your fiancé. By all means show the solitaire. I respect your modesty. Besides, it keeps you from receiving offers that you cannot, with honor, entertain."

They, therefore, removed their engagement rings during business hours.

In Thursday's papers was printed the facsimile of a certified check for ten thousand dollars, signed by H. R. It was a sample prize. All checks would be exchanged for cash before the Hunger Feast began.

Save your coupons! This was already the commercial slogan of a great nation.

On Friday H. R., knowing that even perfectly beautiful girls cannot hold the attentive interest of New York unless they are played up with continual relays of fresh news, gave out a statement for the newspapers.

The newspapers not only printed it but featured it.

"Heretofore," said H. R., "when charitable folks have given money to organized charity they have never been able to feel certain that the money went to the right people. Organized charity has been compelled to be careful. While the merits of the case were under investigation, it has frequently happened that the case has died of starvation.

"Now, genuine destitution needs no life-insurance examination. It needs common sense and ordinary Christianity on the jump. We have undertaken to feed the hungry who have no money to buy food with. If anybody, out of the thousands who will be fed by us, is proved to be an undeserving object of our charity I will give one hundred thousand dollars, par value in gilt-edged securities, to any organized charity approved by Mr. George G. Goodchild, president of the Ketcham National Bank, who, being my prospective father-in-law, will be glad to have me lose the money.

"Modern methods of efficiency have been applied to charity for the first time—hence this meal, scientifically studied, artistically concocted, digestible, delicious and filling. There will be no graft; no throwing away of the public's nobly given money; no dietetic fads; no scientific sawdust; no waste; no salaries; no fraudulent hungers; no inhumanity; no maudlin sentiment—nothing but common sense.

"The Mammoth Hunger Feast, marking an era in the life of the great metropolis, will begin at 8:30 P. M., in order to give time for all ticket holders to dine at home. Well-fed New Yorkers will, therefore, be able to see with their own eyes how starving people eat—people who have no money to buy food with. Before each ticket holder takes the seat to which he is entitled he, or more probably she, may receive ten thousand dollars in cash by simply using brains. Let us see whether New Yorkers are as clever as they are charitable. Also, I shall marry Grace Goodchild in June. [Signed] H. R."

On Saturday morning the ninety-nine other perfectly beautiful girls were engaged. Grace Goodchild, when asked point-blank if she were engaged to H. R., now answered:

"Do you see any engagement ring?" Then she would hold up her slim and beautiful hands. No ring.

All told, nearly 100,000 tickets had been sold. It was plain that repeating had been indulged in.

The Men Clamored to be Allowed to Buy—and Even Found Ways and Means of Repeating

"If susceptible men have bought more than one ticket," H. R. said to the reporters, "they need not think they will get more than ten thousand dollars. But the fact remains that we have more than enough money."

This entitled H. R. to the respect of the most conservative dailies. And, moreover, he paid full rates for a half page, in which he printed this advertisement:

Hungry people who can't buy food because they have no money will receive a fine dinner free by going to Madison Square Garden to-night before 8:30. Fourth Avenue Entrance.

No matter how you came to be hungry and penniless; no matter what your life has been or what your religion now is; no matter what your habits are or what your political opinions may be; without regard to your jail record, disease, state of mind or favorite newspaper—if you are hungry and have no money, come and eat!

To the public: Come and see them eat your tickets!

Under the auspices of the Society of American Sandwich Artists.

Sponsors: The men who have made New York what it is!

H. R., *Sec.*

Then followed three hundred and seventeen famous names.

"What I have to say," H. R. modestly told the reporters, "I have stated in my advertisement. However, if you wish to ask any questions, or if you think the public is interested in any particular point——"

"It is! We do!" exclaimed the reporters. "Tell us about the ten thousand dollars!"

"It is very simple and very easy," said H. R., with the deadly earnestness of a man speaking the truth in New York. "As each person passes the ticket taker he will go, coupon in hand, into the superintendent's office. There he will be asked one question. It is not a catch question—no puns permitted; no double meaning; no particularly deep or recondite significance. It is a plain question, vital to the welfare of all New Yorkers, affecting the destiny of the American nation. The answer is perfectly obvious. The mayor has been invited to be present; and he will see to it that no fraud is perpetrated on the thousands of people who have bought tickets in good faith——"

"I thought the object of the tickets was to feed hungry——" began a serious-eyed newspaper reporter.

"It is; but charity carries a reward in cash. It is the modern way. You might add that there will be no reserved seats, no privileged classes. Where all men are alike charitable, all men are equal before God and man."

Napoleon revolutionized the art of war by moving quickly and overwhelming the foe with artillery. H. R. made charity a success by appealing, not alone to the charitable instinct of New Yorkers, but to every other instinct he could think of.

Therefore, everybody who was not hungry logically decided to go to the Mammoth Hunger Feast. The newspapers printed long and reassuring accounts of the police arrangements.

H. R., being a republican at heart, had reserved the imperial box for Grace Goodchild and her friends, and ninety-nine royal boxes for the other ticket sellers and their fiancés. His free sandwich men occupied the front row of arena seats and had been coached by the leader of the Grand Opera claque.

At a given signal they were to cheer Grace Goodchild.

When the bugle announced H. R.'s entrance they were all to stand up and go crazy.

XXIV

AT HALF after seven that night H. R., accompanied by eighteen contemporary historians and six psychological portraitists, went to the entrance of the Hungry. It was in the rear of the Garden and was dark and narrow—symbolism! It was the same entrance that a few weeks previously had admitted the circus beasts, only the beasts were not hungry.

(Continued on Page 45)

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Municipal Bookkeeping

LAST year—which, you will recall, included five months of war in Europe and considerable financial demoralization at home—cities and states of the Union borrowed a billion dollars, or something more than the total funded debt of the nation. A large part of this, it is true, consisted of short-term obligations, which were mostly to be met out of yearly revenue; but the issues of long-time municipal bonds came to nearly half a billion, and—notwithstanding the war—exceeded the borrowings in any previous year. Long-time municipal borrowings in the last two years come to nearly as much as the interest-bearing national debt.

For a number of years the pace has been steadily quickening and no doubt the check imposed by the war last fall and winter was only a passing incident. At the same time interest rates have steadily risen, so that the public charge devolved by municipal borrowings increases not only because more bonds are issued but because they bear higher interest. In 1901, for example, nearly two-thirds of all the municipal bonds issued bore three or three and a half per cent. In 1906 nearly two-thirds bore four per cent. In 1914 two-thirds bore four and a half or five per cent, or a still higher rate.

We may say that virtually all these bonds are issued for admirable purposes and represent good investments by the community—water works, pavement, school buildings, parks, and so on—that make the community veritably richer; but in a good many communities the bookkeeping is still bad. A uniform and comparable system of municipal bookkeeping, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission forced on the railroads, so that one city could check up its accounts by those of some other city similarly situated, and a voter with plain horse sense could get some intelligent notion as to the comparative economy or extravagance of his local government, would be worth a great deal of money.

Undeveloped Russia

PROBABLY that part of the earth's surface which offers greatest opportunities for industrial development lies within the boundaries of Russia. The Czar's country, it may be recalled, is over two and a half times as extensive as continental United States and contains sixty per cent more people; but its exports are only a third of ours, and they consist almost wholly of raw materials or of goods, such as butter and boards, that require very little manufacturing skill. The exports of iron ore much exceed those of manufactured steel. Our railroad system is about ten times as extensive as Russia's relatively to population and about sixteen times as extensive relatively to area. Our commercial banks have about ten times the deposits of Russia's. Probably the returns on capital engaged in business are higher there than here.

Instead of looking to China or Brazil, capital and ambition might well look to Russia's vast and comparatively untouched natural resources. But the Russian Government is both bad and powerful. The bureaucracy will not maintain tolerable conditions, but is strong enough to prevent anybody else from doing it. Barely a week before the beginning of this war Cossacks were shooting riotous strikers in Petrograd. Social disorder was so extensive and severe that neutral observers on the spot believed an attempt at revolution more serious than that which followed the war with Japan to be imminent. As to Russia, in fact, a successful revolution is the best thing a rational person can hope for, and that is not a particularly inviting prospect for capital. There are cheerful souls who take at par various liberal hints and promises that have emanated from the Czar's government since war began. They argue that if the Petrograd leopard is victorious its spots will turn milk-white.

The End of Liberal Rule

THE long Liberal rule in England has ended. Among other things it really taxed British landlords, took away the House of Lords' power to block legislation, and put Home Rule for Ireland on the statute book. In radical performances no American Administration since Lincoln's can in the least compare with it. Now Sir Edward Carson, who last August was reviewing Ulster volunteers and preaching rebellion against Home Rule, is Attorney-General; Bonar Law, who repeatedly characterized the Asquith government as a mere revolutionary committee whose doings were without moral sanction, is Secretary of State for the Colonies; and the old Conservative chief is First Lord of the Admiralty.

Just what caused the Asquith ministry to surrender control of the government is somewhat obscure; but apparently the main fact is that England must be speeded up for the war. The rather loose and tolerant hand of liberal democratic government is hardly adequate to the job. One of the first demands on the coalition ministry was that it resort to conscription. The notion of leaving it to an able-bodied citizen's own judgment as to whether he shall stay at home or go over to the Flanders trenches is not to be endured. The government will determine his duty for him and see that he fulfills it. The Liberal Ministry's concessions and war bonuses to labor were held in some Conservative circles to be woefully weak. Perhaps a sterner and stingier hand is needed there.

Naturally, when war comes, whatever is liberal, humane and tolerant must more or less go by the board. A remorseless boss, with a heavy club, is what the job needs. Thorough preparedness for war is not to be achieved alone by appropriations and battleships and battalions. A national regiment of blood and iron is required. The national mind must be drilled to obey.

A Pan-American Flag

DELEGATES to the Pan-American conference at Washington were quite unanimously of opinion that a fleet of fast mail steamers plying between both coasts of North and South America would promote closer trade and social relations. There were various suggestions of joint government ownership or joint government aid. But the question immediately arose: If several governments joined, or if a fleet were built by joint effort of different nations, what flag would it fly?

Why not a Pan-American flag?

Another proposal was for a joint court, with jurisdiction over cases arising out of trade among the various American nations. Commercial laws of the countries differ considerably—which in itself gives ground for misunderstanding and dispute. To compromise these differences in an international code applicable to all international transactions, and to set up a joint court to administer the code, would not be difficult. If it is objected that such a court could call on no army or navy to enforce its decrees, the answer is that no physical force would be necessary. Persons engaged in international trade would submit to it as a matter of course.

There is now an opportunity, such as has never before occurred, to bring into being a real union among American nations—something like that federation of states that has been dreamed of for Europe any time in the last hundred years. No state need surrender anything save some superfluous conceit and chauvinism.

The conference at Washington was as good a start as could be desired; for if a thing of that kind comes about at all it will come through taking one slow step at a time. Chief responsibility for the initiative naturally rests on this country. We ought to keep the ball rolling.

The Negligible Conservative

AS AN important illustration of human progress, we may note that conservatism seems to have almost disappeared in the most democratic countries. The dictionary defines it as "the disposition to maintain the established order; opposition to innovation and change." If anybody in the United States or England or France has that disposition—with the possible exception of holders of the more distinguished government offices—he is keeping very still about it. No one speaks at all nowadays except to demand change. Whatever satisfaction with the established order there may be is mute and negligible.

In this country, for example, those who think the law unconscionably partial to capital are no less dissatisfied than those who think it unconscionably partial to labor. There are radicals who want the courts prevented from intervening at any time or in any way in a labor dispute, and there are other radicals who want labor unions perpetually enjoined from striking. There are those who want to go forward overnight to a supposititious 1930 and those who wish to turn back immediately to a hardly less supposititious 1898; but nobody at all advocates sticking a peg in 1915 and staying just there.

If the gentlemen on the left had their way it is doubtful whether they would change the established order more drastically than the gentlemen on the right would if they had their way. Listening to what the democratic world says, one gathers that everybody desires innovation and change. Meantime, no doubt, the huge dumb majority takes the game as it lies, plays it the best it knows how, and bothers itself very little about changing the rules.

The Rural School

WE SUPPOSE there is no community in the United States that would not look with powerful displeasure on a man who was known to be in the habit of swindling children out of their pennies; but hundreds of communities in the United States swindle children out of something much more precious than pennies, with never a blush. The educational gold brick, which our fathers celebrated, is palmed off year after year on a great number of country boys and girls.

Not that our fathers' celebration was unjustified. A little, ill-equipped, one-teacher country school is much better than no school at all; but it remains to-day in many a rural community where it has no more business than an oxcart would have as a pleasure vehicle. A string of little, old-fashioned, one-teacher country schools, with a course of studies not at all related to country life, in a rural district where many farmers own automobiles is a scandalous fraud on country youth.

The consolidated country school, graded, well housed, well equipped, with adequately paid teachers and a course of studies knit up to country life, is the farm's best asset.

Naval Comparisons

IN TWELVE years we have spent just short of a billion and a half dollars on our navy. If you look at the money spent, England alone comes into our class in the matter of maintaining sea power; and in recent years—prior, of course, to last August—our naval expenditures ran about sixty per cent of those of England. In other words, at less than twice our charge, England manages to keep ahead of the two next best Powers combined, in theoretical sea strength. Our naval budget has averaged about double that of Germany; about three times that of Italy and Japan. We hear no serious doubts that Italy has an efficient navy. Japan's fleet is at least formidable enough to goose-flesh the imagination of our militarists.

It is rather annoying, then, to hear advocates of a much larger and costlier navy describe our present establishment as though it were quite inadequate to the purpose for which it was built—in such terms, indeed, as to give laymen a dismal impression that against a really efficient fleet it would be about as useful as a flotilla of mud scows.

We do not pretend to know how efficient the navy is; but the system of putting a new lawyer, doctor or editor in charge every two or three years is not conducive to efficiency. If any weight attaches to the sweeping criticisms that have lately been discharged on the navy those criticisms are an argument for a change in the system.

Hit-or-Miss Legislation

THE Underwood Tariff Bill occupied the exclusive attention of Congress in special session for several months. Everything about it was debated and pondered without regard to time. As enacted it provided "that a discount of five per centum on all duties imposed by this act shall be allowed on such goods, wares and merchandise as shall be imported in vessels admitted to registration under the laws of the United States."

This was meant to encourage the upbuilding of an American merchant marine. Considered as a subsidy, the offer was about like tempting an elephant with a bread pill. The advantage to American shipping was so slight that it never had the least effect in materializing a merchant marine. But we have treaties with various nations which say that their ships shall receive the same treatment as our ships, and the Customs Court has decided that, as our ships are entitled to a five per cent rebate, ships of all the treaty nations must be given the same rebate.

Unless the Supreme Court reverses this decision, our little subsidy will spread to about all the shipping of the world, and come virtually to the same thing as a five per cent horizontal reduction in customs' duties.

From the Movies to the Photoplay

By WILL PAYNE

One by One Practically All the Big Producers of Drama Have Gone Into Photoplays

THE other day a twenty-five-year contract was signed in New York that involves the payment, during its life, of more than a hundred million dollars for moving pictures, or photoplays—which naturally suggests that this new form of popular art has reached an enduring basis and a financial strength that enable it to compete with any other art form for any talent it can use.

Two or three days before that, Geraldine Farrar signed a contract to appear in photoplays. The melodious Farrar is about our last word in stage favorites, with an income beside which the compensation of a railroad president looks meager. If the photoplay can get her, it can, roughly speaking, get anybody. No artistic reputation and no demands of a monetary nature are beyond the reach of its ambition and bank account.

The evolution of the moving picture from a lowly Cinderella, housed in a storeroom and subsisting on such crumbs of talent as it could pick up, into this flourishing state, where it levies right and left on talent of the highest price and spreads before the whole country attractions worthy of anybody's attention, has come about in a very few years. It had to be fought for, and those who did the fighting have their reward.

It could hardly have been twenty years ago that I missed an opportunity to become a moving-picture magnate. An ambitious young man of my acquaintance had seen a moving-picture machine and was fired with the idea that it would yield a fortune as a means of popular entertainment. He had the idea but lacked capital. At length a venturesome high-school teacher advanced sufficient of the latter to buy a picture machine and a bundle of films. With that and a couple of vaudeville performers, my friend started hopefully out, barnstorming in Illinois and Michigan.

The pictures flickered and blurred in an annoying manner. Spots of light danced over them. Now and then they died out altogether, leaving the audience impatient, while the young impresario up aloft agonized over his stalled machine.

The venture left a flourishing trail of debts in its wake, until a ruthless landlord up in Michigan seized the picture machine—which constituted the company's only tangible asset—for an unpaid hotel bill. The locomotory part of the show then walked home.

Years before, a sort of moving picture had been made in California, where picture making is now a leading industry. Governor Leland Stanford had a trotting horse by which he set great store. He got a photographer to plant a row of cameras beside the race track, each with a string attached to it that stretched across the track. The horse, in trotting past, broke the strings successively, and the breaking of the string released the shutter of the camera to which it led. One of the grand objects of the experiment, as I recall it, was to demonstrate that a horse in trotting always has one foot on the ground. In this way the governor got a series of instantaneous photographs showing every position the horse took in trotting. By putting the pictures in a stack like a deck of cards and rapidly flipping them the horse seemed to be in motion.

The Early Days of the Movies

THAT, of course, is what the moving picture of to-day is—a series of instantaneous photographs which, when passed rapidly before the eye, shows the objects in motion. The Stanford pictures were taken on glass plates. There was a long search—incidentally producing an even longer lawsuit—for a flexible substitute that could be rolled, wound and unwound. The result of the search is the familiar film of the camera and the moving picture. The film used to-day, by the way, is practically the same as that used at first, except that it has been much more highly sensitized, making the photographer more independent of the sun. Then there was trouble in finding a suitable machine to project the pictures on a screen after the principle of the old magic lantern, and in getting a proper camera. Edison's patents were for a long time the corner stone of the moving-picture industry.

As soon as moving-picture apparatus was brought to a fairly workable state, anybody, by investing a few hundred dollars in the lease of a vacant store, a row of benches and a machine to project the pictures on a screen, could go into the show business. A host of small adventurers did go in. That meant a demand for films, which others supplied.

Many of the early films were imported. The films showed street crowds, a ship sailing, a railroad train in motion, and so on. Then "chase" pictures became great favorites. A billposter appears, sets his ladder against a wall and mounts it, pastebucket in hand; an absent-minded pedestrian upsets the ladder; the pastebucket tumbles on his head; he runs away; the billposter chases him; others join in the chase; all of them roll down a bank.

A film that one exhibitor showed one day, another showed the next day and still another the third day. Meantime the third exhibitor's picture might be traveling back to the first. As the trade consisted largely in exchanging films among exhibitors, the concerns that went into the business of supplying films to exhibitors took the name of exchanges. From first to last the industry has kept that three-part form—first the manufacturer or producer, who makes the picture; then the exchange, which buys or leases the picture from him and distributes it to exhibitors; and finally the exhibitor.

For a good while the business was almost without organization. Except the Edison patents, there was nothing to prevent anybody from coming in anywhere he pleased. Perhaps I can best sketch the evolution by taking up the experiences of one of the big men in the business.

He got into it at Ogden about seven years ago. A little while before that a carpenter in the Utah town had decided that moving pictures offered a more promising career than carpentering; so he had rented a vacant store, put in rows of benches, bought a machine, and opened a nickel theater. It was patronized largely by men, some of whom kept their hats on and were addicted to chewing tobacco. The ventilation was poor. There the gentleman to whom I have referred, and who was then connected with a publishing concern, was first interested in moving pictures and became much impressed by their possibilities as a means of entertainment. He thought, however, the pictures ought to be better and the surroundings more inviting.

After a vain attempt to induce the proprietor to carry out these views in partnership with himself, he took over the lease of a competing concern, which had failed because it was poorly located. With fresh paint outside, clean linoleum in the lobby, new decorations and the best pictures he could get, he reopened the place at a ten-cent admission instead of five and made a success of it, which confirmed his opinion that better pictures in better surroundings were the way to success.

Through an advertisement inviting men to open branch offices of a Chicago film exchange, he set up a little exchange in Ogden as a branch of the Chicago concern. Having made some success with that he was abruptly requested by wire to go to Chicago and became general manager of the parent house. He arrived in Chicago—his first visit to the city—with high ideas of the importance of the exchange and the responsibilities of his new job. He found the exchange—instead of overflowing some formidable skyscraper, as he had rather imagined—housed very modestly, not to say dingily, in the rear of an ancient structure that was fast declining into dilapidation. He also found its affairs in a complicated and dubious state.

There were then more than a hundred picture exchanges, all in open competition and cutting prices so that they often failed to realize from a film as much as they had promised to pay the manufacturer for it. The natural result was that many of them were in debt, and film manufacturers had a growing lot of doubtful bills receivable. This forced manufacturers into an effort to organize the business. Soon after the hopeful young manager reached Chicago there was a meeting in Buffalo at which an association was formed, including all the moving-picture exchanges in the country. The plan was that exchanges should charge exhibitors a uniform schedule of prices. Any exchange that departed from the schedule was to be reported to the association's attorneys, and the manufacturers would then cut off its supply of films, which would naturally put it out of business. The young manager thought this plan would give the industry stability and lead to a better quality of pictures, on which he thought its future expansion depended. Returning very hopefully to Chicago, therefore, he sent out a letter to his exchange's patrons announcing a new schedule of prices and giving due notice that no departure therefrom could be expected.

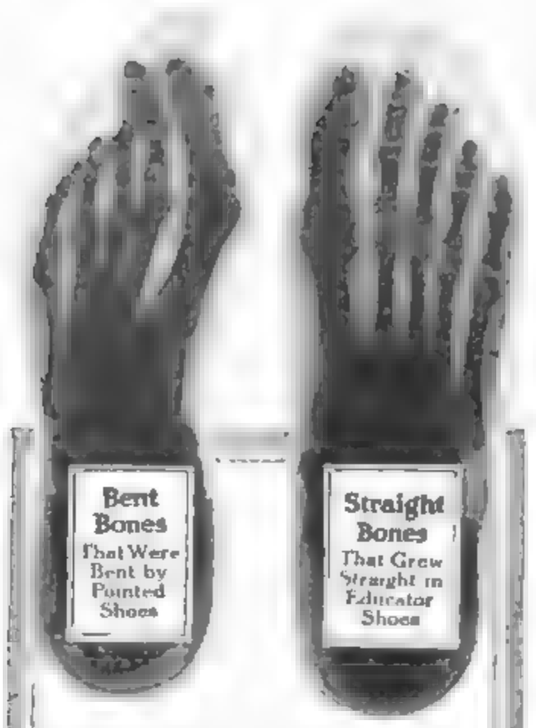
Putting the Business on a Solid Basis

THE first reply was delivered verbally by an ex-prize fighter who was running a picture show and had been a patron of the exchange. The reply was not printable; but its import was that the exchange could go where celluloid, in films or any other form, was unknown, and the ex-prize fighter would thereafter get his pictures elsewhere. Other replies to the same effect came in by mail; and the manager learned, with sorrow, that exhibitors who left him because he stuck to schedule prices were readily supplied with films by competitors. He conceived a moral certainty that competitors were cutting prices; but moral certainties are not highly regarded as evidence by lawyers.

Presently, however, he got positive proof of price cutting. Swift retribution on the offenders, it seemed, would give schedule prices a sanction they had not enjoyed; so he hastened with his proof to the lawyers, according to plan. The lawyers looked it over with approbation.

In the chaotic state that had prevailed up to that time there had been a good deal of pirating of pictures. It started with the foreign films, but spread to the domestic product. Duplicating a film, of course, is a comparatively simple feat in photography—and much cheaper than buying it from the manufacturer. Naturally this pirating or duplicating of films was excessively annoying to manufacturers. Under the old régime the young manager's exchange was charged with being a rank offender in this respect.

So when, in due time, he went to the lawyers for a report on his evidence of price cutting, he learned, to his horror, that not only would the manufacturers take no steps whatever against a competitor at his instance, but they were ardently hoping for some excuse to put his exchange out



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of business. He pleaded his own rectitude in vain. The lawyers, in fact, told him flatly that squelching his exchange for its past piratical sins was an object much dearer to the manufacturers' hearts than punishing any other exchange for price cutting.

Indeed the Buffalo move had almost no effect in stabilizing prices. They were cut either directly or through such subterfuges as giving the exhibitor an electric sign or a new projecting machine. There followed an attempt to bolster up the schedule by forming local branches of the association, which were to act, as mutual checking and detective agencies; but the old condition of selling below cost and inability to pay manufacturers for films returned more or less.

By that time the Biograph Company was making apparatus that it claimed did not infringe the Edison patents. In 1908 the two concerns combined, thus controlling the manufacturing end of the business. Then the ten licensed manufacturers who were making pictures under the patents formed a company, which went into the exchange department of the industry. This put the exchange owner in the position of having to compete with a concern that was owned by the manufacturers on whom he depended for his supply of films—not a very comfortable position. It is said the manager of the company took a list of all the exchanges in the country and put opposite each the amount he would pay for it.

Meantime the young manager had gone back to Ogden and taken over his old exchange there. When he heard the new company formed by the licensed manufacturers was buying exchanges he went to New York, where he told the manager to buy his exchange and pay whatever he thought right. Apparently there was nothing else to do. Having sold the exchange he took a position under the new owners as manager of it. The company bought up almost all the exchanges in the country. Thus, from having been quite disorganized, the industry was now almost wholly in the hands of the licensed manufacturers, who owned the company which owned the exchanges.

About three years ago this combination completely dominated the business, and the company was marking up profits of from fifty to sixty thousand dollars a week. Somewhat before that story pictures had begun to come in—pictures, that is, with plots which unfolded stories. Their success demonstrated again that people like stories. The films had grown longer. The early ones were only two or three hundred feet long, the picture lasting a couple of minutes. The first reel that made a picture which lasted seven minutes was looked on in its day as the last word in moving pictures.

The Rise of the Story Picture

These story pictures were mainly made for five-cent theaters, many of which changed programs daily. Thus they used up films rapidly. No picture lasted long or brought in much revenue. Naturally, then, not much money could be expended in making a picture. The plots were devised and the characters in the story enacted by persons who had to be content with a modest remuneration. So long as daily change of program and a five-cent admission were the rule expenditure in making a picture must be limited.

The prevailing idea, then, was to make and sell as many films as possible. There were already men in the business who believed that a better, long-run policy would be to make bigger pictures, of higher quality, with longer runs and greater earning power; but, as against the prevailing policy, which was proving highly profitable, such a notion got small consideration.

Almost from the first there had been travel pictures—that is, pictures of towns, landscapes, and so on. Ten years or so ago there was a concern that fitted up tiny theaters to give the illusion of a railroad car, with moving pictures of scenery displayed before the excited passengers; but, as the supply of suitable pictures was limited, presently it was impossible to get enough of them to keep the houses going. There was no point in taking people into an imitation railroad car in order to show them moving pictures of a carpenter falling off a scaffold or a fat policeman chasing a dog. The enterprise seemed in a bad way.

Its manager then turned to story pictures; but they were often so badly constructed and so crudely produced that patrons were puzzled to follow the plot. So he hit on the expedient of stationing people behind the screen on which the picture was thrown to speak lines appropriate to the story, thus interpreting it to the audience. At one time he had twenty companies on the road in a vaudeville circuit giving that kind of performance. He was taken with the idea that well-acted pictures, with a well-constructed plot, would be popular. That led naturally to the consideration of successful plays, presented by well-known actors, as material for moving pictures. He tried to interest a number of film men in the idea; but they said it was too expensive. He then tried to interest a number of theatrical men; but they said it was too cheap.

However, some men were convinced that the moving-picture industry must have room to expand upward. True, the five-cent show, with daily or frequent changes of program, created a great demand for films; but the earning power of each film was limited, so that no great amount could be expended on its production. The idea was to get a picture of higher quality, longer life and greater earning power, appealing to a wider public; and this better picture might finally be shown in small houses for one-day runs.

Windfalls for Authors

The monopolistic state of the industry was short-lived. It was too young and lusty and full of unexploited possibilities to be controlled. Vigorous independents found means of breaking in at the manufacturing end, so that presently the field was wide open again and anybody with an idea and some cash to back it might try it out. This, with the push of those who wanted bigger, better pictures, resulted in the photoplay. One by one practically all the big producers of drama have gone into photoplays.

At first they came reluctantly. Naturally a man with a high reputation was rather dubious about venturing it in this new field; but, once the ice was broken and the artistic and financial possibilities demonstrated, the photoplay became a competitor of the theater.

There appears to be no doubt that the new form of entertainment has cut into box-office receipts. Quite naturally, then, leading theater managers, one after another, went into the new field. Controlling copyright of many plays, they had the material for the new entertainment. If theater receipts diminished they could recoup on photoplays. Yet the drama that makes a really powerful appeal to the public will no doubt fill the box office as amply as when there were no photoplays.

The supply of successful dramas is of course limited; but that does not necessarily imply a limitation on material for photoplays. Some time ago a film man expressed the opinion that novels were better material than dramas for the screen. A modern drama usually shows only four scenes. In the same time a photoplay can easily show twenty. It appeals, of course, only to the eye; but optically it can unfold a story with an elaboration of scene and incident that is impossible in a drama. Of late a number of popular novels have been depicted on the screen.

One result of much interest to authors is the extension of copyright values. A drama or novel, the earning power of which has virtually ceased, brings in a windfall as a photoplay. Modern invention, in fact, has enormously increased the artist's power to reach the appreciation and pocketbooks of the public. When good old Samuel Richardson ground out a novel he could do just one thing with it—namely, publish it. If that thrifty soul were alive to-day, and in as great vogue as he once enjoyed, he would first serialize his novel in a magazine, then publish it as a book, next have it turned into a drama, and finally put it on the screen—tapping a new stream of royalties at each move.

The actor who makes a hit can look to photoplay profits in addition to the original salary. The operatic favorite, after reaping Broadway's harvest, can glean in every hamlet where there is a phonograph—and presently, no doubt, in every village that has a moving-picture show.

There are serious people who hold that this cheapens art. If they mean that thereby some millions of people, to whom Broadway and anywhere from four to twelve dollars for an evening's entertainment are unknown, are enabled to get something of it, they are undoubtedly right. Otherwise they are as undoubtedly wrong. I do not see how it can cheapen a Raphael to be photographed. Moving pictures have certainly brought to people and communities of small spending power a much better entertainment than they ever had before.

To show that, we might take up the history of a photoplay. If it is an especially big, costly production it will first be booked to appear in regular theaters, in the same way a drama is. Probably it will begin in New York, being exhibited in a theater that usually shows dramas at two dollars for the best seats. The price of seats for the photoplay will probably run from twenty-five cents to a dollar—though recently a very elaborate and expensive photoplay has been put on in New York at two dollars for the best seats. There it will stay for a run commensurate with its drawing power—perhaps several weeks. Then it will move on to regular theaters in other cities sufficiently populous to support it. If it takes very well with the public it may come back for return engagements. When it ceases to be profitable in regular theaters it will go into the photoplay or moving-picture theaters.

This method of presentation, however, is applied to only a few films—naturally the most ambitious and costly ones. Usually the photoplay goes direct into moving-picture houses. Of late, in every city of considerable size theaters built for the drama have been converted into moving-picture houses, or theaters quite as large and elaborately furnished as those designed for the drama have been built especially for photoplays.

If our picture is not starred in regular theaters it will begin, say, in a moving-picture house in the New York theatrical district. The price of admission is from ten to fifty cents; but the seating capacity is much larger than in theaters built for the drama. It will hold three thousand or more spectators. Then, while the picture in the regular theater gives two performances a day, in the photoplay house it gives several.

Thus its weekly earning capacity in the photoplay house is much greater than in the regular theater, though the latter charges double the price of admission. In the regular theater, in fact, the picture will do very well if, at a dollar for the best seats, it takes in four thousand dollars a week; while in the photoplay house it will take in ten, twelve or fourteen thousand a week.

The Cost of High-Grade Productions

The attraction of the regular theater, from the film-owner's point of view, is that the picture may run several weeks there; whereas in the photoplay house it runs only a week. Then a Broadway run has about the same advertising value for a photoplay that it has for a drama, and after its run in a regular theater the picture may come back to a photoplay house.

The New York photoplay house changes its program weekly irrespective of the drawing power of the picture, because it wishes to build up a steady clientele on whose patronage it can depend week in and week out, giving the photoplay an assurance of continuous success that the drama conspicuously lacks. Putting a picture into regular theaters for a star tour is admittedly about the same sort of gamble that putting on a drama is; it may pay and it may not.

Producers of photoplays naturally want assurance of steady support, because their investment in production is enormous. Take a picture that is made from a drama: it will probably cost two or three times as much to produce the picture as it cost to produce the drama. Forty or fifty thousand dollars is nowadays only a moderate expenditure for the production of a photoplay. A certain drama—very elaborate scenically—is under consideration for a photoplay. To produce the drama costs forty thousand dollars. The film men figure that to produce the photoplay will cost more than a hundred thousand.

Then there is a larger output. The original photoplay company is now turning out regularly four pictures a month, or forty-eight a year. That runs into a great deal of money. Naturally it wants as great assurance as possible that the money will be running steadily into the other end of the till. Other producers are turning out photoplays on a large scale.

In these circumstances some film men are inclined to think the starring tour in regular theaters may be only a passing phase. It is significant that the company which has engaged Miss Farrar to act before the camera proposes to put the Farrar pictures directly into photoplay houses, with fifty cents as the top price in the largest cities. The object of that contract was to

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We do that so well that Quaker Oats, the world over, stands first among oat foods. A hundred nations send to us to get it.

Yet your grocer, if you ask him, will supply these cream-flakes to you at no extra price. Just tell him you want Quaker.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Cooker

Each package of Quaker Oats contains an offer on a perfect double cooker, made of pure aluminum. It is made to cook Quaker in the ideal way. This present cooker offer applies only to the United States.

9x6

demonstrate that nothing nowadays is too good or too costly for photoplay patrons. The management does not state what the prima donna's compensation is to be, but admits sedately that there will be no direct profit in the pictures.

However, while the picture is running in the photoplay house in New York, it will also be running in various other places, having been distributed through the exchanges that handle its maker's output. Each exchange has a certain number of clients in its region, the clients being, of course, moving-picture exhibitors. Each exhibitor pays a flat rate for the picture—so many dollars a week, a half week or a day.

In the inchoate state of the business it was customary for the film-maker to fix a certain uniform rate for the first use of the picture, irrespective of how much money it would probably draw to the box office. Thus, an exhibitor in New York, who might expect his house to take in several thousand dollars a week, was asked the same price as an exhibitor in a New Jersey town who could not expect his house to take in more than a few hundred.

Realism in Production

In the best organization, at least, all that has been changed, and the rental of the picture is fixed on the nearest possible approximation to a royalty basis. Thus, for example, the Broadway photoplay house, which may be expected to take in ten thousand dollars or more a week, will be charged a thousand dollars. A house in a lesser city, with a smaller population to draw from, may have to change its program oftener. It cannot use the picture longer than three days, for which it will be charged, say, two hundred dollars. So the houses are graded according to their probable receipts and the number of days they can use the picture, and charged for it proportionately.

Those who can pay most get the picture first. It then goes to those whose paying ability is of the second rank, and so on down the line, until finally an exhibitor in a small town may get for fifteen or twenty dollars the same picture that cost a Broadway exhibitor a thousand dollars.

Under this plan a film may run a couple of years, giving pretty much the whole urban population of the country a chance to see it. There is no telling how much may be paid to see a given picture, first and last, as the accounts of the exchange show only what exhibitors pay; and in a general sort of way what an exhibitor pays will be in inverse proportion to his receipts—that is, the big Broadway photoplay house, standing on expensive ground and with high overhead and operating expenses, can afford to pay something like ten per cent of its gross receipts for the picture, while a little house in a country town, with light ground rent and operating charges, may pay half of its receipts. One big picture is said to have earned a quarter of a million dollars.

The moving-picture house with a dependable clientèle is, of course, the foundation of the business, whether it be large or small. The manufacturer with a long line of such houses behind him is on tolerably solid ground, notwithstanding his big expenditures. So far, photoplays have been mainly based on dramas and novels. There is no longer any particular reason why that condition should prevail. Of course a successful play or novel has a certain advertising value. A good while ago the stage began levying on fiction for dramatic material, the novel that made a big hit being quite sure to appear in a more or less dramatic version. Latterly book publishers have repaid the compliment by turning successful plays into novels.

Yet there is no good reason why photoplays should not have their own original literary material. Already a whole army corps of writers is busily turning out original scenarios for the shorter moving pictures. In view of the photoplay's almost limitless possibilities for scenic detail and effect and its exclusive appeal to the eye, composing a scenario especially designed for that form of presentation might well appeal to a writer's artistic ambition; also, to his financial ambition. The photoplay can now pay the price for any sort of talent it needs. With its tremendous appeal to the public it can originate reputations as fast as any other agency. Mary Pickford is a well-known example of this. In two or three years, solely by the medium of moving pictures, she has gained an immense following and an income that would be regarded with respect even in Wall Street.

Driving along a road near Los Angeles last winter I was startled to see that an extensive graveyard had materialized overnight, with a score or more of tombstones and a newly-made grave heaped with flowers. Inspection showed that the tombstones were of painted pine. The graveyard had been constructed for a photoplay scene. That is the way they do it now. Hardly any painted scenery is used. If the scene is to show Tennessee mountains, actors and camera are taken to Tennessee mountains. If it is to show an opulent citizen's country place, some opulent citizen with a real country place is induced to permit its use. If a house is to burn on the stage, a house is constructed and duly burned.

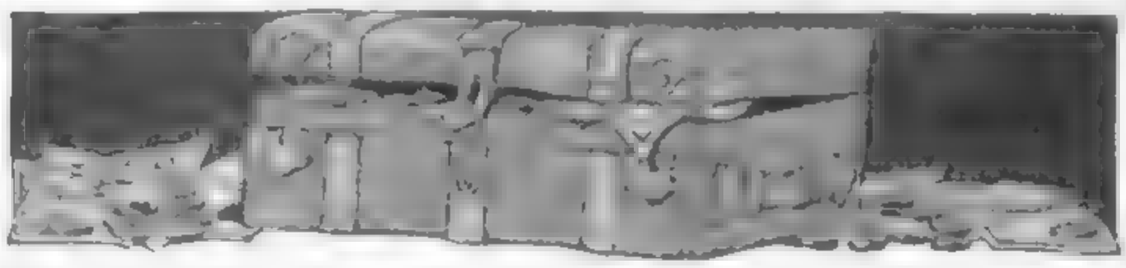
This makes photoplay producing expensive—of course by no means so expensive as the press agent would sometimes have you believe. Stage money is proverbially subject to a heavy discount, and some absurdly exaggerated statements of the cost of producing photoplays have been made. Yet it is decidedly costly. As soon as the film is made, however, the producer's outgo virtually stops and the income from the picture may continue many months.

Fumigating Fallacies

FUMIGATION is another pompous old practice that is suddenly finding itself on the scrapheap. For many a year it has been decreed that when children have recovered from their cases of diphtheria or measles or scarlet fever the board-of-health man must come and plug up all the cracks of the doors and windows, and then kill off any remaining germs in the house by burning horrible chemicals, like a medicine man exorcising the devils.

Slowly the doctors have come to doubt the value of fumigation. They do not yet agree that it is entirely useless, but they have little faith in it for most diseases. The surgeon who kills the germs on his operating instruments by steaming them for half an hour under high pressure at a temperature much above the boiling point of water is not inclined to believe that all the germs in a room will choke to death on bad fumes. Furthermore, the doctors are discovering more and more about the manner in which infectious diseases are spread; and this added knowledge in most cases does not warrant the belief that the germs hang round in the air of a house after all the cases have fully recovered. The questions now are as to whether there is need for any disinfecting measures after most diseases, or whether more effective measures than the old fumigating operation should be taken. Undoubtedly there is sound reason for undertaking more vigorous disinfection. Paint, new wall paper, fire, air, soap and boiling water are best able to take the enthusiasm out of any lurking germs.

For some months now the New York Board of Health has been doing no fumigating except after cases of smallpox, and for a longer period has been doing no fumigating in Brooklyn. The figures by boroughs on the number of infectious-disease cases are not yet sufficiently complete to justify a claim of full proof for the new theories; but, on the whole, they seem to bear out very well the idea that fumigation did not amount to a great deal. Apparently there have been no more cases of measles, for instance, since fumigation was abandoned than there would have been if fumigation had continued, as indicated by the number of cases in the corresponding months of previous years.



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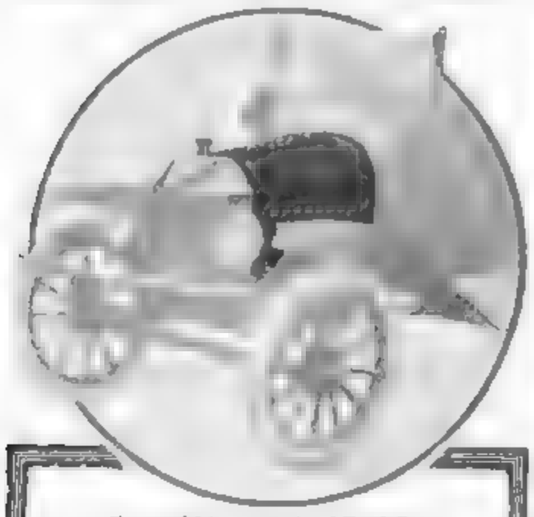

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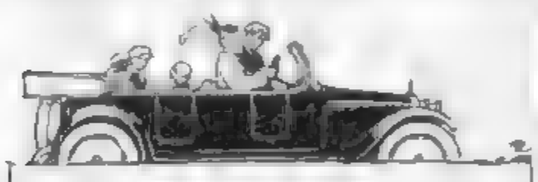

Mrs. Thomas:—"What have you done to this car, Joe!"

Motorist Thomas:—"Why! What's the matter!"

Mrs. Thomas—"Nothing is the matter. It never ran so easily and quietly before."

Motorist Thomas:—"Well! What do you think of that! I didn't think there would be such a noticeable difference."

Mrs. Thomas:—"There certainly is. What have you done to it?"

Motorist Thomas—"They have been trying to get me to use HAVOLINE OIL down at the garage for two years and always said my trouble was due to using inferior oil."

Mrs. Thomas:—"Why should that make such a difference?"

Motorist Thomas:—"The garageman claims that HAVOLINE OIL gives me greater lubricating value and leaves a minimum amount of carbon."

Mrs. Thomas:—"Is it much more expensive?"

Motorist Thomas:—"The garageman claims that when you consider the increased mileage and the reduced repair bills that there is a big money saving."

Mrs. Thomas:—"Well! Here's to HAVOLINE OIL. Long may she live!"

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It Makes a Difference

SOMETHING NEW

(Continued from Page 5)

A scarlet blush manifested itself on Freddie's young face. His eyes wandered sidewise. After a long pause a single word escaped him, almost inaudible:

"Poetry!"

R. Jones trembled as though an electric current had been passed through his plump frame. His little eyes sparkled with merriment.

"You wrote her poetry!"

"Yards of it, old boy—yards of it!" groaned Freddie. Panic filled him with speech. "You see the frightful hole I'm in? This girl is bound to have kept the letters. I don't remember whether I actually proposed to her or not; but anyway she's got enough material to make it worth while to have a dash at an action—especially after poor old Percy has just got soaked for such a pile of money and made breach-of-promise cases the fashion, so to speak.

"And now that the announcement of my engagement is out she's certain to get busy. Probably she has been waiting for something of the sort. Don't you see that all the cards are in her hands? We couldn't afford to let the thing come into court. That poetry would dish my marriage for a certainty. I'd have to emigrate or something! Goodness knows what would happen at home! My old governor would murder me! So you see what a frightful hole I'm in, don't you, Dickie, old man?"

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Why, to get hold of this girl and get back the letters—don't you see? I can't do it myself, cooped up miles away in the country. And besides, I shouldn't know how to handle a thing like that. It needs a chappie with a lot of sense and a persuasive sort of way with him."

"Thanks for the compliment, Freddie; but I should imagine that something a little more solid than a persuasive way would be required in a case like this. You said something a while ago about five hundred pounds?"

"Here it is, old man—in notes. I brought it on purpose. Will you really take the thing on? Do you think you can work it for five hundred?"

"I can have a try."

Freddie rose, with an expression approximating to happiness on his face. Some men have the power of inspiring confidence in some of their fellows, though they fill others with distrust. Scotland Yard might look askance at R. Jones, but to Freddie he was all that was helpful and reliable. He shook R. Jones' hand several times in his emotion.

"That's absolutely topping of you, old man!" he said. "Then I'll leave the whole thing to you. Write me the moment you have done anything, won't you? Good-by, old top, and thanks ever so much!"

The door closed. R. Jones remained where he sat, his fingers straying luxuriously among the crackling paper. A feeling of complete happiness warmed R. Jones' bosom. He was uncertain whether or not his mission would be successful; and to be truthful he was not letting that worry him much. What he was certain of was the fact that the heavens had opened unexpectedly and dropped five hundred pounds into his lap.

III

THE Earl of Emsworth stood in the doorway of the Senior Conservative Club's vast dining room, and beamed with a vague sweetness on the two hundred or so Senior Conservatives who, with much clattering of knives and forks, were keeping body and soul together by means of the coffeeroom luncheon. He might have been posing for a statue of Amiability. His pale blue eyes shone with a friendly light through their protecting glasses; the smile of a man at peace with all men curved his weak mouth; his bald head, reflecting the sunlight, seemed almost to wear a halo.

Nobody appeared to notice him. He so seldom came to London these days that he was practically a stranger in the club; and in any case your Senior Conservative, when at lunch, has little leisure for observing anything not immediately on the table in front of him. To attract attention in the dining room of the Senior Conservative Club between the hours of one and two-thirty, you have to be a mutton chop—not an earl.

It is possible that, lacking the initiative to make his way down the long aisle and find a table for himself, he might have stood there indefinitely, but for the restless activity of Adams, the head steward. It was Adams' mission in life to flit to and fro, hauling would-be lunchers to their destinations, as a St. Bernard dog hauls travelers out of Alpine snowdrifts. He sighted Lord Emsworth and secured him with a genteel pounce.

"A table, your lordship? This way, your lordship." Adams remembered him, of course. Adams remembered everybody.

Lord Emsworth followed him beamingly and presently came to anchor at a table in the farther end of the room. Adams handed him the bill of fare and stood brooding over him like a providence.

"Don't often see your lordship in the club," he opened chattily.

It was his business to know the tastes and dispositions of all the five thousand or so members of the Senior Conservative Club and to suit his demeanor to them. To some he would hand the bill of fare swiftly, silently, almost brusquely, as one who realizes that there are moments in life too serious for talk. Others, he knew, liked conversation; and to those he introduced the subject of food almost as a submotive.

Lord Emsworth, having examined the bill of fare with a mild curiosity, laid it down and became conversational.

"No, Adams; I seldom visit London nowadays. London does not attract me. The country—the fields—the woods—the birds ——"

Something across the room seemed to attract his attention and his voice trailed off. He inspected this for some time with bland interest, then turned to Adams once more.

"What was I saying, Adams?"

"The birds, your lordship."

"Birds! What birds? What about birds?"

"You were speaking of the attractions of life in the country, your lordship. You included the birds in your remarks."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Oh, yes, yes! Oh, yes—to be sure. Do you ever go to the country, Adams?"

"Generally to the seashore, your lordship—when I take my annual vacation."

Whatever was the attraction across the room once more exercised its spell. His lordship concentrated himself on it to the exclusion of all other mundane affairs. Presently he came out of his trance again.

"What were you saying, Adams?"

"I said that I generally went to the seashore, your lordship."

"Eh? When?"

"For my annual vacation, your lordship."

"Your what?"

"My annual vacation, your lordship."

"What about it?"

Adams never smiled during business hours—unless professionally, as it were, when a member made a joke; but he was storing up in the recesses of his highly respectable body a large laugh, to be shared with his wife when he reached home that night. Mrs. Adams never wearied of hearing of the eccentricities of the members of the club. It occurred to Adams that he was in luck to-day. He was expecting a little party of friends to supper that night, and he was a man who loved an audience.

You would never have thought it, to look at him when engaged in his professional duties, but Adams had built up in his circle a substantial reputation as a humorist by his imitations of certain members of the club; and it was a matter of regret to him that he got so few opportunities nowadays of studying the absent-minded Lord Emsworth. It was rare luck—his lordship's coming in to-day, evidently in his best form.

"Adams, who is the gentleman over by the window—the gentleman in the brown suit?"

"That is Mr. Simmonds, your lordship. He joined us last year."

"I never saw a man take such large mouthfuls. Did you ever see a man take such large mouthfuls, Adams?"

Adams refrained from expressing an opinion, but inwardly he was thrilling with artistic fervor. Mr. Simmonds, eating, was one of his best imitations, though Mrs. Adams was inclined to object to it on the score that it was a bad example for the children. To be privileged to witness Lord Emsworth watching and criticizing Mr. Simmonds was to collect material for a double-barreled character study that would assuredly make the hit of the evening.

"That man," went on Lord Emsworth, "is digging his grave with his teeth. Digging his grave with his teeth, Adams! Do you take large mouthfuls, Adams?"

"No, your lordship."

"Quite right. Very sensible of you, Adams—very sensible of you. Very sen —— What was I saying, Adams?"

"About my not taking large mouthfuls, your lordship."

"Quite right—quite right! Never take large mouthfuls, Adams. Never gobble. Have you any children, Adams?"

"Two, your lordship."

"I hope you teach them not to gobble. They pay for it in later life. Americans gobble when young and ruin their digestions. My American friend, Mr. Peters, suffers terribly from his indigestion."

Adams lowered his voice to a confidential murmur:

"If you will pardon the liberty, your lordship—I saw it in the paper ——"

"About Mr. Peters' digestion?"

"About Miss Peters, your lordship, and the Honorable Frederick. May I be permitted to offer my congratulations?"

"Eh? Oh, yes—the engagement. Yes, yes, yes! Yes—to be sure. Yes; very satisfactory in every respect. High time he settled down and got a little sense. I put it to him straight. I cut off his allowance and made him stay at home. That made him think—lazy young devil! I ——"

Lord Emsworth had his lucid moments; and in the one that occurred now it came home to him that he was not talking to himself, as he had imagined, but confiding intimate family secrets to the head steward of his club's dining room. He checked himself abruptly, and with a slight decrease of amiability fixed his gaze on the bill of fare and ordered clear soup. For an instant he felt resentful against Adams for luring him on to soliloquize; but the next moment his whole mind was gripped by the fascinating spectacle of Mr. Simmonds dealing with a wedge of Stilton cheese, and Adams was forgotten.

The clear soup had the effect of restoring his lordship to complete amiability, and when Adams in the course of his wanderings again found himself at the table he was once more disposed for light conversation.

"So you saw the news of the engagement in the paper, did you, Adams?"

"Yes, your lordship, in the Mail. It had quite a long piece about it. And the Honorable Frederick's photograph and the young lady's were in the Mirror. Mrs. Adams clipped them out and put them in an album, knowing that your lordship was a member of ours. If I may say so, your lordship—a beautiful young lady."

"Devilish attractive, Adams—and devilish rich. Mr. Peters is a millionaire, Adams."

"So I read in the paper, your lordship."

"Damme! They all seem to be millionaires in America. Wish I knew how they managed it. Honestly, I hope. Mr. Peters is an honest man, but his digestion is bad. He used to bolt his food. You don't bolt your food, I hope, Adams?"

"No, your lordship; I am most careful."

"The late Mr. Gladstone used to chew each mouthful thirty-three times. Deuced good notion if you aren't in a hurry. What cheese would you recommend, Adams?"

"The gentlemen are speaking well of the Gorgonzola."

"All right; bring me some. You know, Adams, what I admire about Americans is their resource. Mr. Peters tells me that as a boy of eleven he earned twenty dollars a week selling mint to saloon keepers, as they call publicans over there. Why they wanted mint I cannot recollect. Mr. Peters explained the reason to me and it seemed highly plausible at the time; but I have forgotten it. Possibly for mint sauce. It impressed me, Adams. Twenty dollars is four pounds. I never earned four pounds a week when I was a boy of eleven; in fact, I don't think I ever earned four pounds a week. His story impressed me, Adams. Every man ought to have an earning capacity. I was so struck with what he told me that I began to paint."

"Landscapes, your lordship?"

"Furniture. It is unlikely that I shall ever be compelled to paint furniture for a living, but it is a consolation to me to feel that I could do so if called on. There is

a fascination about painting furniture, Adams. I have painted the whole of my bedroom at Blandings and am now engaged on the museum. You would be surprised at the fascination of it. It suddenly came back to me the other day that I had been inwardly longing to mess about with paints and things since I was a boy. They stopped me when I was a boy. I recollect my old father's beating me with a walking stick —— Tell me, Adams, have I eaten my cheese?"

"Not yet, your lordship. I was about to send the waiter for it."

"Never mind. Tell him to bring the bill instead. I remember that I have an appointment. I must not be late."

"Shall I take the fork, your lordship?"

"The fork?"

"Your lordship has inadvertently put a fork in your coat pocket."

Lord Emsworth felt in the pocket indicated, and with the air of an inexpert conjurer whose trick has succeeded contrary to his expectations produced a silver-plated fork. He regarded it with surprise; then he looked wonderingly at Adams.

"Adams, I'm getting absent-minded. Have you ever noticed any traces of absent-mindedness in me before?"

"Oh, no, your lordship."

"Well, it's deuced peculiar! I have no recollection whatsoever of placing that fork in my pocket. . . . Adams, I want a taxicab." He glanced round the room, as though expecting to locate one by the fireplace.

"The hall porter will whistle one for you, your lordship."

"So he will, by George!—so he will! Good-day, Adams."

"Good-day, your lordship."

The Earl of Emsworth ambled benevolently to the door, leaving Adams with the feeling that his day had not been ill-spent. He gazed almost with reverence after the slow-moving figure.

"What a nut!" said Adams to his immortal soul.

Wafted through the sunlit streets in his taxicab, the Earl of Emsworth smiled benevolently on London's teeming millions. He was as completely happy as only a fluffy-minded old man with excellent health and a large income can be. Other people worried about all sorts of things—strikes, wars, suffragettes, the diminishing birth rate, the growing materialism of the age, and a score of similar subjects.

Worrying, indeed, seemed to be the twentieth-century specialty. Lord Emsworth never worried. Nature had equipped him with a mind so admirably constructed for withstanding the disagreeablenesses of life that if an unpleasant thought entered it, it passed out again a moment later. Except for a few of life's fundamental facts, such as that his check book was in the right-hand top drawer of his desk; that the Honorable Freddie Threepwood was a young idiot who required perpetual restraint; and that when in doubt about anything he had merely to apply to his secretary, Rupert Baxter—except for these basic things, he never remembered anything for more than a few minutes. At Eton, in the sixties, they had called him Fathead.

His was a life that lacked, perhaps, the sublimer emotions which raise man to the level of the gods; but undeniably it was an extremely happy one. He never experienced the thrill of ambition fulfilled; but, on the other hand, he never knew the agony of ambition frustrated. His name, when he died, would not live forever in England's annals; he was spared the pain of worrying about this by the fact that he had no desire to live forever in England's annals. He was possibly as nearly contented as a human being can be in this century of alarms and excursions.

Indeed, as he bowled along in his cab and reflected that a really charming girl, not in the chorus of any West End theater, a girl with plenty of money and excellent breeding, had—in a moment, doubtless, of mental aberration—become engaged to be married to the Honorable Freddie, he told himself that life at last was absolutely without a crumpled rose leaf.

The cab drew up before a house gay with flowered window boxes. Lord Emsworth paid the driver and stood on the sidewalk looking up at this cheerful house, trying to remember why on earth he had told the man to drive there.

A few moments' steady thought gave him the answer to the riddle. This was Mr. Peters' town house, and he had come to it by invitation to look at Mr. Peters' collection of scarabs. To be sure! He remembered now—his collection of scarabs. Or was it Arabs?

Lord Emsworth smiled. Scarabs, of course! You couldn't collect Arabs. He wondered idly, as he rang the bell, what scarabs might be; but he was interested in a fluffy kind of way in all forms of collecting, and he was very much pleased to have the opportunity of examining these objects, whatever they were. He rather thought they were a kind of fish.

There are men in this world who cannot rest; who are so constituted that they can only take their leisure in the shape of a change of work. To this fairly numerous class belonged Mr. J. Preston Peters, father of Freddie's Aline. And to this merit—or defect—is to be attributed his almost maniacal devotion to that rather unattractive species of curio, the Egyptian scarab.

Five years before, a nervous breakdown had sent Mr. Peters to a New York specialist. The specialist had grown rich on similar cases and his advice was always the same. He insisted on Mr. Peters' taking up a hobby.

"What sort of a hobby?" inquired Mr. Peters irritably. His digestion had just begun to trouble him at the time, and his temper was not of the best.

"Now, my hobby," said the specialist, "is the collecting of scarabs. Why should you not collect scarabs?"

"Because," said Mr. Peters, "I shouldn't know one if you brought it to me on a plate. What are scarabs?"

"Scarabs," said the specialist, warming to his subject, "are Egyptian hieroglyphs."

"And what," inquired Mr. Peters, "are Egyptian hieroglyphs?"

The specialist began to wonder whether it would not have been better to advise Mr. Peters to collect postage stamps.

"A scarab," he said—"derived from the Latin *scarabæus*—is literally a beetle."

"I will not collect beetles!" said Mr. Peters definitely. "They give me the Willies."

"Scarabs are Egyptian symbols in the form of beetles," the specialist hurried on. "The most common form of scarab is in the shape of a ring. Scarabs were used for seals. They were also employed as beads or ornaments. Some *scarabæi* bear inscriptions having reference to places; as, for instance: 'Memphis is mighty forever.'"

Mr. Peters' scorn changed suddenly to active interest.

"Have you got one like that?"

"Like ——?"

"A scarab boosting Memphis. It's my home town."

"I think it possible that some other Memphis was alluded to."

"There isn't any other except the one in Tennessee," said Mr. Peters patriotically.

The specialist owed the fact that he was a nerve doctor instead of a nerve patient to his habit of never arguing with his visitors.

"Perhaps," he said, "you would care to glance at my collection? It is in the next room."

That was the beginning of Mr. Peters' devotion to scarabs. At first he did his collecting without any love of it, partly because he had to collect something or suffer, but principally because of a remark the specialist made as he was leaving.

"How long would it take me to get together that number of the things?" Mr. Peters inquired, when, having looked his fill on the dullest assortment of objects he remembered ever to have seen, he was preparing to take his leave.

The specialist was proud of his collection.

"How long? To make a collection as large as mine? Many years, Mr. Peters. Oh, many, many years."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars I'll do it in six months!"

And from that moment Mr. Peters had brought to the collecting of scarabs the same furious energy that had given him so many dollars and so much indigestion. He went after scarabs like a dog after rats. He scooped in scarabs from the four corners of the earth, until at the end of a year he found himself possessed of what, purely as regarded quantity, was a record collection.

This marked the end of the first stage of—so to speak—the scarabman side of his life. Collecting had become a habit with him, but he was not yet a real enthusiast. It occurred to him that the time had arrived for a certain amount of pruning and elimination. He called in an expert and bade him go through the collection and weed out what he felicitously termed the "dead ones." The expert did his job thoroughly. When he had finished, the collection was reduced to a mere dozen specimens.

"The rest," he explained, "are practically worthless. If you are thinking of making a collection that will have any value in the eyes of archæologists I should advise you to throw them away. The remaining twelve are good."

"How do you mean—good? Why is one of these things valuable and another so much junk? They all look alike to me."

And then the expert talked to Mr. Peters for nearly two hours about the New Kingdom, the Middle Kingdom, Osiris, Ammon, Mut, Bubastis, dynasties, Cheops, the Hyksos kings, cylinders, bezels, Amenophis III, Queen Taia, the Princess Gilukhipa of Mitanni, the lake of Zarukhe, Naucratis, and the Book of the Dead. He did it with a relish. He liked to do it.

When he had finished, Mr. Peters thanked him and went to the bathroom, where he bathed his temples with eau de Cologne.

That talk changed J. Preston Peters from a supercilious scooper-up of random scarabs to what might be called a genuine scarab fan. It does not matter what a man collects; if Nature has given him the collector's mind he will become a fanatic on the subject of whatever collection he sets out to make. Mr. Peters had collected dollars; he began to collect scarabs with precisely the same enthusiasm. He would have become just as enthusiastic about butterflies or old china if he had turned his thoughts to them; but it chanced that what he had taken up was the collecting of the scarab, and it gripped him more and more as the years went on.

Gradually he came to love his scarabs with that love, passing the love of women, which only collectors know. He became an expert on those curious relics of a dead civilization. For a time they ran neck and neck in his thoughts with business. When he retired from business he was free to make them the master passion of his life. He treasured each individual scarab in his collection as a miser treasures gold.

Collecting, as Mr. Peters did it, resembles the drink habit. It begins as an amusement and ends as an obsession. He was gloating over his treasures when the maid announced Lord Emsworth.

A curious species of mutual toleration—it could hardly be dignified by the title of friendship—had sprung up between these two men, so opposite in practically every respect. Each regarded the other with that feeling of perpetual amazement with which we encounter those whose whole viewpoint and mode of life are foreign to our own.

The American's force and nervous energy fascinated Lord Emsworth. As for Mr. Peters, nothing like the earl had ever happened to him before in a long and varied life. He had seen men and cities, but Lord Emsworth was something new. Each, in fact, was to the other a perpetual freak show, with no charge for admission. And if anything had been needed to cement the alliance it would have been supplied by the fact that they were both collectors.

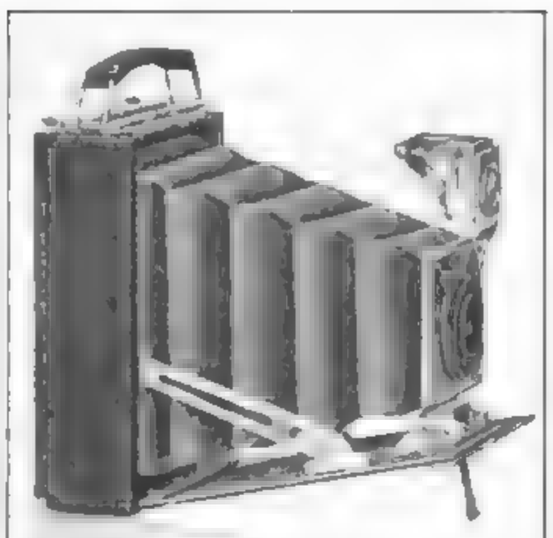
They differed in collecting as they did in everything else. Mr. Peters' collecting, as has been shown, was keen, furious, concentrated; Lord Emsworth's had the amiable dodderingness that marked every branch of his life. In the museum at Blandings Castle you could find every manner of valuable and valueless curio. There was no central motive; the place was simply an amateur junk shop. Side by side with a Gutenberg Bible for which rival collectors would have bidden without a limit, you would come on a bullet from the field of Waterloo, one of a consignment of ten thousand shipped there for the use of tourists by a Birmingham firm. Each was equally attractive to its owner.

"My dear Mr. Peters," said Lord Emsworth sunnily, advancing into the room, "I trust I am not unpunctual. I have been lunching at my club."

"I'd have asked you to lunch here," said Mr. Peters, "but you know how it is with me: I've promised the doctor I'll give those nuts and grasses of his a fair trial, and I can do it pretty well when I'm alone with Aline; but to have to sit by and see somebody else eating real food would be trying me too high."

Lord Emsworth murmured sympathetically. The other's digestive tribulations touched a ready chord. An excellent trencherman himself, he understood what Mr. Peters must suffer.

"Too bad!" he said.



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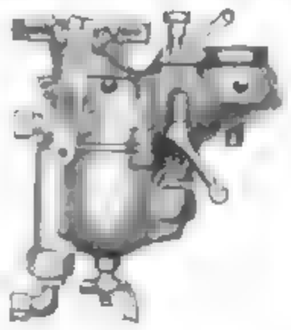

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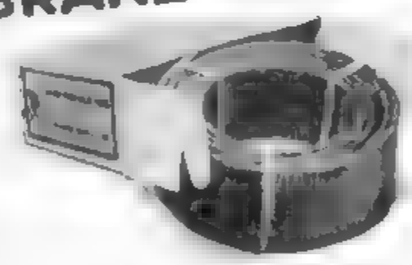

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Mr. Peters turned the conversation into another channel.

"These are my scarabs," he said.

Lord Emsworth adjusted his glasses, and the mild smile disappeared from his face, to be succeeded by a set look. A stage director of a moving-picture firm would have recognized the look. Lord Emsworth was "registering" interest—interest which he perceived from the first instant would have to be completely simulated; for instinct told him, as Mr. Peters began to talk, that he was about to be bored as he had seldom been bored in his life.

Mr. Peters, in his character of showman, threw himself into his work with even more than his customary energy. He was both exhaustive and exhausting. His flow of speech never faltered. He spoke of the New Kingdom, the Middle Kingdom, Osiris and Ammon; waxed eloquent concerning Mut, Bubastis, Cheops, the Hyksos kings, cylinders, bezels and Amenophis III; and became at times almost lyrical when touching on Queen Taia, the Princess Gilukhipa of Mitanni, the lake of Zarukhe, Naucratis and the Book of the Dead. Time slid by.

"Take a look at this, Lord Emsworth."

As one who, brooding on love or running over business projects in his mind, walks briskly into a lamp-post and comes back to the realities of life with a sense of jarring shock, Lord Emsworth started, blinked and returned to consciousness. Far away his mind had been—seventy miles away—in the pleasant hothouses and shady garden walks of Blandings Castle. He came back to London to find that his host, with a mingled air of pride and reverence, was extending toward him a small, dingy-looking something.

He took it and looked at it. That, apparently, was what he was meant to do. So far, all was well.

"Ah!" he said—that blessed word, covering everything! He repeated it, pleased at his ready resource.

"A Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty," said Mr. Peters fervently.

"I beg your pardon?"

"A Cheops—of the Fourth Dynasty."

Lord Emsworth began to feel like a hunted stag. He could not go on saying "Ah!" indefinitely; yet what else was there to say to this curious little beastly sort of a beetle kind of thing?

"Dear me! A Cheops!"

"Of the Fourth Dynasty!"

"Bless my soul! The Fourth Dynasty!"

"What do you think of that—eh?"

Strictly speaking, Lord Emsworth thought nothing of it; and he was wondering how to veil this opinion in diplomatic words, when the providence that looks after all good men saved him by causing a knock at the door to occur. In response to Mr. Peters' irritated cry a maid entered.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Threepwood wants to speak to you on the telephone."

Mr. Peters turned to his guest.

"Excuse me for one moment."

"Certainly," said Lord Emsworth gratefully. "Certainly, certainly, certainly! By all means."

The door closed behind Mr. Peters. Lord Emsworth was alone. For some moments he stood where he had been left, a figure with small signs of alertness about it. But Mr. Peters did not return immediately. The booming of his voice came faintly from some distant region. Lord Emsworth strolled to the window and looked out.

The sun still shone brightly on the quiet street. Across the road were trees. Lord Emsworth was fond of trees; he looked at these approvingly. Then round the corner came a vagrom man, wheeling flowers in a barrow.

Flowers! Lord Emsworth's mind shot back to Blandings like a homing pigeon. Flowers! Had he or had he not given Head-Gardener Thorne adequate instructions as to what to do with those hydrangeas? Assuming that he had not, was Thorne to be depended on to do the right thing by them by the light of his own intelligence? Lord Emsworth began to brood on Head-Gardener Thorne.

He was aware of some curious little object in his hand. He accorded it a momentary inspection. It was probably something; but he could not remember what. He put it in his pocket and returned to his meditations.

At about the hour when the Earl of Emsworth was driving to keep his appointment with Mr. Peters, a party of two sat at a corner table at Watson's Restaurant, in the Strand. One of the two was a small, pretty, good-natured-looking girl of about twenty; the other, a thick-set young man, with a wiry crop of red-brown hair and an expression of mingled devotion and determination. The girl was Aline Peters; the young man's name was George Emerson. He, also, was an American, a rising member in a New York law firm. He had a strong, square face, with a dogged and persevering chin.

There are all sorts of restaurants in London—from the restaurant which makes you fancy you are in Paris to the restaurant which makes you wish you were. There are palaces in Piccadilly, quaint lethal chambers in Soho, and strange food factories in Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. There are restaurants which specialize in ptomaine and restaurants which specialize in sinister vegetable messes. But there is only one Watson's.

Conversation does not flourish at Watson's. Only two of all those present on this occasion showed any disposition toward chattiness. They were Aline Peters and her escort.

"The girl you ought to marry," Aline was saying, "is Joan Valentine."

"The girl I am going to marry," said George Emerson, "is Aline Peters."

For answer, Aline picked up from the floor beside her an illustrated paper and, having opened it at a page toward the end, handed it across the table.

George Emerson glanced at it disdainfully. There were two photographs on the page. One was of Aline; the other of a loutish-looking youth, who wore that peculiar expression of pained glassiness which Young England always adopts in the face of a camera.

Under one photograph were printed the words: "Miss Aline Peters, who is to marry the Honorable Frederick Threepwood in June." Under the other: "The Honorable Frederick Threepwood, who is to marry Miss Aline Peters in June." Above the photographs was the legend: "Forthcoming International Wedding. Son of the Earl of Emsworth to marry American heiress." In one corner of the picture a Cupid, draped in the Stars and Stripes, aimed his bow at the gentleman; in the other another Cupid, clad in a natty Union Jack, was drawing a bead on the lady.

"You mustn't believe everything you see in the papers," remarked George Emerson. "What are the stout children in the one-piece bathing suits supposed to be doing?"

"Those are Cupids, George, aiming at us with their little bows—a pretty and original idea."

"Why Cupids?"

"Cupid is the god of love. I can see that you never went to night school!"

"What has the god of love got to do with it?"

Aline placidly devoured a fried potato.

"You're simply trying to make me angry," she said; "and I call it very mean of you. You know perfectly well how fatal it is to get angry at meals. It was eating while he was in a bad temper that ruined father's digestion. George, that nice, fat carver is wheeling his truck this way. Flag him and make him give me some more of that mutton."

George looked round him morosely.

"This," he said, "is England this restaurant, I mean. You don't need to go any farther. Just take a good look at this place and you have seen the whole country and can go home again. You may judge a nation by its meals. A people with imagination will eat with imagination. Look at the French; look at ourselves. The Englishman loathes imagination. He comes to a place like this and says: 'Don't bother me to think. Here's half a dollar. Give me food—any sort of food—until I tell you to stop.' And that's the principle on which he lives his life. 'Give me anything, and don't bother me!' That's his motto."

"If that is meant to apply to Freddie and me, I think you're very rude. Do you mean that any girl would have done for him, so long as it was a girl?"

George Emerson showed a trace of confusion. Being honest with himself, he had to admit that he did not exactly know what he did mean—if he meant anything. That, he felt rather bitterly, was the worst of Aline. She would never let a fellow's good things go purely as good things; she probed and questioned and spoiled the whole effect. He was quite sure that when he began to speak he had meant something, but what it was escaped him for

the moment. He had been urged to the homily by the fact that at a neighboring table he had caught sight of a young Briton, with a red face, who reminded him of the Honorable Frederick Threepwood. He mentioned this to Aline.

"Do you see that fellow in the gray suit—I think he has been sleeping in it—at the table on your right? Look at the stodgy face. See the glassy eye. If that man sandbagged your Freddie and tied him up somewhere, and turned up at the church instead of him, can you honestly tell me you would know the difference? Come now, wouldn't you simply say, 'Why, Freddie, how natural you look!' and go through the ceremony without a suspicion?"

"He isn't a bit like Freddie."

"My dear girl, there isn't a man in this restaurant under the age of thirty who isn't just like Freddie. All Englishmen look exactly alike, talk exactly alike, and think exactly alike."

"And you oughtn't to speak of him as Freddie. You don't know him."

"Yes, I do. And, what is more, he expressly asked me to call him Freddie. 'Oh, dash it, old top, don't keep on calling me Threepwood! Freddie to pals!' Those were his very words."

"George, you're making this up."

"Not at all. We met last night at the National Sporting Club. Porky Jones was going twenty rounds with Eddie Flynn. I offered to give three to one on Eddie. Freddie, who was sitting next to me, took me in fivers. And if you want any further proof of your young man's pin-headedness, mark that! A child could have seen that Eddie had him going. Eddie comes from Pittsburgh. God bless it! My own home town!"

"Did your Eddie win?"

"You don't listen—I told you he was from Pittsburgh. And afterward Threepwood chummed up with me and told me that to real pals like me he was Freddie. I was a real pal, as I understood it, because I should have to wait for my money. The fact was, he explained, his old governor had cut off his bully allowance."

"You're simply trying to poison my mind against him; and I don't think it's very nice of you, George."

"What do you mean—poison your mind? I'm not poisoning your mind; I'm simply telling you a few things about him. You know perfectly well that you don't love him, and that you aren't going to marry him—and that you are going to marry me."

"How do you know I don't love my Freddie?"

"If you can look me straight in the eyes and tell me you do, I will drop the whole thing and put on a little page's dress and carry your train up the aisle. Now then!"

"And all the while you're talking you're letting my carver get away," said Aline.

"Can't you be a bit more spiritual?" exclaimed George. "I don't want to sit here discussing food products."

"If you were in my position, George, you wouldn't want to talk about anything else. It's doing him a world of good, poor dear, but there are times when I'm sorry father ever started this food-reform thing. You don't know what it means for a healthy young girl to try to support life on nuts and grasses."

"And why should you?" broke out Emerson. "I'll tell you what it is, Aline—you are perfectly absurd about your father. I don't want to say anything against him to you, naturally; but ——"

"Go ahead, George. Why this diffidence? Say what you like."

"Very well, then, I will. I'll give it to you straight. You know quite well that you have let your father bully you since you were in short frocks. I don't say it is your fault or his fault, or anybody's fault; I just state it as a fact. It's temperament, I suppose. You are yielding and he is aggressive; and he has taken advantage of it.

"We now come to this idiotic Freddie-marriage business. Your father has forced you into that. It's all very well to say that you are a free agent and that fathers don't coerce their daughters nowadays. The trouble is that your father does. You let him do what he likes with you. He has got you hypnotized; and you won't break away from this Freddie foolishness because you can't find the nerve. I'm going to help you find the nerve. I'm coming down to Blandings Castle when you go there on Friday."

"Coming to Blandings!"

"Freddie invited me last night."

"But, George, my dear boy, do you never read the etiquette books and the hints in the Sunday papers on how to be the perfect gentleman? Don't you know you can't be a man's guest and take advantage of his hospitality to try to steal his fiancée away from him?"

"Watch me!"

A dreamy look came into Aline's eyes.

"I wonder what it feels like, being a countess," she said.

"You will never know." George looked at her pityingly. "My poor girl," he said, "have you been lured into this engagement in the belief that Popeyed Freddie, the Idiot Child, is going to be an earl some day? You have been stung! Freddie is not the heir. His elder brother, Lord Bosham, is as fit as a prize fighter and has three healthy sons. Freddie has about as much chance of getting the title as I have."

"George, your education has been sadly neglected. Don't you know that the heir to the title always goes for a yachting cruise, with his whole family, and gets drowned—and the children too? It happens in every English novel you read."

"Listen, Aline! Let us get this thing straight: I have been in love with you since I wore knickerbockers. I proposed to you at your first dance ——"

"Very clumsily."

"But sincerely. Last year, when I found that you had gone to England, I came on after you as soon as the firm could spare me. And I found you engaged to this Freddie excrescence."

"I like the way you stand up for Freddie. So many men in your position might say horrid things about him."

"Oh, I've nothing against Freddie. He is practically an imbecile and I don't like his face; outside of that he's all right. But you will be glad later that you did not marry him. You are much too real a person. What a wife you will make for a hard-working man!"

"What does Freddie work hard at?"

"I am alluding at the moment not to Freddie but to myself."

Aline shook her head. "It's no good, George. Really, you had better realize it. I'm very fond of you, but we are not suited!"

"Why not?"

"You are too overwhelming—too much like a bomb. I think you must be one of the supermen one reads about. You would want your own way and nothing but your own way. Now, Freddie will jump through hoops and sham dead, and we shall be the happiest pair in the world. I am much too placid and mild to make you happy. You want somebody who would stand up to you—somebody like Joan Valentine."

"That's the second time you have mentioned this Joan Valentine. Who is she?"

"She is a girl who was at school with me. We were the greatest chums—at least, I worshiped her and would have done anything for her; and I think she liked me. Then we lost touch with each other and didn't meet for years. I met her on the street yesterday, and she is just the same. She has been through the most awful times. Her father was quite rich; he died suddenly while he and Joan were in Paris, and she found that he hadn't left a cent. He had been living right up to his income all the time. His life wasn't even insured. She came to London; and, so far as I could make out from the short talk we had, she has done pretty nearly everything since we last met. Isn't it awful, George!"

"Pretty tough," said Emerson. He was but faintly interested in Miss Valentine.

"She is so plucky and full of life. She would stand up to you."

"Thanks! My idea of marriage is not a perpetual scrap. My notion of a wife is something cozy and sympathetic and soothing. That is why I love you. We shall be the happiest ——"

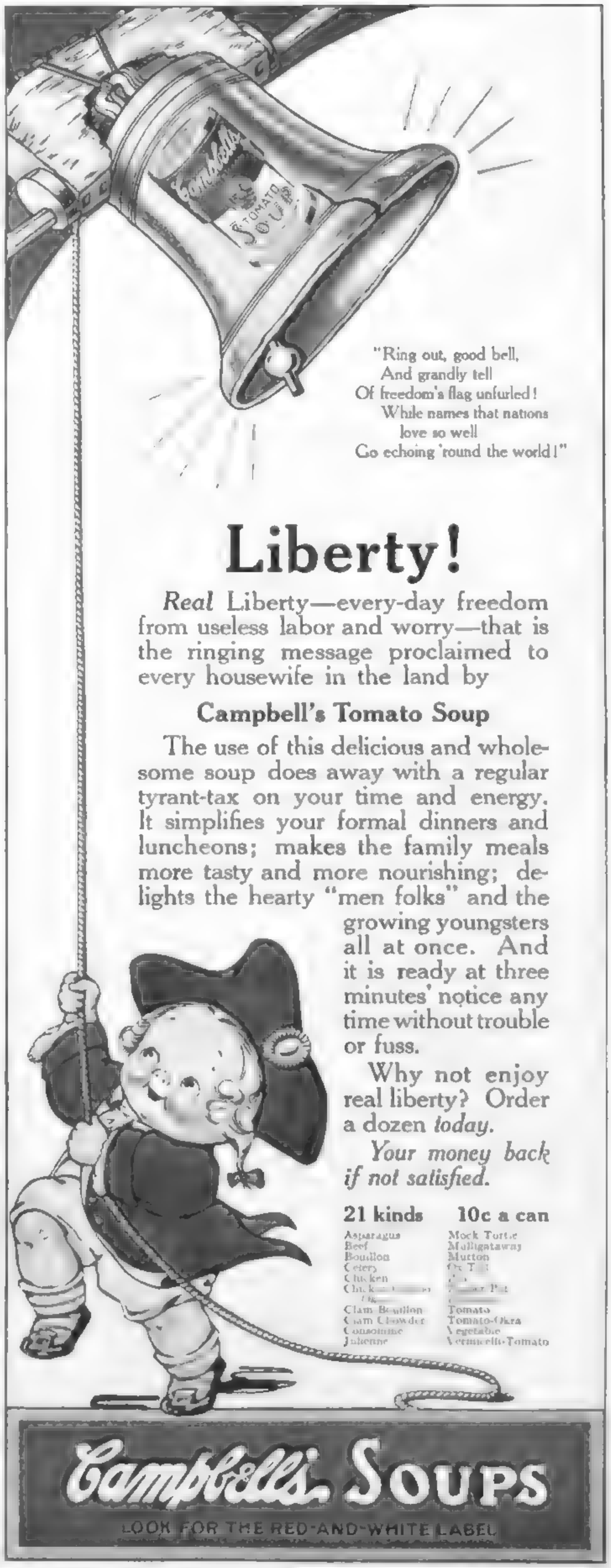
Aline laughed.

"Dear old George! Now pay the check and get me a taxi. I've endless things to do at home. If Freddie is in town I suppose he will be calling to see me. Who is Freddie, do you ask? Freddie is my fiancé, George. My betrothed. My steady. The young man I'm going to marry."

Emerson shook his head resignedly.

"Curious how you cling to that Freddie idea. Never mind! I'll come down to Blandings on Friday and we shall see what happens. Bear in mind the broad fact that you and I are going to be married, and that nothing on earth is going to stop us."

(TO BE CONTINUED)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19

SIX

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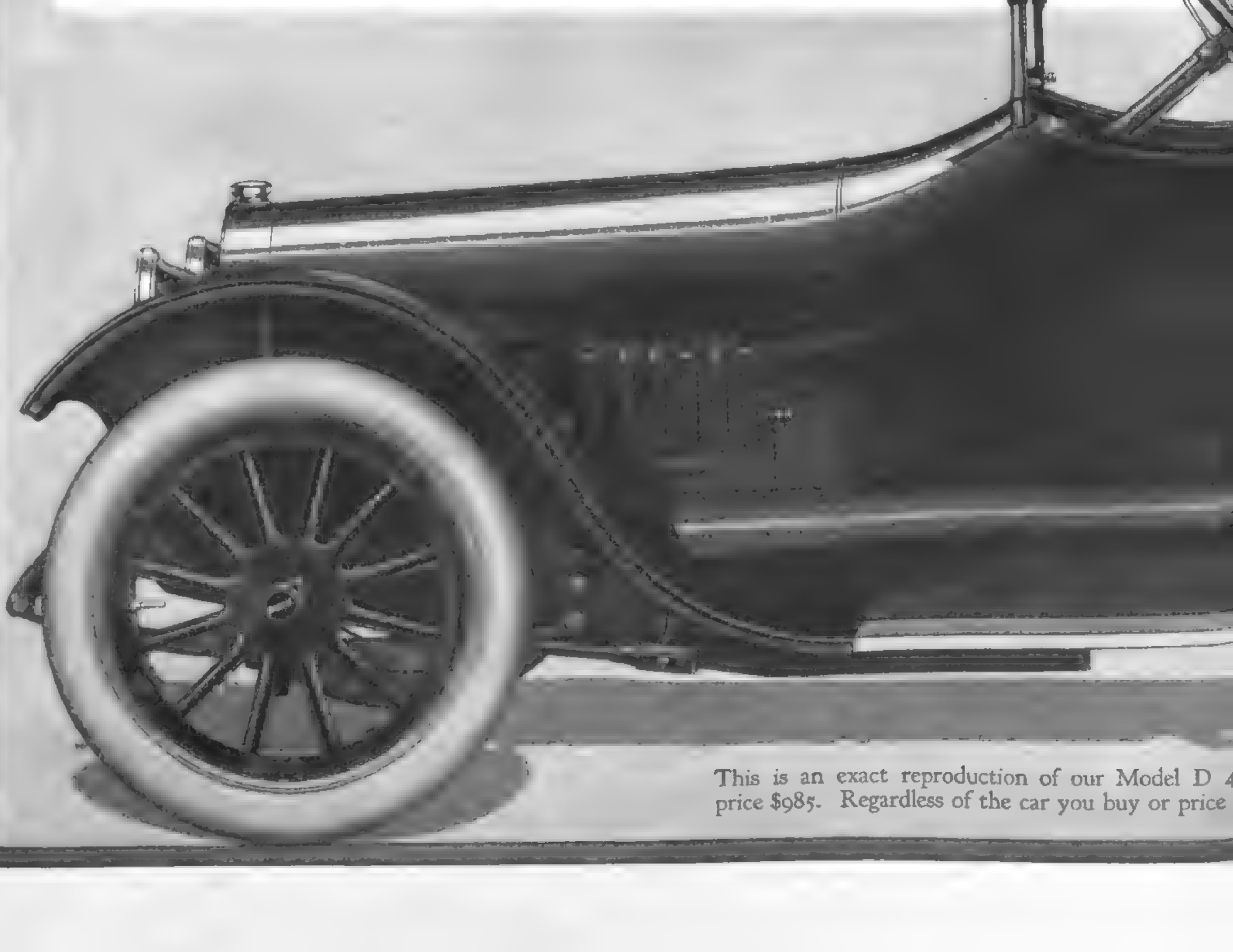

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THE HAND OF GLORY

Continued from Page 9)

"Do they?" says the other, which was the Don's himself, but subdued. "Do they now?" Then a wait. "Very well, we shall see. Go take them my brown bottle o' cordial, the Tientsin rice brandy. Then bring me the Hand."

"Oh, master!" sighs Caban.

I heard a fist, good and hard, smack on the bare skin o' somebody.

"Take that bottle," says the Don's voice, not a bit merry in the dark. "Go lug my brown bottle to 'em, with all the compliments you can make. I'll see them in the morning."

I give you in plain English the drift of what those voices appeared to say in lingo. Remember, gentlemen, Gregory Pratt never cottoned to the eavesdropping pidgin. No, thank ye, not likely! I passed on me round, up the veranda, to bed again. Good old bed. You know him. At the sign o' the Arms o' Morphis.

VI

FORTY winks or all night, I couldn't figger how long that grand sleep lasted; but somewhere among the witching hours I fetched up broad awake, uneasy, and listening for what could 'a' give me such a jerk. Stillness 'twas. The island, the whole blessed night, seemed unearthly still. But then, besides, I knew—with a back-action, like, out o' some dream—that the China fiddle had just come to a queer ending. Its music hadn't finished proper, but gone *full*, run down sudden, broke off.

"Not right," I told myself, craning out o' the hammick to listen. "Not by no means right."

Men roused in the dark, ye know, are dooced odd. There sat me, grown man and tough as a rigger's crab, all a-twittering because that yowl of a tune had finally stopped. What of it? But there 'twas. The fiddle had knocked off work like a man being strangled. I couldn't sleep again.

"Let's go look," says old curiosity; and out I 'ops, light as a bird.

So then be'old me trotting off through the betels and the dark again; stars over-'ead as thick as ever, but pale, by which I judged the night to be a little worn.

You take me for a rare old fool. Right-oh..you're welcome. No charge. But, to make a long story short, I headed round the house and plump for that Chinese family scene.

The door o' their hut stood open; like as formerly, but not the same.

Upright on the threshold, burning steady without a breath to flicker it, stood the Hand o' Glory. Thumb and fingers all afire, there it streamed, a reg'lar five-prong candlestick lighted for a wake, bright and smoking.

Big shadows jiggered lazy round me in the grove. Nothing else moved, nor me neither.

Past that burning Hand I saw the insides o' the hut, and all four Chinamen asleep, but not natural. My two smokers sat propped against the back wall, long pointed eyes open, froze to death. The family cigar dangling between their heads was dead out. The linnet perched in his cage like a puffball o' dead feathers. My jolly fiddler was leaning half on chair, half on table, staring agape, with his bow sloped down across the two strings; for it couldn't fall, the bowstring being passed between the other two, as you know China fiddles are. Last man, the coolie in sky-blue trousers, laid sprawling face down on the floor. His ribs twitched now and then and pulled out sharp, I might say, under his yellow hide.

There's the whole *sub-chiz* for ye—a chamber o' waxen images; and the Hand burnt greasy between me and them. 'Orrid? No name for it. She burned like candles—be-George, if he's got a church of his own—right on the devil's altar.

Oh, yes, and I forgot: By the fiddler's elbow on table stood a brown earth bottle o' Tientsin cordial.

"What you doing here?" said somebody none too polite.

I turned.

Montes, the Don hisself, glared down on top me with all his freckles and his amber-colored eyes a-bulging like a bull in a man's shirt and trousers, ready for to charge.

"Looking on," says I. "What sport?"

A bit of a nightmare, you'd call it. But no fear, the Don showed bulk enough, solid and fierce, breathing hot into my face till I felt no more o' consequence than a sparrow. Large men have that advantage; and then the light and all was so uncommon.

His eyes kept on bulging and blazing. 'Twas a relief, no mistake, when of a sudden, quicker than you'd clear your throat, he changed his mind, changed his look, changed his whole character, might be, and burst out laughing.

"Sport!" he crows, slapping me on the back. "That's the word! Dear capitan, I did my best to frighten ye. But you're game! That's what you are, my Pratt, you're game! Can't fool you. Ho, ho!"

And he fondled heavy over me like a brother.

"I was sending my boy to call ye this very minute, capitan. 'Tis a trick o' magic worth seeing, eh? A fair tableau I just arranged for ye. How d'ye like it, Pratt?"

"No, thanks, Don," says I. "Not a bit."

Montes laughed like a good un.

"Bah!" he said, twinkling and shaking. "No harm done. 'Tis all play and sport. Ye won't see magic like this every night. Come, step in. They're alive and well, our poor dear coolies."

With that he gave me a pull, and fetched me alongside him, past the Hand over the threshold.

We stood inside the hut, among those staring frozen figgers. Well, if old Madame Tussaud had such a roomful o' company she'd think her blooming forch'n was made. The Chinamen goggled at us, dumb and sightless, and we at them.

"A trick. A mere child's play." And the Don snapped his fingers underneath the fiddler's nose.

Not a sign gave the fiddler, neither of sight nor hearing.

"Spellbound," chuckles Montes.

But while he chuckled, holding my arm, there come a stir and a scramble at our feet, and off the floor rose all to once et the deadest body o' the lot, Blue Trousers, his face blank as tallow, his eyes wide-set like a doll's. First on hands and knees, then afoot, he staggered toward us, dragging a big barbed iron fish-spear.

Montes gave a squeal and dodged back.

Blue Trousers groaned, heaved up the spear painful, and let drive a slasher, like a man splitting billets with an ax.

It caught Montes over the pate. Down he went, nose foremost, gurgling, and starfished on the floor.

"Yah!" said Blue Trousers; then after staring at me quite blind and delib'rate and wise, he dove acrost his spear into the corner and stayed there.

Now my sympathy was altogether with the China boys; but then, ye see, I'd eaten and slept at the Don's. What else could I do, in fairness, but pulley-haul him outdoor by the legs? Which I did, o' course. In dragging, he spilt a paper out of his shirt pocket; and without thinking I saved it off the floor, being generally careful about documents.

O' course we managed to upset that filthy Hand, which almost left us in darkness. When I picked it up only the thumb was burning. In the flurry I held it up lamp-fashion, and 'twas enough to show me the Don where he laid.

Dead? No. Some kinds you can't kill short o' the gallows. He moaned and rolled, pawing his wicked old crophead.

"What price manly vigor now?" thinks I.

Bare feet just then came a-flopping through the grove behind us, also a lantern on the run, also voices calling me to hurry. I swung about, and there galloped Caban, and the tableboy, and one o' my goo-goo sailors off the Seenoria.

"Oh, capitan," calls this last fellow, crying to heaven and earth, "come! The vessel, she is lost! Lost!"

That settled the affair.

"Look to your master," I sung out. "My dooty is the ship. What business had I sleeping ashore?"

So off I run to the waterside and my dinghy.

VII

THESE black-and-tan sea-cooks o' mine, who call theirselves sailors, are always crying out "Wolf! Wolf! Murder! Shipwreck! Treason and High Bowchery!" if they stub their toe; and so it proved then, o' course. The Seenoria was no more lost than what you are, or this blooming house. But, however, it's a fact that some current

had set in, drawing to north'ard, and the schooner dragged her anchor a bit. This had put the crew in a mortal fright.

"I'll put ye in a worse, brave boys," says I, coming aboard; and likewise I done it. A bad time they had until everything was made proper and fast.

Afore daylight, on the morning flood, somebody hailed us, and there came floating Caban with his lorchas and cargadores.

"How's your master?" I sang out.

"Oh, he all rai-eet," drawls Caban, quite cheerful.

"And the Chinamen?"

"Oh, they all rai-eet," says he.

Him having no more to vouchsay, and climbing aboard so calm, I considered that the shore people might attend to their own silly shore matters, like they always do. So, setting the crew to work again, I discharged our Saigong rice into the lorchas, and by sunrise was cleared and away. Caban, very proud of his office, give me my papers in style.

'Twas a pleasure to be at sea again.

But mind ye, the next time I went to consult my chart I found lying on it—where in the hurry of coming aboard and taking charge I must have thrown 'em—this brute of a Hand and a piece of crumpled notepaper. Then I remembered holding 'em careful in my lap all the way out in the dinghy. Which I'd clean forgot.

"You're a beauty, you are!" says I to the Hand. First I naturally thought o' pitching it overboard; but it being an evidence, ye might say, I wrapped it in a South China Gazette and stowed it inside a locker.

As for the sheet of notepaper, 'twas that which came from the Don's breastpocket whilst I had him by the legs. The paper was unfolded, messy, but wide open. Paul Pry's not my name, I dessay you know; but the handwriting fair hit me between the eyes afore I thought. 'Twas old Rick Fletcher's wobbly hand—his original chit, and, barring the Spanish compliments, it said:

"*Dear Monies:* The bearer, Captain Pratt, will serve admirably to bring me your little consignment. He is of a gentle, unsuspecting nature, and in fact rather a simpleton. . . ."

Me! He'd wrote that o' me!

I was piling up on deck for to cool off, when, as luck would have it, down the companion came two o' my gallant sea-dogs, bumping the stairs with a great hamper between 'em full o' coconuts.

"Set it there!" I roared at 'em.

They left me and the nuts alone together. For a long time I stood thinking, staring at the hamper, which carried a tag all nicely written—"Señor Fletcher, Kindness of Captain Pratt."

"Kindness of Captain Simpleton," thinks I. Being so mad must have sharpened my wits, for at last a blessed notion catching hold of me, I up and took a fire-ax from the bulkhead. With that I split four or five nuts, till the floor was a sight to be'old. Nothing in 'em but milk and so forth.

"This beats me," I was grunting when, whack, the next coconut flew into perfect halves at a touch, thump went the ax through to the planking and stuck there, the blade smeared over with a gummy stuff like black molasses. "Opium!"

Opium, ye see. The genuine old Black Smoke itself. I must have cracked a dozen more of them false nuts along with the real, till the place became a fair shambles underfoot, daubed with some twenty or thirty hundred dollars' worth, gold, o' fust-chop opium.

And mad! To think I'd stood by so placid, whilst those Chinamen was drugged from a bottle—stood by and abetted and, what's more, held a candle to such hocus-pocus with the Hand o' Glory! I'd helped the Don cover his tracks with magic. And my ship a common carrier for that trade! Mad? Outrageous, I was. I hove the whole gory rubbage out the stern ports.

All but one. I saved me one last coconut, fitted the two halves into place—clever little dowels they had, to hold 'em—and a fortnight later carried it ashore in Manila.

VIII

THE little captain, his eyes ablaze, drew a ferocious long breath and smacked the table with his whalebone stick.

"And Fletcher was the first man," he exclaimed—"the first to meet me on Mu'le del Rey!

"'Have ye anything?' began Fletcher in his soft old voice. And I said:

"'Yes, me unsuspecting friend!'

"He saw it coming in my eye, whilst I crept toward him, one hand behind my back holding the coconut like a bomb.

"'Wait!' squeaks Fletcher. 'Wait!'

"And he turned and ran like a rabbit. Clean to the Bridge o' Spain I chased him, round one corner, round another, then down the street under the Tiffin Club. Noonday it was, and everybody we knew in the streets looking on shocked.

"His lean old shanks was too long for mine. They flew fast, and I felt him gaining. So just where the red Flame o' the Forest tree stands till this day to prove it, I let drive the coconut like a Whitsunday skylarker. It split behind his ear. Two hundred dollars' worth, gold, of splendid opium spattered to the four winds, and down tumbled Ricardo Fletcher, that friend of my 'eart.

"Bigger than me he was, and dangerous when caught, but then I collared him on the rise. All the club windows become filled with our leading merchants to look down.

"'I'll unsuspect ye!' I says. 'I'll gentle ye!' And I gentled him. And if a whale's dead bones has feeling, be-'anged, this stick is black and blue yet."

Our host, Warburton, demurely drooped one eyelid.

"But did you have that stick so long ago, captain?" he objected suavely. "And anyhow, I don't believe you would ——"

The Señora's master bounced up, red and bristling with ire. "Prove me that!" he roared. "Prove me that, out o' some meddling book! Or just *you* call me gentle, and—and—we wouldn't stay to tiffin then, not even if you asked us!"

ADVENTURES IN HAY FEVER

Continued from Page 7

"What was it?" I exclaimed, astonished and mystified.

"Ragweed!"

The same day an old man was helped from his car at the tavern door in a state of collapse. He had motored past a field of tasseling corn.

The overwhelming tragedy of the season occurred the next morning before breakfast. I was still in my room when a terrific uproar downstairs startled me. Men were shouting in furious tones. The staccato voices of many women in dire distress ascended; and running through this bedlam were the deep bass of dying groans and the gasping sighs of persons apparently being smothered to death.

I could think of nothing but fire, which is always the first calamity a woman infers when there is a disturbance in the house. I ran to the staircase and beheld a frantic crowd below. All the guests in the tavern were assembled there, every one with his handkerchief held to his nose, and all in the convulsions of Hay Fever.

An old lady, with streaming eyes, sat gasping on the bottom step of the stairs. She motioned me back; but every woman knows that it is better to die of anything than of unsatisfied curiosity. So I hurried down—and was immediately seized by the prevailing malady.

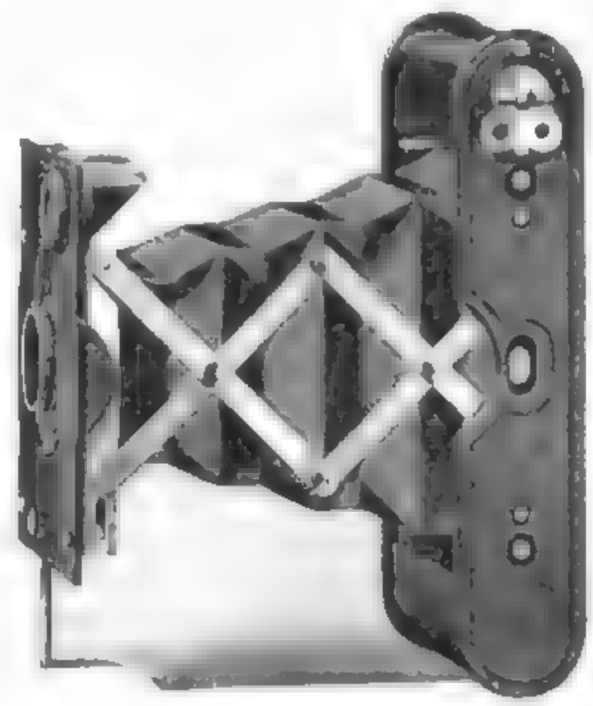
In five minutes this famous tavern was losing the reputation it has maintained for more than a hundred years—that of affording immunity from Hay Fever. Our host was distracted, humiliated. We regarded him with the indignation of helpless souls whose trust has been betrayed.

At this moment there was a slamming of doors in the hall above; and a party of tourists who had come in late the night before started down the stairs. Every one of them carried a bunch of goldenrod!

The feeblest among us fled—the women through the doors, some of the men through the open windows. None of us witnessed the reception they must have received from the master of the house. We had breakfast on the lawn. It was hours after the departure of the tourists before we dared trust ourselves within the walls of the pollen-polluted place.

Forty-odd years ago Dr. Henry Ward Beecher and a few others met in this village and formed an association to exchange

As right as a full jeweled watch



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experiences, discover a remedy for Hay Fever and to protect from dangerous remedies, so far as possible, those afflicted with it.

During the first week in September this association still meets; and I have never seen anything like it since the days when I was a Methodist itinerant's wife accompanying my husband through revival services on backwoods circuits in Northern Georgia. On those circuits men and women never lost the hope of salvation though few attained perfection by grace. Always we listened to the same experiences, always we pressed forward, undismayed by past failures, to the rewards of righteousness.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the association met in the village church. Every pew was full and the overflow had chairs in the aisles. It was perfectly apparent by the shape and magnitude of their noses that the New England delegates were in the majority—the New England nose seems to have been designed by Nature for the special purpose of meeting the emergencies of Hay Fever. No matter how great those people are, they can never live up to the magnitude, the awful, monumental majesty, of their noses!

Every one wore an exalted look. The effort to breathe, with asthma gripping the lungs, gives to the meanest countenance a sort of sorrowful nobility that a long, righteous life may not afford if the saint can get his breath without difficulty.

Protests From the Amen Corner

The association submitted listlessly to the address of welcome. It was impossible to determine the temper of the people until after the reading of the minutes of the last meeting; but when they came to the business of the present session there was a lightning change.

A grim old man in the amen corner was on his feet instantly. I recognized him as the kicking, balking steward or deacon or vestryman who always stalls himself in the foreground of every church, and who must exist in every organization like an irritated appendix in the human bowels. We knew, before he had sufficient control of his features to begin to speak, that he would object to something—to everything; that he would put his foot down like an outraged prophet on whatever the majority indorsed. And he did.

In the first place he desired, with pardonable indignation, to call attention to the claim set forth that Henry Ward Beecher had had anything to do with the founding of this association. So far as he knew, Beecher did not even have Hay Fever!

In the second place he wished to know why the Bull Moose Party had adopted the red bandanna handkerchief as the Progressive Party colors. This was a singular outrage. Every one knew that the red bandanna was and had been the peculiar insignia of the Hay Fever people since before Roosevelt had front teeth!

Finally he objected to publicity—to the fun making of the press of this country. The Hay Fever people were a peculiar people. They were more peculiar than the Jews. They were wanderers on the face of the earth and there was no promise of relief. He himself had tried over one thousand remedies without benefit.

At this point a fit of sneezing compelled him to sit down amid roars of laughter. The moderator was allowed to proceed. His address consisted of the naming of new cures for Hay Fever. It was like offering ninety different kinds of salvation to a repudiating congregation.

Fifty indignant men and women stood up, all of them contending for the floor and the privilege of telling how this or that remedy had added to their sufferings.

"It's a fraud, Mister Moderator! I paid four dollars an ounce for it, and the stuff took the skin off my nose!"

"It paralyzed my epiglottis!" cried a disheveled little woman in the back of the house.

Many who did not know what an epiglottis might be were abashed by this revelation.

"I have used it with benefit," said a man in the middle aisle.

Others followed, popping up on all sides like corn on a hot griddle. Yes; they had experienced some relief. This remedy was gaining ground, when suddenly a fiery young man from the South rose and shouted, like a Democrat facing a Republican majority:

"It's a fraud! Contains the most deadly poison. I have the address of the place where it is made. I went there the other day, and I found it to be a back room in a disreputable apartment house. There was an old woman, sitting on a soap box, selling it for ten cents a bottle—and I've paid more than fifty dollars for six bottles of it! I move this association appropriates a certain sum every year for the prosecution of these impostors!"

This brought on a financial panic, and the fact was revealed that there was not enough money in the treasury for the purpose.

The whole convention was now precipitated into a violent altercation concerning the germ theory. One man claimed to have discovered the Hay Fever germ. He was a Frenchman, a physician; and he offered to show any man his germ if he would step downstairs with him into the basement, where he kept his microscope.

He waited. No one responded. It seemed that, though your germ is not so sacred as your soul, no man was willing to get up before five hundred people and admit, by accepting the doctor's invitation, that he was so infested.

He continued:

"I haf a very fine cherm down dere, which I haf taken dis morning from a chevalier who ees now present in de house. He looks like de hippopotamus, with de laigs of de centairpeed turning somersaults! Ees it not so?"

We were left to determine for ourselves whether it was the man or the germ that resembled this frightful hybrid of beast and insect; for the victim who had sneezed the monster refused to reveal his identity, though the old Frenchman stood waiting for his testimony. Suddenly the audience, unable to bear the suspense, broke into a spasm of sneezing.

The Hay Fever Cranium

"Dat's it—sneeze! So vill you get some of dem out. Dey air too pig to 'gest into de blood. You must derefore sneeze 'em out. My powder makes you sneeze ten thousand times more!" he shouted as he resumed his seat.

"Bister Boderator, be are bere not to beeze more, but less!" complained a man whose nose was entirely out of commission.

"Biss Bith, bill you barry be?" mocked a voice from the wings.

At last, when order was restored, a man stood up directly in front of the chancel. He had a head that protruded amazingly behind.

"Mister Moderator," he began, "you have had testimony this afternoon on ninety remedies for Hay Fever; all are expensive, varying from five dollars an ounce to seventy-five dollars a treatment. Many of them are dangerous. In short, there is no cure for Hay Fever."

He voiced the sentiment of the association and he held the attention of every person in the house.

"This is your experience year after year ——"

The moderator nodded assent.

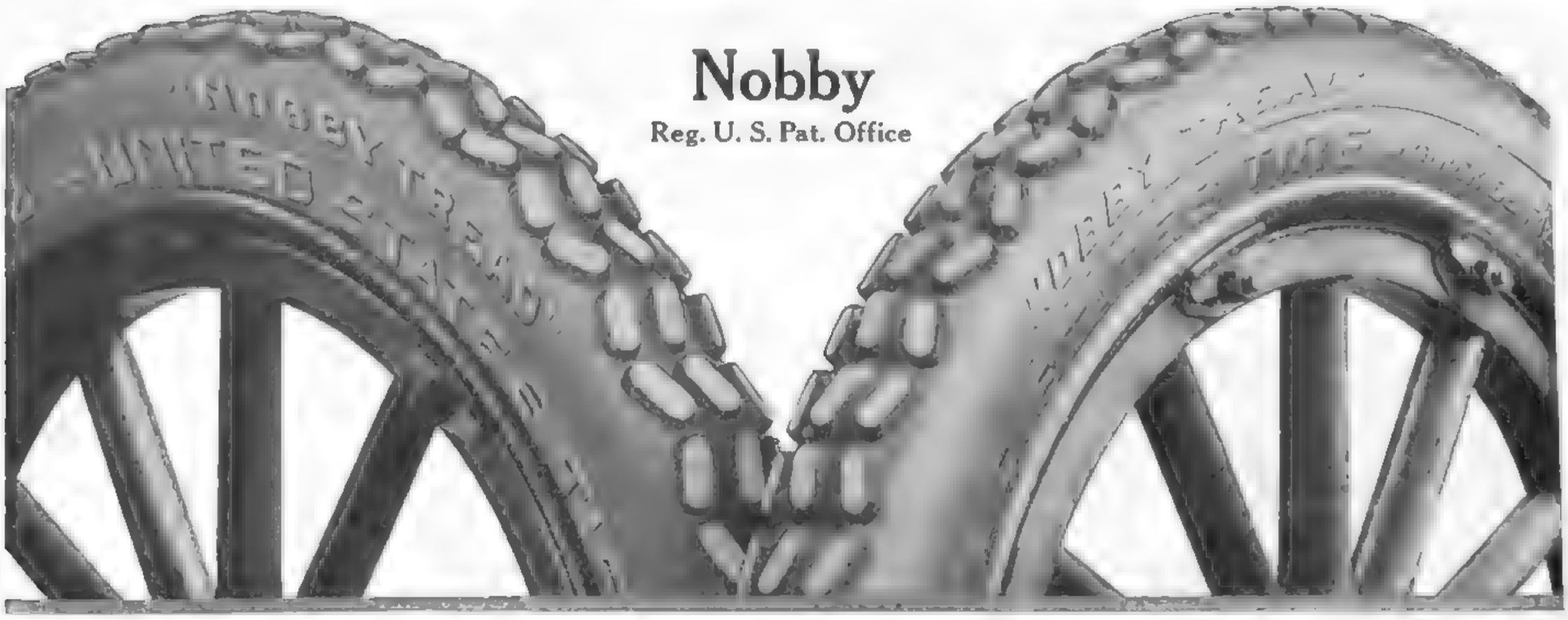
"Now far be it from me to suggest another," he went on; "but an explanation of why some people have Hay Fever has occurred to me. I do not know whether I am right, but I should like to hear a report on it." He held his climax like an artist, while every face was turned up to him in breathless attention. "I have observed that every man here who has manifested the symptoms of this malady has no back to his head. It invariably rises straight up, without a curve behind. In regard to the ladies, the arrangement of their hair prevents inspection; but if they would submit ——"

"I'd like to ask this gentleman how he accounts for the shape of his own head, then!" shouted an indignant voice.

"I don't have Hay Fever," answered the stranger, taking his hat and walking deliberately out of the house, while the women stared like cats, spitting at him with their eyes.

During the remainder of the session men could be seen all over the house furtively feeling the backs of their heads; and it was a fact that, without exception, they had no backs. The line from the base of the neck ran straight to the crown.

I retired immediately to my room on my return to the tavern, took down my hair and examined the back of my head. Doubtless every other woman who had been present at this meeting of the association did the same thing; but the world will never know the result of our investigation.



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FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 12)

once and shook hands. In his khaki uniform, with the scarlet straps of his rank on collar and sleeves, he presented a most soldierly and impressive appearance.

A man of middle height, squarely and compactly built, he moves easily. He is very erect, and his tanned face and gray hair are in strong contrast. A square and determined jaw, very keen blue eyes and a humorous mouth—that is my impression of Sir John French.

"We are sending you along the lines," he said when I was seated. "But not into danger. I hope you do not want to go into danger."

I wish I might tell of the conversation that followed. It is impossible. Not that it dealt with vital matters; but it was understood that Sir John was not being interviewed. He was taking a little time from a day that must have been crowded, to receive with beautiful courtesy a visitor from overseas. That was all.

There can be no objection, I think, to my mentioning one or two things he spoke of—of his admiration for General Foch, whom I had just seen, of the tribute he paid to the courage of the Indian troops, and of the marvelous spirit all the British troops had shown under the adverse weather conditions prevailing. All or most of these things he has said in his official dispatches.

Other things were touched on—the possible duration of the war, the new problems of what is virtually a new warfare, the possibility of a pestilence when warm weather came, owing to inadequately buried bodies. The Canadian troops had not arrived at the front at that time, although later in the day I saw their transports on the way, or I am sure he would have spoken of them. I should like to hear what he has to say about them after their recent gallant fighting. I should like to see his fine blue eyes sparkle.

The car was at the door, and the same young officer who had taken me about on the previous day entered the room.

"I am putting you in his care," said Sir John, indicating the new arrival, "because he has a charmed life. Nothing will happen if you are with him." He eyed the tall young officer affectionately. "He has been fighting since the beginning," he said, "handling a machine gun in all sorts of terrible places. And nothing ever touches him."

A discussion followed as to where I was to be taken. There was a culm heap near the Givenchy brickyards which was rather favored as a lookout spot. In spite of my protests, that was ruled out as being under heavy fire at the time. Béthune was being shelled, but not severely. I would be taken to Béthune and along the road behind the trenches. But nothing was to happen to me. Sir John French knitted his gray brows, and suggested a visit to a wood where the soldiers had built wooden walks and put up signs, naming them Piccadilly, Regent Street, and so on.

"I should like to see something," I put in feebly.

Seeing Things Too Safely

I appreciated their kindly solicitude, but after all I was there to see things; to take risks, if necessary, but to see.

"Then," said Sir John with decision, "we will send you to a hill from which you can see."

The trip was arranged while I waited. Then he went with me to the door and there we shook hands. He hoped I would have a comfortable trip, and bowed me out most courteously. But in the doorway he thought of something.

"Have you a camera with you?"

I had, and said so; a very good camera.

"I hope you do not mind if I ask you not to use it."

I did not mind. I promised at once to take no pictures, and indeed at the end of the afternoon I found my unfortunate camera on the floor, much buffeted and kicked about and entirely ignored.

The interview with Sir John French had given me an entirely unexpected impression of the Field Marshal of the British Army. I had read his reports fully, and from those unemotional reports of battles, of movements and countermovements, I had formed a picture of a great soldier without imagination, to whom a battle was an issue, not a great human struggle—an austere man.

I had found a man with a fighting jaw and a sensitive mouth; and a man greatly beloved by the men closest to him. A human man; a soldier, not a writer.

And after seeing and talking with Sir John French I am convinced that it is not his policy that dictates the silence of the army at the front. He is proud of his men, proud of each heroic regiment, of every brave deed. He would like, I am sure, to shout to the world the names of the heroes of the British Army, to publish great rolls of honor. But silence, or comparative silence, has been the decree.

There must be long hours of suspense when the Field Marshal of the British Army paces the floor of that gray and rose brocade drawing-room; hours of inaction during the winter armistice; hours of waiting now, when the orders he has given are being translated into terms of action, of death, of wounds but sometimes—thank God!—into terms of victory. Long hours, when the wires and the dispatch riders bring in news, valiant names, gains, losses; names that are not to be told; brave deeds that, lacking chroniclers, must go unrecorded.

The Humaneness of Sir John French

Read this, from the report Sir John French sent out only a day or so before I saw him:

"The troops composing the Army of France have been subjected to as severe a trial as it is possible to impose upon any body of men. The desperate fighting described in my last dispatch had hardly been brought to a conclusion when they were called upon to face the rigors and hardships of a winter campaign. Frost and snow have alternated with periods of continuous rain.

"The men have been called upon to stand for many hours together almost up to their waists in bitterly cold water, separated by only one or two hundred yards from a most vigilant enemy.

"Although every measure which science and medical knowledge could suggest to mitigate these hardships was employed, the sufferings of the men have been very great.

"In spite of all this they present a most soldierlike, splendid, though somewhat warworn appearance. Their spirit remains high and confident; their general health is excellent, and their condition most satisfactory.

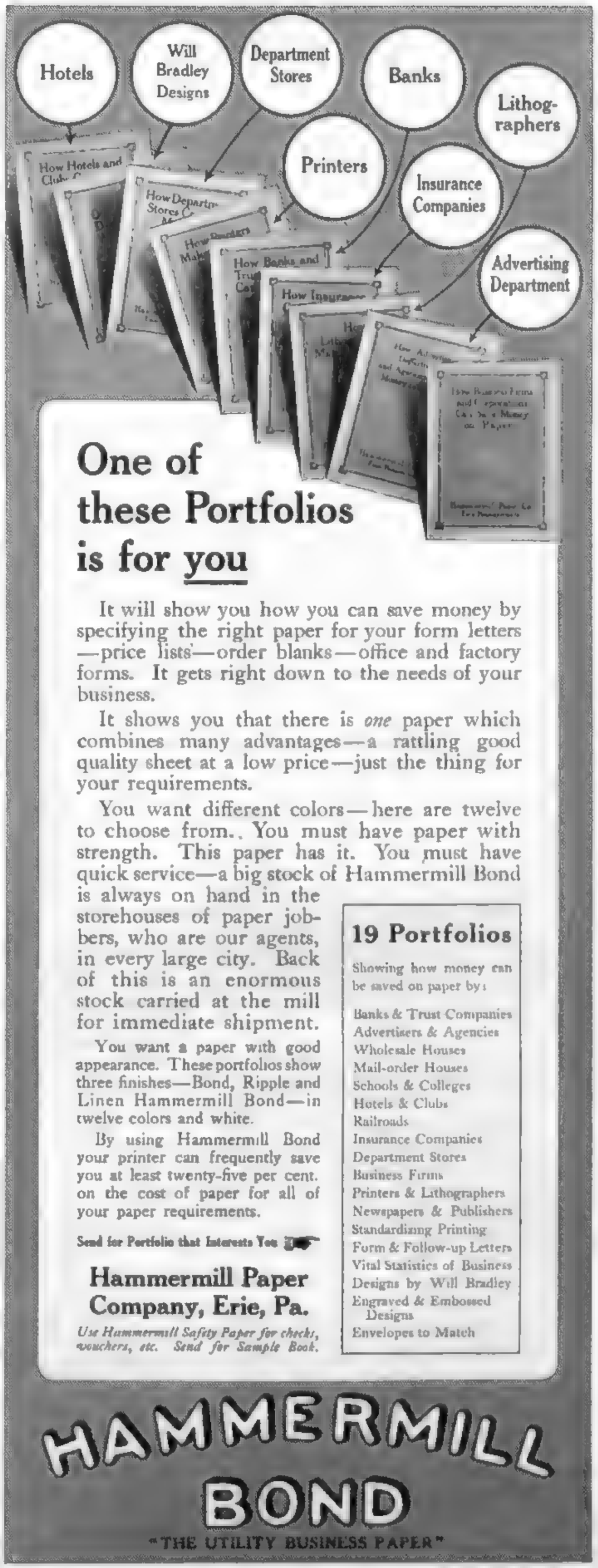
"I regard it as most unfortunate that circumstances have prevented any account of many splendid instances of courage and endurance, in the face of almost unparalleled hardship and fatigue in war, coming regularly to the knowledge of the public."

So it is clearly not the fault of Sir John French that England does not know the names of her heroes, or that their families are denied the comfort of knowing that their sons fought bravely and died nobly. It is not the fault of the British people, waiting eagerly for news that does not come. Surely, in these inhuman times, some concession should be made to the humanities. War is not moving pawns in a game; it is a struggle of quivering flesh and agonized nerves, of men fighting and dying for ideals. Heroism is much more than duty. It is idealism. No leader is truly great who discounts this quality.

America has known more of the great human interest of this war than England. English people get the news from great American dailies. It is an unprecedented situation, and so far the English people have borne it almost in silence. But as the months go on and only bare official dispatches reach them, there is a growing tendency to protest. They want the truth, a picture of conditions. They want to know what their army is doing; what their sons are doing. And they have a right to know. They are making tremendous sacrifices, and they have a right to know to what end.

The greatest agent in the world for molding public opinion is the press. The Germans know this, and have used their journals skillfully. To underestimate the power of the press, to fail to trust to its good will and discretion, is to refuse to wield the mightiest instrument in the world for influencing national thought and national action. At times of great crisis the press has always shown itself sane, conservative, safe, eminently to be trusted.

The English know the power of the great modern newspaper, not only to reflect but



One of these Portfolios is for you

It will show you how you can save money by specifying the right paper for your form letters—price lists—order blanks—office and factory forms. It gets right down to the needs of your business.

It shows you that there is *one* paper which combines many advantages—a rattling good quality sheet at a low price—just the thing for your requirements.

You want different colors—here are twelve to choose from. You must have paper with strength. This paper has it. You must have quick service—a big stock of Hammermill Bond is always on hand in the storehouses of paper jobbers, who are our agents, in every large city. Back of this is an enormous stock carried at the mill for immediate shipment.

You want a paper with good appearance. These portfolios show three finishes—Bond, Ripple and Linen Hammermill Bond—in twelve colors and white.

By using Hammermill Bond your printer can frequently save you at least twenty-five per cent. on the cost of paper for all of your paper requirements.

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Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

Use Hammermill Safety Paper for checks, vouchers, etc. Send for Sample Book.

19 Portfolios

Showing how money can be saved on paper by:

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Printers & Lithographers
Newspapers & Publishers
Standardizing Printing
Form & Follow-up Letters
Vital Statistics of Business
Designs by Will Bradley
Engraved & Embossed Designs
Envelopes to Match

HAMMERMILL BOND

"THE UTILITY BUSINESS PAPER"

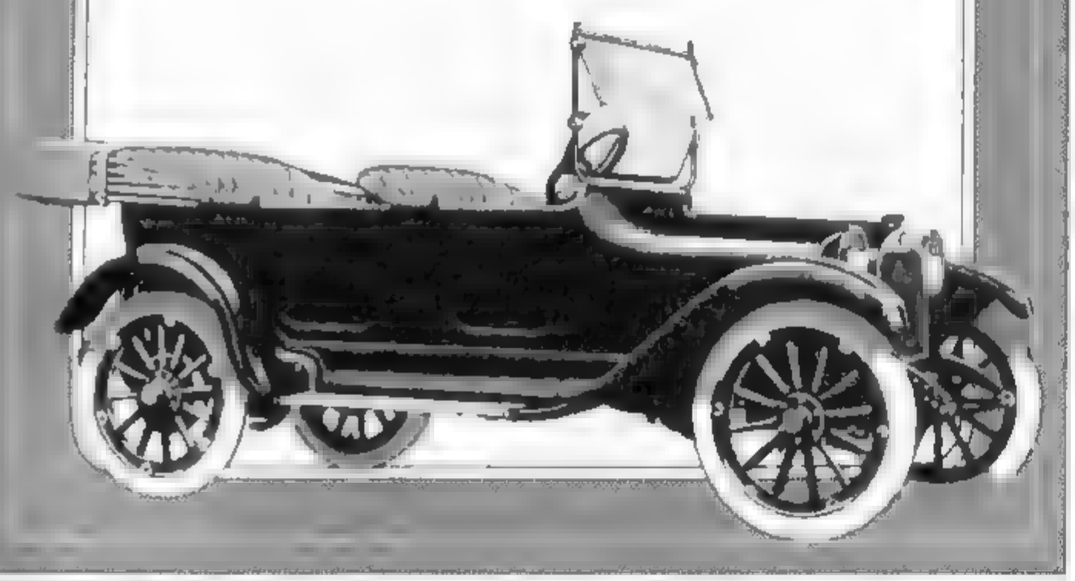
DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

The motor seems like a thing of life, abounding in vitality—trigger-swift in the gliding get-away, and splendidly free from the slightest jerk, or jump, or jolt

A reflection of this is the steadiness of the car—that freedom from trembling and vibration in the tonneau which means so much in ease and comfort.

The motor is 30 35 horsepower
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Uncle Henry—
"It's A Wonder!"

Thousands of enthusiastic motorists today just love Basline Autowline, because many happy experiences have taught them its great "tow home" value.

Basline Autowline

insures your getting home safely. So light and small it stows under cushion or seat. So strong it pulls a 4000-pound car up a 20% grade

Basline Autowline is Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope about 25 feet long, ¼ inch in diameter and 4½ lbs. weight. It hooks quickly with Patented Snaffle Hooks and manila slings hangs [illegible] Price east of the Rocky Mountains $1.95. [illegible] Autowline with Patented Snaffle Hooks.

POWERSTEEL TRUCK LINE [illegible] Extra strong for heavy truck [illegible] Price east of the Rockies $6.00. If your dealer can't supply you [illegible]

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK [illegible] and tire chain at trifling cost. It is four feet of ¼ inch Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope protected by a waterproof fabric [illegible] and a good brass lock [illegible] ends. [illegible] spring, or spare tire and rack in a moment. FREE—Circulars. Write for them.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO. 311 No. 3d Street, St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 76D Warren St.

Makers of famous Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope and other wire ropes for every purpose.

to form public opinion. They have watched the American press because they know to what extent it influences American policy.

There is talk of conscription in England to-day. Why? Ask the British people. Ask the London Times. Ask rural England where, away from the tramp of soldiers in the streets, the roll of drums, the visual evidence of a great struggle, patriotism is asked to feed on the ashes of war.

Let the British people be told what their army is doing. Let Lord Kitchener announce its deeds, its courage, its vast unselfishness. Let him put the torch of publicity to the national pride and see it turn to a white flame of patriotism. Then it will be possible to tear the recruiting posters from the walls of London, and the remotest roads of England will echo to the tramp of marching men.

Again and again through these articles I have felt apologetic for the luxurious manner in which I frequently saw the war. And so now I hesitate to mention the comfort of that trip along the British lines; the substantial and essentially British foresight and kindness that had stocked the car with sandwiches wrapped in white paper; the good roads; the sense of general well-being that spread like a contagion from a well-fed and well-cared-for army. There is something about the British Army that inspires one with confidence. Perhaps it is a dangerous thing. It has spread over-Channel to England and lulled some of the English people to what may be a false sense of security. But it exists, and with good reason.

It is not a roast-beef stolidity. It is rather the steadiness of calm eyes and good nerves, of physically fit bodies and clean minds. I felt it when I saw Kitchener's army of clear-eyed boys drilling in Hyde Park. I got it from the quiet officer who sat beside me in the car, and who, having been in the war from the beginning, handling a machine gun all through the battle of Ypres, when his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, suffered so horribly, was willing to talk about everything but what he had done.

We went first to Béthune. The roads as we approached the front were crowded, but there was no disorder. There were motor bicycles and side-cars carrying dispatch riders and scouts, traveling kitchens, great lorries, small light cars for supplies needed in a hurry—cars which make greater speed than the motor vans—omnibuses full of troops, and steam tractors or caterpillar engines for hauling heavy guns.

England's Colonial Children

The day was sunny and cold. The rain of the day before had turned to snow in the night, and the fields were dazzling.

"In the east," said the officer with me, "where there is always snow, the Germans have sent out to their troops white helmet covers and white smocks to cover the uniforms. But snow is comparatively rare here, and it has not been considered necessary."

At a small bridge ten miles from Béthune he pointed out a house as marking the farthest advance of the German Army, reached about the eleventh of October. There was no evidence of the hard fighting that had gone on along this road. It was a peaceful scene, the black branches of the overarching trees lightly powdered with snow. But the snowy fields were full of unmarked mounds. Another year, and the mounds will have sunk to the level of the ground Another year, and only history will tell the story of last October along the great Béthune road.

An English aëroplane was overhead. There were armored cars on the road, going toward the front; topheavy machines that made surprisingly little noise, considering their weight. Some had a sort of conning tower at the top. They looked somber, menacing. The driving of these cars over slippery roads must be difficult. Like the vans, they keep as near the center of the road as possible, allowing lighter traffic to turn out to pass them. A van had broken down and was being repaired at one of the wayside repair shops maintained everywhere along the roads for this war of machinery.

As we went on we encountered the Indian troops again. The weather was better, and they thronged the roads, driving their tiny carts, cleaning arms and accouterments in sunny doorways, proud and haughty in appearance even when attending to the most menial duties. From the little ammunition carts, like toy wagons, they gazed gravely at the car, and at the unheard-of spectacle of a woman inside. Side by side with the Indians were Scotch soldiers in kilts, making up with cheerful impudence for the Indians' lack of curiosity.

There were more Ghurkas, carrying rifles and walking lightly beside forage carts driven by British Tommies. There were hundreds of these carts taking hay to the cavalry divisions. The Ghurkas looked more Japanese than ever in the clear light. Their broad-brimmed khaki hats have a strap that goes under the chin. The strap or their black and slanting eyes or perhaps their rather flattened noses and pointed chins give them a look of cruelty that the other Indian troops do not have. They are hard and relentless fighters, I believe; and they look it.

The conversation in the car turned to the feeding of the army.

"The British Army is exceedingly well fed," said the young officer.

"In the trenches also?"

"Always. The men are four days in the trenches and four out. When the weather is too bad for anything but sniping, the inactivity of the trench life and the abundant ration gets them out of condition. On their four days in reserve it is necessary to drill them hard to keep them in condition."

Food Enough to Fight On

This proved to be the explanation of the battalions we met everywhere, marching briskly along the roads. I do not recall the British ration now, but it includes, in addition to meat and vegetables, tea, cheese, jam and bacon—probably not all at once, but giving that variety of diet so lacking to the unfortunate Belgian Army. Food is one of the principal munitions of war. No man fights well with an empty stomach. Food sinks into the background only when it is assured and plentiful. Deprived of it, its need becomes insistent, an obsession that drives away every other thought.

So the wise British Army feeds its men well, and lets them think of other things, such as war and fighting and love of country and brave deeds.

But food has not always been plentiful in the British Army. There were times last fall when, what with German artillery bombardment and shifting lines, it was difficult to supply the men.

"My servant," said the officer, "found a hare somewhere, and in a deserted garden a handful of carrots. Word came to the trench where I was stationed that at dark that night he would bring out a stew. We were very hungry and we waited eagerly. But just as it was cooked and ready a German shell came down the chimney and blew up stove and stew and everything. It was one of the greatest disappointments I ever remember."

We were in Béthune at last—a crowded town, larger than any I had seen since I left Dunkirk. So congested were its narrow streets with soldiers, mounted and on foot, and with all the ghastly machinery of war, that a traffic squad had taken charge and was directing things. On some streets it was possible to go only in one direction. I looked about for the signs of destruction that had grown so familiar to me, but I saw none. Evidently the bombardment of Béthune had not yet done much damage.

A squad of artillerymen marched by in perfect step; their faces were keen, bronzed. They were fine-looking, well-set-up men, as smart as English artillerymen always are. I watched them as long as I could see them.

We had lost our way, owing to the regulations of the traffic squad. It was necessary to stop and inquire. Then at last we crossed a small bridge over the canal, and were on our way along the front, behind the advanced trenches and just in front of the second line.

For a few miles the country was very level. The firing was on our right, the second line of trenches on our left. The congestion of Béthune had given way to the extreme peace in daylight of the region just behind the trenches. There were few wagons, few soldiers. Nothing could be seen except an occasional cloud where shrapnel had burst. The British Army was keeping me safe, as it had promised!

There were, however, barbed-wire entanglements everywhere, built, I thought, rather higher than the French. Roads to the right led to the advanced trenches, empty roads which at night are thronged with men going to the front or coming back.

(Continued on Page 41)

Profit — Profit
who's got the profit ?

CHAPTER I
"Sure, I Promise"

The genial Mr. Bates can be pushed just so far. He was slightly exasperated. As a matter of fact he rather likes to talk to traveling men, but it seemed a bit rough, on Saturday morning, with deliveries way behind, for a perfect stranger to try to sell him a——

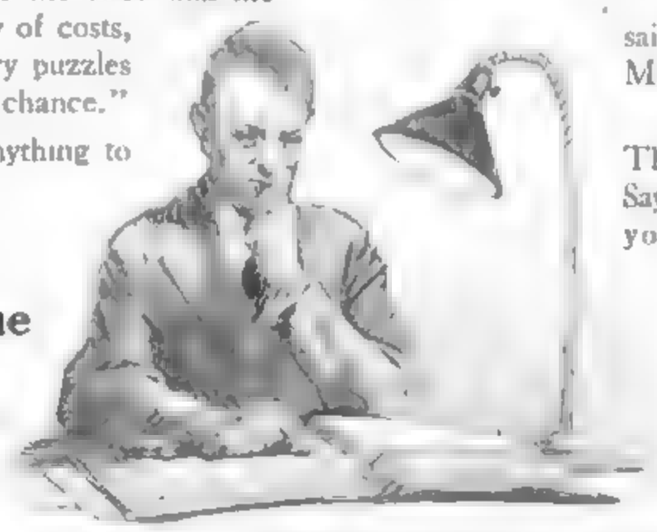
"Say, what do you think this is, a bank?" he asked testily.

"No, it's a grocery store—and a mighty busy one. That's why I am trying to convince you that you need our service. Now take that package of tea—have you ever tried to figure whether you make or lose money on it, figuring in overhead, your salary, etc.?"

"No use, young man; you're just wasting your wind. I'm too busy *selling* goods to bother with all that theoretical stuff."

"All right, Mr. Bates, I see you're not ready to talk with me; but promise me this: that the first time anything in the way of costs, collections, profits or inventory puzzles you, you will give me another chance."

"Sure, sure, I promise; anything to get you out of here."

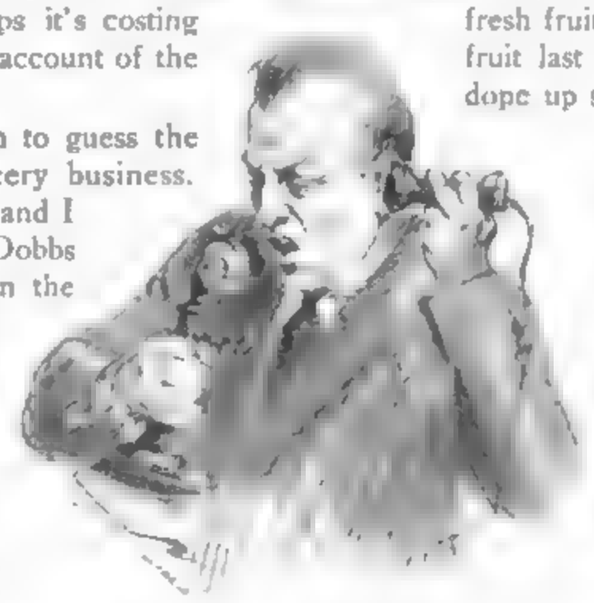


CHAPTER II
Midnight Monologue

Mr. Bates drops into the store after lodge meeting and goes over his books to see how he stands.

"Gosh! It's no use. I've either got to get a new bookkeeper or a new line of business. Sales are O. K.—better than last year—but where in Sam Hill are the profits? It ain't reasonable that I could do the grocery business of the town and be in the hole. I wonder can the trade on tea and coffee be falling off. Maybe we ought to push the profitable lines more—provided there are any profitable lines. Perhaps it's costing me more to do business on account of the war or the tariff.

"I tell you it's no cinch to guess the right answer in the grocery business. Well, anyway, it's midnight and I am going home. I'll make Dobbs go over his figures again in the morning and see if he can't juggle out a little profit for the month."



CHAPTER III
The Telephone Call

When Mr. Bates got down to the store next morning, his stern resolve to put a little ginger into his bookkeeper was defeated by the fact that the latter was reported sick in bed. However, bills were coming due and the Bank hadn't been any too willing on the last loan, so something had to be done. He recalled his promise to the strange salesman who had entertained the preposterous idea of selling him a——

"Say, there may be something in this Adding Machine idea after all. Guess I'll call up that Burroughs chap and see what he's got.

"Hello—Main 724—I said 7-2-4—No, I want Main—Main 724.

"Hello, is this Burroughs? This is Bates the grocer. Say, how much profit can your machine show on $1,000 worth of business? Huh! Oh! very well, come on over. My bookkeeper is losing his speed—hasn't shown any profit for two months."

CHAPTER IV
Facts, Not Guess-Work

Mr. Bates is seen studying a report prepared by his bookkeeper with the aid of his new Burroughs. He calls for his head clerk.

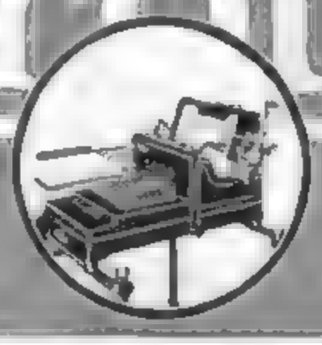
"Say, Bill, you got to put more thought on our fresh fruit trade—we lost exactly $21 on fruit last month. And see if you can't dope up some way to get more trade on specialty crackers—that's one of our most profitable lines. That's all now. Tell Pete I want to see him."

"Pete, you are slowing up. Last month you sold $123 less than Sam. Moreover, Sam sold stuff we make a good profit on, while judging from profits on your sales you must have the idea we handle only sugar and kerosene. I didn't make a cent on you. Brace up, Pete; remember a job's a job. That's all."

There are over 90,000 merchants using Burroughs Figuring Machines right now. *Every* retail merchant can use a Burroughs to stop leaks and make more profits just as Bates did. We will gladly show you how.

Write for "Stopping Store Leaks." It fulfills the promise of its title. We send it without charge to retail merchants. Please write on your business letterhead.

Burroughs



Detroit *Michigan*

JAMES B. REGAN

Proprietor of the world-famous Knickerbocker Hotel, one of the largest and most fashionable hotels in New York, says:

"No day is complete for me without at least one pipe-ful of mild, aromatic Tuxedo to chase away big and little worries and bring me complete bodily and mental ease."

James B. Regan

Tuxedo Chases the Jigger-Jumps

It's always picnic time for Tuxedo smokers. They make every day a holiday by packing their pipes full of Tuxedo as soon as they see a big or little worry starting down the street toward them. Tuxedo banishes the jigger-jumps as easily as St. Patrick drove out the snakes.

You're bound to be a happy man when you smoke this mild, pleasant tobacco. It's pure sunshine in a green-and-gold tin—mellow, rich-ripe and perfect.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Superb leaves of the choicest, cream-of-the-crop Kentucky Burley—selected for their mildness and delicious fragrance—treated by the famous "Tuxedo Process" which thoroughly gentles the tobacco so that it absolutely cannot bite your tongue: that's Tuxedo!

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we'll mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in U.S.A. Address

Tuxedo Department
Room 1187
484 Broome St.
New York

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages

You can smoke pipeful after pipeful of Tuxedo without the slightest throat-irritation or tongue-bite. This mild, delightful tobacco affords thorough, wholesome enjoyment. It is restful and refreshing, comforting and cheering—all that perfect tobacco should be.

Next time you feel as if life was getting to be gosh-awful, just go 'round to any dealer anywhere and say: "Tuxedo." It's a synonym for sunshine.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch - - 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

Here and there one saw a sentry, and behind him a tent of curious mottled shades of red, brown and green.

"They look as though they were painted," I said, rather bewildered.

"They are," the officer replied promptly. "From an aëroplane these tents are absolutely impossible to locate. They merge into the colors of the fields."

Here and there at a crossroads it was necessary to inquire our way. I had no wish to run into danger, but I was conscious of a wild longing to have the car take the wrong turning and land abruptly at the advance trenches. Nothing of the sort happened however.

We passed small buildings converted into field hospitals and flying the white flag with a red cross.

"There are no nurses in these hospitals," explained the officer. "Only one surgeon and a few helpers. The men are brought here from the trenches, and then taken back at night in ambulances to the railroad or to base hospitals."

"Are there no nurses at all along the British front?"

"None whatever. There are no women here in any capacity. That is why the men are so surprised to see you."

Here and there, behind the protection of groves and small thickets, were temporary camps, sometimes tents, sometimes tent-shaped shelters of wood. There were batteries on the right everywhere, great guns concealed in farmyards or, like the guns I had seen on the French front, in artificial hedges. Some of them were firing; but the firing of a battery amounts to nothing but a great noise in these days of long ranges. Somewhere across the valley the shells would burst, we knew that; that was all.

The conversation turned to the Prince of Wales, and to the responsibility it was to the various officers to have him in the trenches. Strenuous efforts had been made to persuade him to be satisfied with the work at headquarters, where he is attached to Sir John French's staff. But evidently the young heir to the throne of England is a man in spite of his youth. He wanted to go out and fight, and he had at last secured permission.

"He has had rather remarkable training," said the young officer, who was also his friend. "First he was in Calais with the transport service. Then he came to headquarters, and has seen how things are done there. And now he is at the front."

Quite unexpectedly round a turn in the road we came on a great line of Canadian transports—American-built lorries with khaki canvas tops. Canadians were driving them, Canadians were guarding them. It gave me a homesick thrill at once to see these other Americans, of types so familiar to me, there in Northern France.

Keeping the Cavalry in Condition

Their faces were eager as they pushed ahead. Some of the tent-shaped wooden buildings were to be temporary barracks for them. In one place the transports had stopped and the men were cooking a meal beside the road. Someone had brought a newspaper and a crowd of men had gathered round it. I wondered if it was an American paper. I would like to have stood on the running board of the machine, as we went past, and called out that I, too, was an American, and God bless them!

But I fancy the young officer with me would have been greatly disconcerted at such an action. The English are not given to such demonstrations. But the Canadians would have understood, I know.

Since that time the reports have brought great news of these Canadian troops, of their courage, of the loss of almost all their officers in the fighting at Neuve Chapelle. But that sunny morning, when I saw them in the north of France, they were untouched by battle or sudden death. Their faces were eager, intent, earnest. They had come a long distance and now they had arrived. And what next?

Into this scene of war unexpectedly obtruded itself a bit of peace. A great cart came down a side road, drawn by two white oxen with heavy wooden yokes. Piled high in the cart were sugar beets. Some thrifty peasant was salvaging what was left of his crop. The sight of the oxen reminded me that I had seen very few horses.

"They are farther back," said the officer. "Of course, as you know, for the last two or three months it has been impossible to use the cavalry at all."

Then he told me a curious thing. He said that during the long winter wait the cavalry horses got much out of condition. The side roads were thick with mud and the main roads were being reserved for transports. Adequate exercise for the cavalry seemed impossible. One detachment discovered what it considered a bright solution, and sent to England for beagle hounds. Morning after morning the men rode after the hounds over the flat fields of France. It was a welcome distraction and it kept the horses in working trim.

But the French objected. They said their country was at war, was being devastated by an alien army. They considered riding to hounds, no matter for what purpose, an indecorous, almost an inhuman, thing to do under the circumstances. So the hounds were sent back to England, and the cavalry horses are now exercised in dejected strings along side roads.

As we went north the firing increased in intensity. More English batteries were at work; the German response was insistent.

We were approaching Ypres, this time from the English side, and the great artillery duel of late February was in progress.

The country was slightly rolling. Its unevenness permitted more activity along our road. Batteries were drawn up at rest in the fields here and there. In one place a dozen food kitchens in the road were cooking the midday meal, the khaki-clad cooks frequently smoking as they worked.

Ahead of this loomed two hills. They rose abruptly, treeless and precipitous. On the one nearest to the German lines was a ruined tower.

"The tower," said the officer, "would have been a charming place for luncheon. But the hill has been shelled steadily for several days. I have no idea why the Germans are shelling it. There is nobody there."

Climbing in a Prince's Footsteps

The second hill was our destination. At the foot of it the car stopped and we got out. A steep path with here and there a wooden step led to the summit. At the foot of the path was a sentry and behind him one of the multicolored tents.

"Are you a good climber?" asked the officer.

I said I was and we set out. The path extended only a part of the way, to a place perhaps two hundred feet beyond the road, where what we would call a cyclone cellar in America had been dug out of the hillside. Like the others of the sort I had seen, it was muddy and uninviting, practically a cave with a roof of turf.

The path ceased, and it was necessary to go diagonally up the steep hillside through the snow. From numberless guns at the base of the hill came steady reports, and as we ascended it was explained to me that I was about to visit the headquarters of Major General ——, commanding an army division.

"The last person I brought here," said the young officer smiling, "was the Prince of Wales."

We reached the top at last. There was a tiny farmhouse, a low stable with a thatched roof, and, towering over all, the arms of a great windmill. Chickens cackled round my feet, a pig grunted in a corner, and apparently from directly underneath came the ear-splitting reports of a battery as it fired.

"Perhaps I would better go ahead and tell them you are coming," said the officer. "These people have probably not seen a woman in months, and the shock would be too severe. We must break it gently."

So he went ahead, and I stood on the crest of that wind-swept hill and looked across the valley to Messines, to Wytschaete and Ypres.

The battlefield lay spread out like a map. As I looked clouds of smoke over Messines told of the bursting of shells.

Major General —— came hurrying out. His quarters occupy the only high ground, with the exception of the near-by hill with its ruined tower, in the neighborhood of Ypres. Here, a week or so before, had come the King of Belgium, to look with tragic eyes at all that remained to him of his country. Here had come visiting Russian princes from the eastern field, the King of England, the Prince of Wales. No obscurities—except myself—had ever penetrated so far into the fastness of the British lines.

Later on in the day I wrote my name in a visitors' book the officers have established there, wrote under sprawling royal signatures, under the boyish hand of the Prince of Wales, the irregular chirography

Make It a *Real* Outing!

Don't start *half equipped.* Do as other motorists do. Take complete Picnic and Camp Paraphernalia along—tables, chairs, camp stove, cooking utensils, bed, clothing, food [illegible], dogs, [illegible] and a tarp or tent if needed. [illegible]

With a Universal Auto Trailer hitched to your car, you can [illegible] without ONE [illegible] of your [illegible] and [illegible] without [illegible] and [illegible] only [illegible]

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Merchants, Tradesmen Farmers!

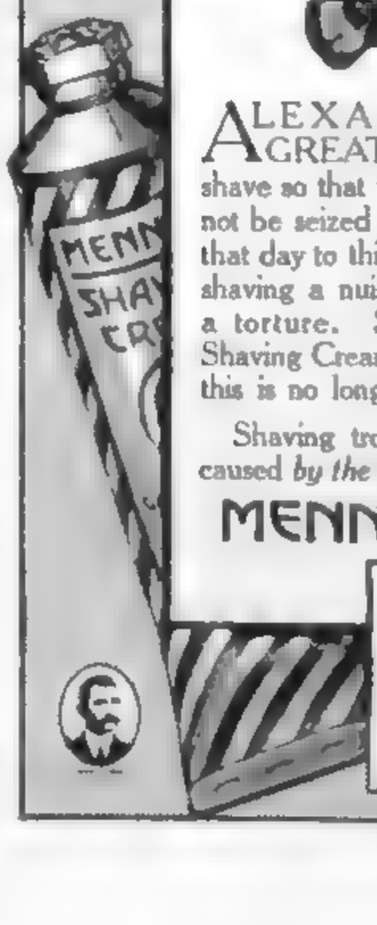
[illegible] almost any commercial [illegible] UNIVERSAL [illegible] delivery work. Send for it

has two years' proven success behind it. Trails perfectly without noise or material vibration [illegible] no minute. Iron Pneumatic or Solid Rubber [illegible] With or without Auto Top. Reasonably priced

Write for Names of Users, Descriptive Folder and Prices

UNIVERSAL TRAILER CO.
Dept. A, 1118-20 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Why Alexander the Great made his soldiers shave



ALEXANDER THE GREAT made his soldiers shave so that their beards might not be seized in fighting. From that day to this men have found shaving a nuisance; very often a torture. Since Mennen's Shaving Cream was introduced this is no longer so.

Shaving troubles are chiefly caused *by the composition of the soaps used.* After three years' experiments, Mennen produced a preparation *radically different in composition* from every other preparation.

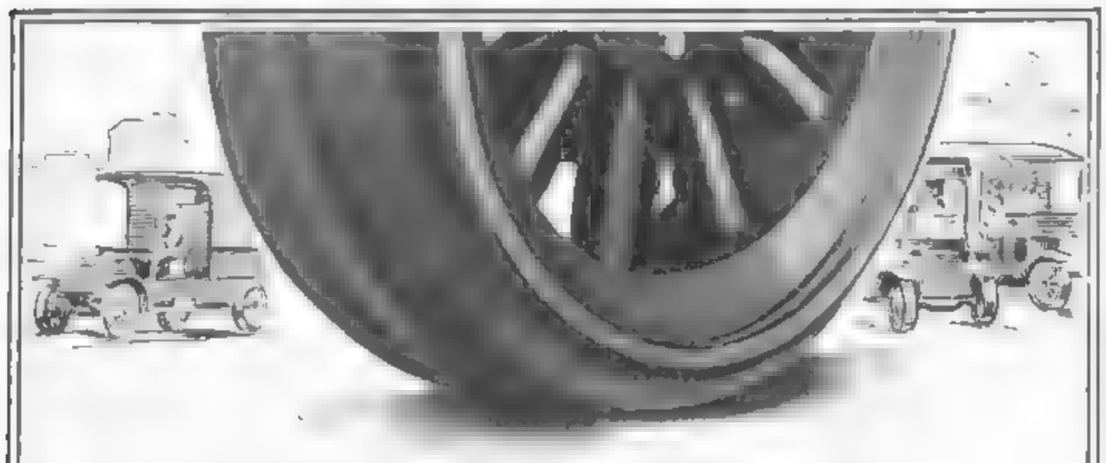
It results in a quicker, cooler, easier shave, with no bite and sting, because Mennen's contains no "free" caustic.

You can prove this yourself by making this novel test. Shave one side of your face with Mennen's; the other side with the preparation you now use; see what *different* results you get.

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

Send for two Samples

Send 10c with your name and address; we will mail you a medium sized tube of Mennen's, also a trial can of the Talcum for Men, good for after shaving, because it does not show on the face. Tear this out now, to remind you to write. Address:—Mennen Chemical Co., 1406 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey.



Truck Tires Free

Unless the Goodyear S-V Outwears Any Other

We know that the Goodyear S-V Truck Tires excel. They must outlast ordinary Truck Tires, and they do. That is so sure that to prove it to you we accept this risk. Until July 1 we offer this amazing guarantee:

Equip opposite wheels—at the same time—one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard Truck Tire of like rated size, bought in the open market. If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will return you its full purchase price, making the S-V free.

Let us not argue Truck Tires. Let us make this test. That will answer every question without risk.

Get this guarantee in writing when the tires go on. Equip all the wheels you wish. When the test is finished, you'll know what tire to buy.

None Will Meet It

You will find no rival, we believe, to take an equal risk. Men who build Truck Tires know the S-V tire too well.

The Goodyear S-V offers 20 per cent extra wear in available tread rubber alone.

It is a pressed-on tire without fastenings. The minimum pressure, to make creeping impossible, is 50,000 pounds.

The shape ends bulging, breaking and excessive wear. The compound brings road friction down to the minimum. The tread, the backing and the rim are, by a secret process, made inseparable.

5000 Tests

This offer is made after 5000 tests and comparisons. It is made after spending eight years on this problem. It is made after building 74 models and 29 types of this S-V tire in our efforts to attain the limit.

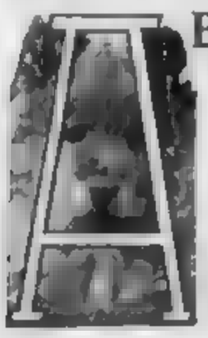
Now we ask the chance to prove this tire to you—to prove it at our risk. If we are wrong, the S-V costs you nothing. If we are right, think what it means to know it.

Consult our local branch or us as to who supplies these S-V Truck Tires. Goodyear signs the guarantee.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
S-V Truck Tires

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Desk 158, Akron, Ohio
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires
We Make Demountable, Block, Cushion, Pneumatic and Other Types of Truck Tires

(2452)



ABOUT DOGS

is a wonderful little book telling how to keep dogs safe and in good condition at all seasons. Chapters include "Points of a Dog."

Sent FREE with sample of Austin's Dog Bread. Give your dealer's name, please.

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
200 Marginal Street Chelsea, Mass.

1915 Model

Delivered TO YOU FREE

A sample 1915 model "Ranger" bicycle, on approval and 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and *remarkable terms*.

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do business *direct* with the leading bicycle house in [illegible]. Do not buy [illegible] know what we can [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-55, CHICAGO

of Albert of Belgium, the blunt and soldierly name of General Joffre.

There are six officers stationed in the farmhouse, composing General ——'s staff. And, as things turned out, we did not require the white-paper sandwiches, for we were at once invited to luncheon.

"Not a very elaborate luncheon," said General ——, "but it will give us a great deal of pleasure to share it."

While the extra places were being laid we went to the brow of the hill. Across the valley at the foot of a wooded hill were the British trenches. The ground rose in front of them, thickly covered with trees, to the German position on the ridge.

"It looks from here like a very uncomfortable position," I said. "The German position is better, isn't it?"

"It is," said General —— grimly. "But we shall take that hill before long."

I am not sure, and my many maps do not say, but there is little doubt in my mind that the hill in question is the now celebrated Hill 60, of which so much has been recently published.

As we looked across shells were bursting round the church tower of Messines, and the batteries beneath were sending out earsplitting crashes of noise. Ypres, less than three miles away, but partly hidden in mist, was echoing the bombardment. And to complete the pandemonium of sound, as we turned, a *mitrailleuse* in the windmill opened fire behind us.

"Practice!" said General —— as I started. "It is noisy here, I'm afraid."

We went through the muddy farmyard back to the house. The staff was waiting and we sat down at once to luncheon at a tiny pine table drawn up before a window. It was not a good luncheon. The French wine was like vinegar, the food the ordinary food of the peasant whose house it was. But it was a cheerful meal in spite of the food, and in spite of a boil on General ——'s neck. With the exception of a peasant woman or two they had not seen a woman of any sort for months, those men on their solitary hilltop. The marvel of my being there at all seemed to grow, not diminish, as the meal went on.

"Next week," said General ——, "we are to have two parties of correspondents here. The penny papers come first, and later on the ha'pennies!"

That brought the conversation, as usual, to the feeling about the war in America. Like all the other officers I had met, these men were anxious to have things correctly reported in America, being satisfied that the true story of the war would undoubtedly influence any wavering public opinion in favor of the Allies.

One of the officers was a Canadian, and for his benefit somebody told the following story, possibly by now familiar to America.

Signing in the Visitors' Book

Some of the Canadian troops took with them to England a bit of the dash and impatience of discipline of the great Northwest. The story in question is of a group of soldiers at night passing a sentry, who challenges them:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Black Watch."

"Advance, Black Watch."

The next group is similarly challenged:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Cameronians."

"Advance, Cameronians."

The third group comes on.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"What the devil is that to you?"

"Advance, Canadians!"

In the burst of mirth that followed the Canadian officer joined. Then he told an anecdote also:

"British recruits, practicing passing a whispered order from one end of a trench to the other, received this message to pass along: 'Enemy advancing on right flank. Send reënforcements.' When the message reached the other end of the trench," he said, "it was: 'Enemy advancing with ham shank. Send three and fourpence!'"

It was a gay little meal, the only breaks in the conversation when the great guns drowned out our voices. I wonder how many of those round that table are living to-day. Not all, it is almost certain. The German Army almost broke through the English line at that very point a few weeks ago. The brave Canadians have lost almost all their officers in the field and a sickening percentage of their men. That little valley must have run deep with blood since I saw it that day in the sunlight.

Luncheon was over. I wrote my name in the visitors' book, to the tune of such a bombardment as almost forbade speech, and accompanied by General —— we made our way down the steep hillside to the car.

"Some time to-night I shall be in England," I said as I settled myself for the return trip.

The smile died on the general's face. It was as if, in speaking of home, I had touched the hidden chord of gravity and responsibility that underlay the cheerfulness of that cheery visit.

"England!" he said. That was all.

I looked back as the car started on. A battery was moving up along the road behind the hill. The sentry stood by his low painted tent. The general was watching the car, his hand shading his eyes against the glare of the winter sun. Behind him rose his lonely hill, white with snow, with the little path leading, by devious ways, up its steep and shining side.

It was not considered advisable to return by the road behind the trenches. The late afternoon artillery duel was going on. So we turned off a few miles south of the hill and left war behind us.

Not altogether, of course. There were still transports and troops. And at an intersection of three roads we were abruptly halted. A line of military cars was standing there, all peremptorily held up by a handful of soldiers.

A Military Secret on the Road

The young officer got out and inquired. There was little time to spare, for I was to get to Calais that evening, and to run the Channel blockade some time in the night.

The officer came back soon, smiling.

"A military secret!" he said. "We shall have to wait a little. The road is closed."

So I sat in the car and the military secret went by. I cannot tell about it except that it was thrillingly interesting. My hands itched to get out my camera and photograph it, just as they itch now to write about it. But the mystery of what I saw on the highroad back of the British lines is not mine to tell. It must die with me!

My visit to the British lines was over.

As I look back I find that the one thing that stands out with distinctness above everything else is the quality of the men that constitute the British Army in the field. I had seen thousands in that one day. But I had seen them also north of Ypres, at Dunkirk, at Boulogne and Calais, on the Channel boats. I have said before that they show race. But it is much more than a matter of physique. It is a thing of steady eyes, of high-held heads, of a clean thrust of jaw.

Volunteers and patriots—and gentlemen.

The English are not demonstrative. London, compared with Paris, is normal. British officers at the front and at headquarters treat the war as a part of the day's work, a thing not to talk about but to do. But my frequent meetings with British soldiers, naval men, members of the flying contingent and the army medical service, revealed under the surface of each man's quiet manner a grimness, a red heat of patriotism, a determination to fight fair but to fight to the death.

They concede to the Germans, with the British sense of fairness, courage, science, infinite resource and patriotism. Two things they deny them, civilization and humanity—civilization in its spiritual, not its material, side; humanity of the sort that is the Englishman's creed and his religion—the safeguarding of noncombatants, the keeping of the national word and the national honor.

My visit to the English lines was over. I had seen no valiant charges, no hand-to-hand fighting. But in a way I had had a larger picture. I had seen the efficiency of the methods behind the lines, the abundance of supplies, the spirit that glowed in the eyes of every fighting man. I had seen the colonial children of England in the field, volunteers who had risen to the call of the mother country. I had seen and talked with the commander-in-chief of the British forces in the field, and had come away convinced that the mother country had placed her honor in fine and capable hands. And I had seen, between the first and second lines of trenches, such an army as for quality has never been seen on the stormy fields of war-ridden old Europe since the Crusaders went forth to Jerusalem to take the Sepulcher from the hands of unbelievers—an army of gentlemen going out to battle for the right!

The 1916 Hudson—"The Road Cruiser"

Four More Heights Scaled by HUDSON

1—Yacht-Line Body.
2—Ever-Lustre Finish.
3—Roomier Tonneau.
4—A $1350 Price.

All these attractions are added now to this prince of the new-day Sixes.

A body so graceful, so unbroken in line, that the car has been called "The Road Cruiser." All the former attempts at flowing lines now seem crude in comparison with it.

A roomier tonneau, an extra-wide rear seat. The most comfortable seats you have ever known. Room in plenty for seven people. Yet the tonneau room is doubled when the two extra seats disappear.

Enameled leather upholstery. A leather-bound top-piece to body and doors.

$100,000 Finish

And now a finish, to equip for which cost us $100,000. We have built enormous ovens, which hundreds of bodies can enter at a time. Each coat of finish is now applied under pressure. Each goes to the oven for baking. The result is a brilliant finish which resists attack. This 1916 HUDSON will retain its look of newness.

And now our output is 100 cars daily—of this one type alone. That has made possible a $200 reduction. That, with last year's reduction, makes $400 since this new-type car came out.

This car sold at $1750 only 15 months ago. Since then, 51 improvements have been added. There is more of luxury, comfort, room and beauty, plus this Ever-Lustre finish. Yet the new price is $1350, because of a multiplied output.

24 Million Dollars Paid in 20 Months

This new-type HUDSON has been a surprise. We knew it would win in the long run. But we did not expect such sudden change to lightness and refinement. That's the reason for past delays.

On our first model we never caught up with our orders. On our second model, all last summer we were thousands of cars behind. In 20 months this car trebled our output. And in those 20 months men paid for it over $24,000,000.

But a greater marvel is the present HUDSON place. Every old idea of a quality car is now practically discarded. This light HUDSON, designed by Howard E. Coffin, represents the new idea. This is apparent everywhere in the class of men who own it.

We shall this season build 20,000—the largest output ever known on a Six. But this summer's demand—while the model is new—is bound to exceed our production. It will be the car you want if you buy a Six. We urge you who want early summer delivery to see your HUDSON dealer at once.

If not, see the car as a matter of interest. See what the new things are.

7-Passenger Phaeton or 3-Passenger Roadster, $1350, f. o. b. Detroit. Also a New Cabriolet, $1650, f. o. b. Detroit

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Perhaps our strongest appeal to men who know is the matchless HUDSON service. It sells us thousands of cars. Ask your HUDSON dealer to explain it.

TIMKEN

Snap shot of congested traffic on Fifth Ave., N. Y. Do you recognize the axle under the rear seat?

How Can I Tell?

Stand on the corner of a busy thoroughfare and watch the motor cars whirl by.

One after another—big and little touring cars, limousines, taxicabs, roadsters.

You cannot, in one case in a hundred, see the front or rear axle clearly enough to recognize it.

Even when a car stops at the curb and you view it at close range, you are little wiser.

Because outward appearance may not give you any positive and permanent identification of known success, proven merit, years and years of sturdy, dependable service in thousands of cars.

But when you recognize a car from the outline of a radiator or the design of a hub-cap, you associate its name with some impression of worth and value

But that impression is worth little to you unless it is based on definite knowledge of the quality of the car's foundations—its vital working parts.

None can be more important than its axles and bearings. No others have to perform so many different functions under the constant shocks, strains and vibration of travel

The part played by Timken Axles and Bearings in the development of the Modern Motor Car is so great—their actual service record is so good—they have so often outlived the car itself, that you should know the facts and know whether you are getting Timken equipment in the car you run or the car you expect to buy.

Is it worth while to be able to recognize a Timken-Detroit Axle when you see it—as many people can? But even if you cannot do this now, there is one sure way to *know* whether your own car or any other car has Timken equipment and how much.

The [illegible] Timken Knowledge [illegible] what cars use Timken equipment [illegible] Timken-Detroit Axles and Timken Roller Bearings [illegible] parts of your car. Write for [illegible] purpose on a quest to count all it is worth

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

H. R.

(Continued from Page 21)

Fourth Avenue seethed with humanity. A blind man afflicted with stone deafness could have told that hungry people were there—provided his nose worked.

The crowd was orderly and silent, as really hungry people are. And they had good manners, as the physically weak always have. And they were not impatient, for the prospect of eating always makes the starving hopeful.

A merciful darkness covered the hideousness of ten thousand faces. The reporters began to fidget like nervous women at a military play just before the execution.

H. R., seizing the exact psychological moment, said to the reporters:

"Let us press the button!"

It is the modern way—the press and the pressure

He turned on the lights of an electric sign hung above the entrance. The starving men read in blazing letters:

IF YOU ARE HUNGRY AND HAVE NO MONEY WALK IN!

By their light the reporters were able to see the faces of the crowd plainly.

The dazzling invitation was so worded as to prevent unseemly haste and unnecessary crowding. It said: Walk in!

"It is easy to assume, gentlemen," said H. R. calmly to the reporters, "that all these people are hungry."

"Yes; let 'em all in!" entreated those reporters who were not jotting down impressions.

H. R. shook his head sternly.

"We have our duty to the public to perform. We must determine whether they have any money."

"Your duty is to feed them all," said the Sun man. "You can't afford to make a single mistake. Did you see that white-haired woman ——"

"Come with me, gentlemen!" cut in H. R., leading the way within.

Streams of people began sedately to flow in at each entrance. Four big policemen, representing the majesty of the law, stood, two on each side of each entrance. The majesty was of locust wood, held in the air, ready to descend on the craniums of the lawless and even of the ill-mannered.

As the starving crossed the doorway they found themselves in a passageway, with sides of heavy plank, that narrowed until they were walking in single file; just as they do in abattoirs and sheep-dipping pens.

There was a small inclosure on one side of the passage. There stood H. R. and his reporters. Beside them was a small table. A heap of shining silver quarters was on the table in plain sight of all.

H. R. asked the first man:

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes. I haven't had a bite in ——"

H. R. held up a hand to check the autobiography. He inquired sternly:

"Got any money?"

"Nope!"

"Sure?"

"Yep!"

The reporters began to sneer. What did this H. R., who was said to be clever, expect such people to answer? That's the trouble with all wealthy philanthropists: They are fools! They do not know human nature nor their own compatriots.

"Do you want a quarter?" asked H. R. kindly, at the same time lifting a big handful of silver to show there was plenty.

"You bet!"

"Wouldn't you rather have a dollar?" asked H. R.

He picked up four quarters and jingled them in his open palm by bouncing them up and down in the air gently, invitingly. The man stared at H. R. and refused to answer. It must be a trap!

"Don't you or do you? Speak quickly!" said H. R. impatiently.

"Of course!"

"You'll have to let us search you to see how much you've got on you if you really want a dollar instead of the quarter."

"Say, yous ——" began the man.

"Frisk him!"

"To hell with your dollar!" said the man defiantly, clapping one hand to his pocket. "I knew it was a plant."

"This way," politely said the plain-clothes men, leading away the pauper who did not wish to be searched.

The colloquy had not been overheard by the other hungry guests. The man was led into a storeroom, where he was kept so that he might not empty his pockets and come in again from the street for the dollar he did not really want.

"You see how we shall eliminate those who have money and ——"

The reporters were not listening to H. R., however. They were too busy writing. This man was no philanthropist. He was intelligent.

There were some guests who said they objected to the indignity of being searched, though they had no money. They joined the first man in the storeroom.

"No taxpayers' subterfuges tolerated," H. R. said.

Most of the hungry, however, were perfectly willing to be searched and prove they had no money. They were told by H. R. to pass on. To those who asked for the money H. R. said sternly:

"Do you wish to swallow a quarter or do you want to eat food?"

They passed on. They were hungry. They grumbled. They were human.

Having shown the reporters how the undoubted penury of the deserving hungry was established, H. R. led them into the presence of the Infallible Booze Detector.

"Yes; but when those poor people said they were willing to be searched and thereby prove they had no money, I notice you didn't give 'em the quarter," observed young Mr. Lubin, of the Onward.

"But neither do we search them, see? We subject them to no indignity. We never promised to give money. And we are going to fill them," interrupted H. R. "Giving money to those who haven't any simply perpetuates capitalism. We share food. That's Socialism. We do not give alms. That's insulting. Besides, we do not own the quarters. They're borrowed."

Lubin was silenced. That silence from the Socialist reporter was H. R.'s greatest triumph thus far.

As the penniless guests left the glittering heap of stage quarters unsearched, they walked in along a gallery. At the end of it was another glittering electric sign. It said:

THIS WAY IF YOU ARE HUNGRY!

XXV

IT WAS nearly time for the public to be admitted. At eight sharp the main entrance of the Garden was thrown open. The reporters promptly noted that the crowd of sight-seers exceeded the number of the hungry.

As each ticket holder presented his ticket he demanded the instant return of the ten-thousand-dollar coupon. Even the skeptics did this.

The coupon holder was then ushered into the superintendent's office, in which sat the mayor of New York, the presidents of seven banks, the proprietors of six hotels, one United States senator, H. R., and the reporters.

Behind them was a large frame inclosing stretched white oilcloth. Printed thereon in large black letters was this:

YOU WILL BE ASKED ONE QUESTION. YOU WILL HAVE TEN SECONDS IN WHICH TO ANSWER. BRAIN CAPACITY IS MEASURED BY THE QUICKNESS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION. IF YOU CANNOT ANSWER IN TEN SECONDS YOU ARE NOT ENTITLED TO THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH.

As the first coupon holder entered, H. R. rose and took from his pocket a huge roll of bills, all yellowbacks. He carelessly peeled off ten of them and, with a bow, handed them to the mayor.

Everybody sat up straight. His Honor looked at them. They were for one thousand dollars each. He nodded and then silently passed the bills to a bank president, who in turn examined them, nodded, and passed them on to a colleague. The reporters pressed forward.

"Experts in all kinds of small change," smiled H. R., pointing to the bankers.

The reporters' eyes followed the return of the thousand-dollar bills to the mayor. They also decided that H. R.'s roll was the most impressive demonstration of brute strength ever seen in New York.

Then H. R. asked his question, slowly, distinctly, enunciating carefully and smiling the while:

"What is it we have all heard about from earliest childhood and that we acknowledge exists; that is neither a person nor a beast, neither a thing nor an object, but something

NEW HAMMERLESS
Model 1915
SAVAGE
The ONLY Automatic that has
Five Safeties
1 Automatic grip safety
2 No hammer to strike pocket. Breech completely enclosed
3 Locks gun positively against discharge
4 Prevents didn't know it was loaded accidents
5 Tells when to reload while firing an emergency safety
10 Shots Quick (vs 6 or 8 in all other automatics
Aims Easy as Pointing Your Finger
Write for Catalogue No 57 Just Issued
Savage Arms Company
76 Utica Ave., Utica, N. Y.

In an office, 3-in-One oil is invaluable. Typewriters, Adding Machines, Revolving Chairs, Electric Fans, Cash Registers, almost everything with frictional parts wears longer and works easier, smoother and quicker.
In the home, Sewing Machines, Door Hinges, Locks, Clocks, an almost endless list of things need lubrication. You have fine Furniture and Hardwood Floors to clean and polish; and you can prevent rust from forming on all metal surfaces.
Hardware, drug, grocery, housefurnishing and general stores sell 3-in-One. 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (1/2 pt.), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.
FREE—Sample and Dictionary of Uses are yours if you will address
THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
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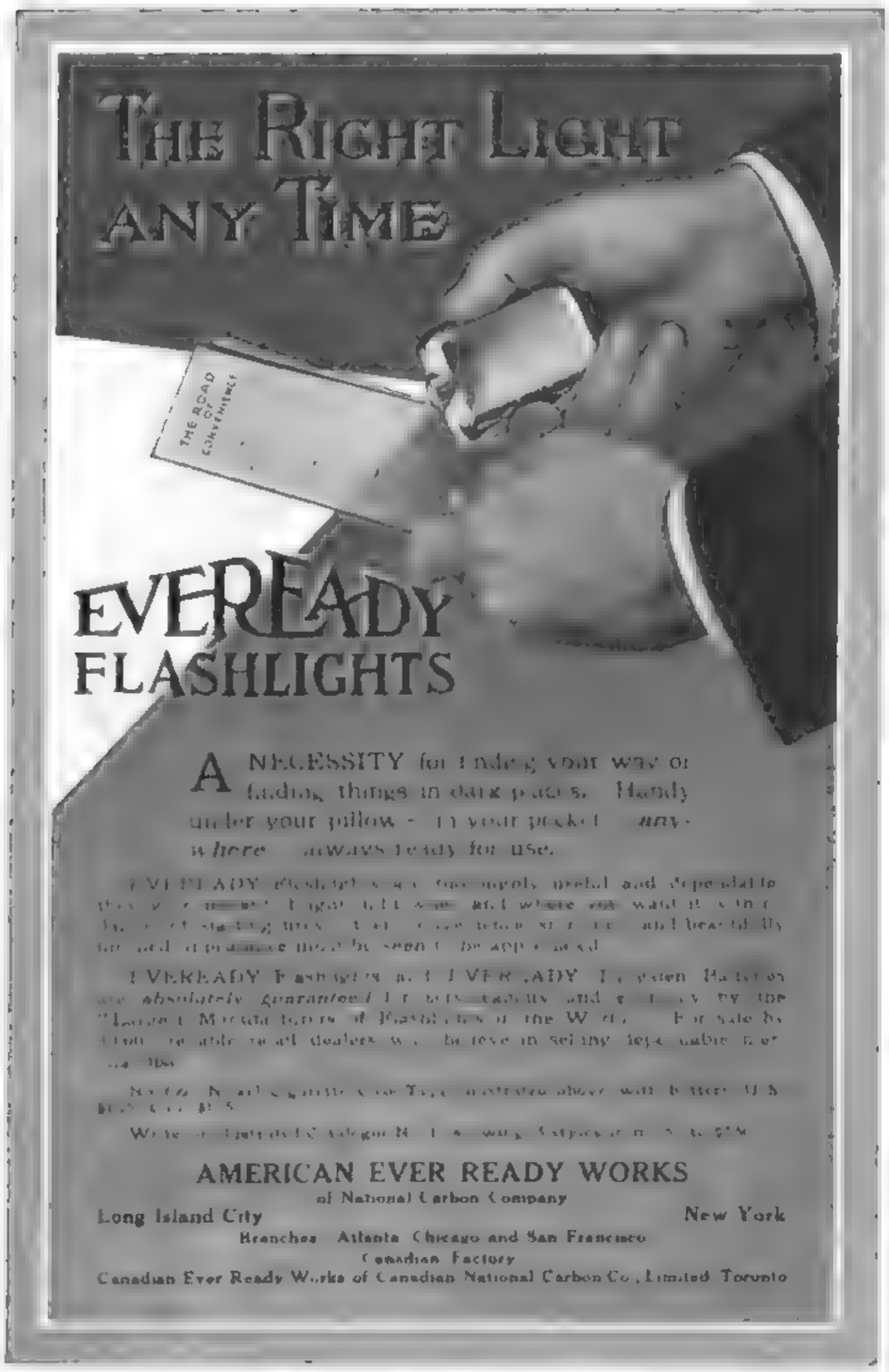
Handy Oil Can
THREE IN ONE OIL
3-IN-ONE OIL


THE RIGHT LIGHT ANY TIME
EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS
A NECESSITY for finding your way or finding things in dark places. Handy under your pillow - in your pocket - anywhere - always ready for use.
AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York
Branches: Atlanta Chicago and San Francisco
Canadian Factory
Canadian Ever Ready Works of Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited Toronto

Sell Us Your Spare Time We'll Buy It

We need the assistance of a lot of people all over the country to look after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

WE want representatives in every town through whom old subscribers may renew and new readers subscribe. If you're going to have some spare time on your hands this summer, we should like to discuss it with you.

If you try the work for just a part of one day and then quit, you will have made *some* money. But you won't quit, for the opportunity for turning spare time into cash will be just as attractive to you as it has been to many others. We will pay you in salary and commission and provide everything necessary.

Agency Division, Box 934

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square, Philadelphia

that no man can kill, though it is dead to-day; that all men need and most New Yorkers neglect; that should be present everywhere and is found in no trade? The answer is a word of five letters and begins with A—the first letter of the alphabet, the first of the five vowels.

"There is another word, a synonym, which is now obsolete, or at least obsolescent, though it is at times used in poetry. But, though either word will win the ten thousand dollars in cash, now in the custody of the mayor of New York, the word I particularly have in mind has five letters, of which the first is appropriately A, the alpha of the Greeks, the aleph of the Hebrews, and now the first in all the alphabets of European languages. Alphabet is derived from alpha and beta. A is naturally the first letter because it is the first sound that man naturally makes—A or Ah! The first letter! Now what is the word of five letters, beginning with A, that will give you ten thousand dollars? With Al · Now!"

Stop watch in hand, H. R. began to move his left arm up and down like a referee at a prize fight. He had astutely emphasized the fact that the word had five letters, of which the first was A. The mind of the coupon holder was thus made to study the dictionary instead of thinking about the question itself.

It was inevitable as fate itself. The first man could not guess—neither could the second nor any of the thousand; but, before the applicant's indignation at the unfairness of the question and the shortness of the time could grow into fury, H. R. exclaimed:

"Time's up!" Approaching the nonguesser, he whispered: "The name of the unsuccessful will not be given to the newspapers—not by us! Thank you! That way to the seats. You can have your pick of the very best!"

In that simple way was bloodshed and the cry of "Fraud!" averted at one and the same time.

H. R. then delegated the task of propounding the aureate question to a dozen lieutenants. Without varying one word, the lieutenants asked the men whose charity would feed the starving.

And the greatest of these is charity!

No one won the ten thousand dollars.

One of the reporters, with the air of a man whose life depends on the bulletin board, asked H. R.:

"What's the answer?"

The others heard H. R. reply:

"Ten thousand dollars in cash!"

"Yes; but the word?"

"It is worth ten thousand of my dollars. You can make them yours."

"I guess it's a fake."

"Sir," said H. R. to him with dignity, "you have my word that the word is in the dictionary."

The mayor, naturally thinking of political consequences, spoke:

"Of course, Mr. Rutgers, I expect you to prove it."

"Sir, I shall see to it that you are reelected!" H. R. said this so positively that His Honor blushed guiltily. "I will tell you, Your Honor—and you, Mr. Lubin—what I will do, however: I shall ask the question and give the answer to a man who will say whether it is a fair question and whether the word is a fair answer. His decision will be final. He will not, I am sure, send for the ten thousand dollars after he hears the answer."

The mayor shook his head dubiously:

"Who is the man?"

H. R. smiled and turned to the mayor.

"Your Honor, the man whom I will ask to vouch for my honesty and intelligence, after I have confidentially disclosed the word to him, is the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. His word will be enough, I take it."

The mayor beamed and said:

"Certainly, Mr. Rutgers."

He made up his mind then and there that H. R. must conduct his campaign for reelection.

A sound of applause came to their ears. The mayor flushed with vexation. It was premature, he thought. He was wrong. It was Grace Goodchild. Andrew Barrett ran in excitedly.

"Did you hear it?" he asked his chief. "Say! She is smiling to beat the band and the crowd is going crazy. Hear that?" And he began to dance a jig.

H. R. seized him by the arm and said:

"In exactly two minutes I will enter."

(Continued on Page 48)

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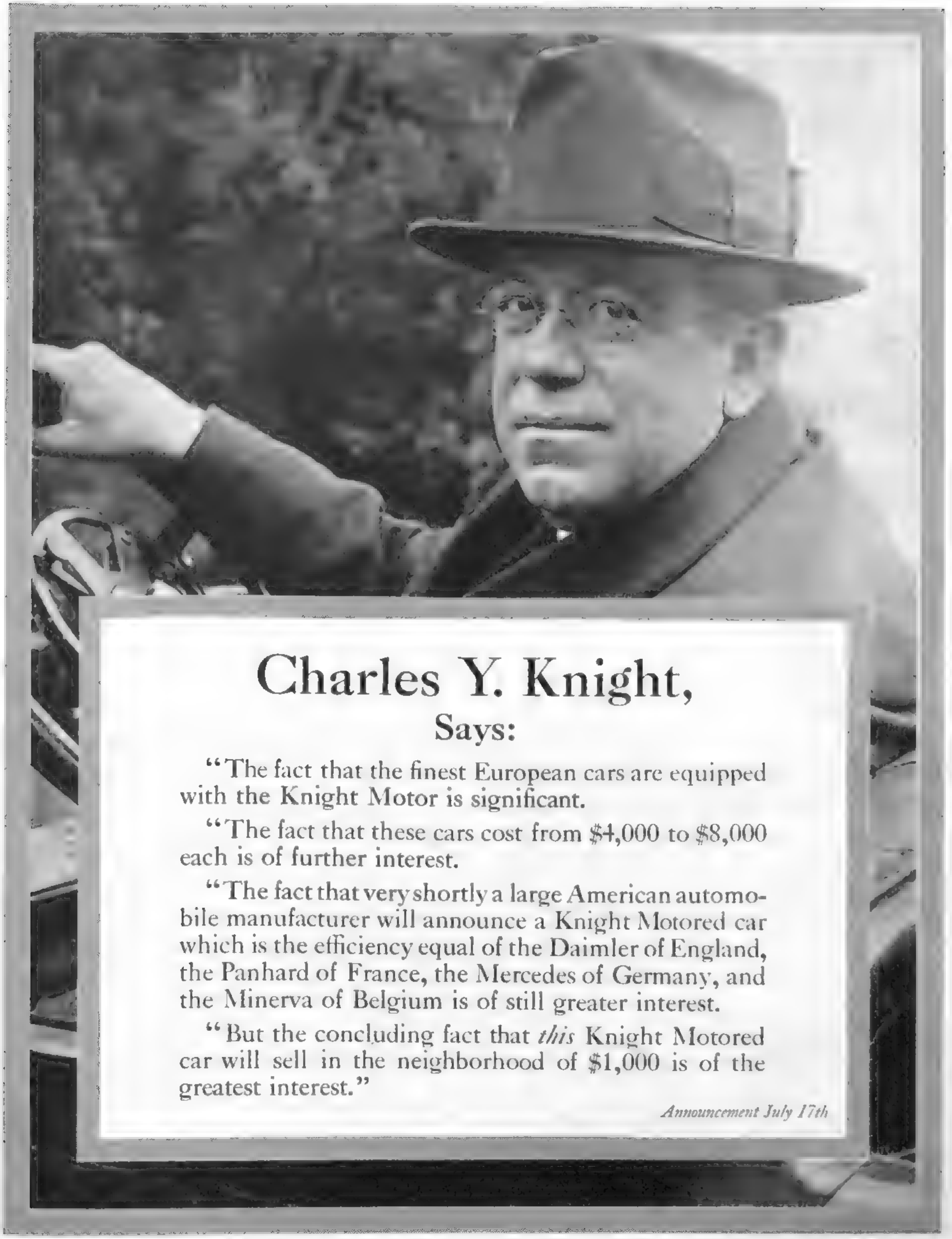

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(Continued from Page 46)

Andrew Barrett rushed away to tip off the *vox populi*.

"Gentlemen," said H. R. to the reporters, "you had better go in."

They obeyed him. They were escorted to their table on the stage. They found there seven military bands that had volunteered their services and also their own weapons.

In the background of the stage was a huge placard:

FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE CAN BE SERVED, FED AND FIRED IN SIX AND THREE-QUARTERS MINUTES BY OUR SYSTEM! S. A. S. A., Dept. T.

O. K.—H. R., *Sec.*

At each reporter's place was a typewritten sheet containing intelligent statistics of this stupendous charity.

The reporters saw in the arena long strings of tables, each six hundred and eighteen feet long, with benches to match. Each guest was allowed nineteen and a half inches. The dishes were of waterproofed paper, stamped S. A. S. A. Above each table were pipes—with faucets every ten seats—for soup, milk, tea and coffee.

"By keeping the tea, coffee and soup in circulation, wholesome warm drinks are secured," read the official statement, "besides obviating the assistance of eight hundred and sixteen waiters, who would have had to walk an aggregate of six hundred and seventy-seven miles from tables to kitchen."

The solid food was brought to the scores of small serving tables by means of overhead conveyors and traveling cranes—a sort of gigantic cash-carrier system, operated by electricity. The food came in individual covered dishes, also of waterproofed paper. Everything was automatic. The S. A. S. A. system prevented spilling, waste, delay, inefficient waiters, and the dissatisfaction of the guests.

"You will observe," went on the official statement, "that, for the first time in history, the beneficiaries of the bounty of their fellowmen are treated as honored cash guests, and not compelled to wait. The bread of charity is hard; but not when served by the S. A. S. A."

Leaflets containing much the same information had been placed in each of the seats in the Garden in lieu of programs. As each man entered he saw the pipes and the traveling cranes and the mechanical waiters, and read the placard on the stage.

"Ain't it great?" inquired every charitable ticket buyer. "In six and three-quarters minutes! No regiments of waiters. Everything automatic. Say, that H. R. is a wonder!"

It took some time before they remembered to look at the starving people, who were sitting at the long tables waiting to be fed.

They saw haggard faces, sunken-eyed, pale-lipped men, women and children. They saw trembling hands that fidgeted with knives and forks, which were obviously unnecessary. They saw women at the tables trying to still whining children. They saw gray-haired heads fallen on soup plates, utterly exhausted from inanition. They saw starving and penniless human beings by the thousands.

And the spectators, hosts of these guests, ran over the faces and forms of the men, women and children—all alike, in that all were hungry and all were penniless. And the same thought struck them all and they expressed it audibly, with gusto, as though they were original thinkers, with the modesty of professional epigrammatists. All the spectators said:

"Say, it will be great to see them eat!"

New York's great big heart had spoken in no uncertain accents. For the greatest of these is charity!

XXVI

JUST after the applause which greeted Grace Goodchild's arrival had begun to subside and the public was about to demand that the feast, for which they had paid, begin, a bugle blew.

H. R., who was fame since he was initials, entered the arena. He paused a few feet from the entrance. Instantly the well-trained Public Sentiment Corps began to shout angrily:

"Sit down! Sit down!"

That, as intended by H. R., made all rise to their feet. Then, and only then, did H. R. advance into the arena, followed by the mayor of the city of New York, the bishop of the diocese of the same, and the other dignitaries.

The applause that came from the members of the Society of American Sandwich Artists was not applause—it was fervor, frenzy, fury. They yelled and shouted with the enthusiastic recklessness of freemen who knew that, after their throats went dry, ten beers, also free, would cure.

Exclusiveness attracts, even as exclusion is intolerable. The audience, seeing and hearing their fellow men applaud, felt themselves left out of something. They were freemen. They, therefore, also applauded, even more frenziedly. No beers; not even knowledge—merely political equality!

In front of the Goodchild box, H. R., whose progress resembled Buffalo Bill's, minus the curls, paused. He looked intently at Grace Goodchild. She knew something was expected of her—something spectacular, thrilling, befitting the imperial consort. She stared back at H. R. agonizedly. Couldn't he prompt her? What was she to do, and how and when?

"Grace! Grace! Grace!" shouted the free sandwiches.

Instantly as well as instinctively the ninety-nine other beautiful perfections rose in their boxes and waved their handkerchiefs.

Grace Goodchild, actually urged by her aristocratic friends, rose and bowed to H. R., with a queenly air. H. R. bowed low to her and walked on.

When he reached the stage all the bands began to play the national anthem almost together. A huge American flag was dropped from the middle of the roof.

When the bands finished playing a dazzling electric sign flashed out over the stage. In huge letters of light the people read:

WELL DONE, NEW YORK!

H. R.

The great building rocked under the applause. New York can always be trusted to applaud itself.

The lights of the sign went out. H. R. motioned to his stage manager. At the back of the stage the placard that told of the wonderful feeding system—fifty thousand people in six and three-quarters minutes—rose out of sight. A hush also fell on the audience, for back of the first was a second white placard, on which everybody read:

WATCH YOUR GUESTS EAT!
YOU ARE FEEDING THEM!

H. R.

The audience, metamorphosed against its will into charitable hosts, now remembered the starving fellow beings who were there to eat. H. R. motioned. A bugler advanced to the front of the stage and sounded: Charge!

The soup began to pour out of the faucets. In fourteen seconds thousands of cups of steaming soup *à la* Piccolini were before the guests. The audience applauded madly. It was perfectly wonderful what charity could do—in fourteen seconds!

The guests were very hungry. The soup, however, was very hot. It made the drinking audible to the remotest recesses of the Garden.

Again the bugle blew. The charitable crowd instantly ceased to look at their guests and gazed at the electric traveling cranes carrying laden trays. It took twenty-nine seconds to place the entrée before the guests.

"Quick work!" said the watch-holders in the audience approvingly.

It took the guests much less than twenty-nine seconds to eat the entrée.

The bugle blew the third time. The roast appeared. The rear curtain dropped. Behind it was another, on which could be read, without the aid of binoculars:

WATCH THEM EAT!
YOUR TICKET DID IT!

H. R.

It happened exactly as H. R. had told Bishop Phillipson. Each charitable person thought of his particular ticket and looked for his individual guest among the 12,137. Each charitable person felt that his twenty-five cents had made possible the entire feast.

The guests began to eat more slowly. The hosts, filled with kindliness and the desire to help their fellow men by getting their money's worth, began to shout:

"Keep it up!"

"Go on!"

"Eat away!"

"Fill up! Fill up!"

Presently men and women at the tables, who had thought they were in paradise and surrounded by angels, began to throw

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up their hands and shake their heads helplessly. Here and there guests who remembered close experiences with mobs rose in their places and ostentatiously let out their belts. The hosts clapped madly. They understood and therefore forgave. Then the hosts began to think that fifteen cents would have been enough.

The bugle blew. It corroborated the suspicion by reminding the charitable that there was still some of the ticket left.

Dessert was served. It was determinedly put away. Having convicted themselves of both charity and extravagance, each host felt that he was not only a philanthropist but a New Yorker.

The bugle blew again. The paper dishes were gathered up, and also such of the knives and forks as the guests had not put into their pockets. The trays were whisked away by the electric traveling cranes.

Suddenly all the lights went out. With the utter darkness a hush fell on the vast audience. Then from all the bands came one mighty crashing chord. Instantly there blazed forth an electric sign that stretched from one side of the Garden to the other, above the stage. Both hosts and guests saw an American flag, in red, white and blue lights; and below it, in letters ten feet high, read:

AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY! H. R.

Everybody cheered, for everybody agreed with the sentiment. Some even thought it was original.

Then all the lights were turned on again. The tables and benches were carried away by the cranes. The guests, directed by H. R.'s lieutenants, formed in line and paraded round the Garden. The lame, the old, the young, the hopeless, the wicked, the maimed—all who had hungered—marched jauntily round the vast arena, that their benefactors might see who it was that really had made the Mammoth Hunger Feast a success.

They carried their heads erect, proudly conscious of their importance in the world. The benefactors cheered the beneficiaries. By so doing they showed what they thought of the benefactors. It was none the less noble.

The reporters looked at their watches. A full page on Saturday night is no laughing matter to the make-up man. One of them rose and said to H. R.:

"Is this all? We've got to write ——"

"It is not all!" answered H. R., and motioned to the trumpeter.

He blew the Siegfried motif. The crowd looked stageward. The rear drop curtain showed, in high letters:

DANCING!

A few of the younger guests began to rise. The others hesitated. The curtain was lowered a few feet. Above "Dancing!" the crowd now read:

FREE OF CHARGE!

Everybody started for the floor.

H. R. left the stage and walked into the Goodchild box. Grace had been receiving congratulations all the evening, until she had convinced herself that this was her dinner. It was all H. R. could do to force his way through the plutocracy.

Talking to Grace at the same time were three young men who never before had accepted Mrs. Goodchild's invitations to marry Grace; but Grace was now the most-talked-of girl in all New York. Grace was very kind to all of them. Empresses are always kindly when they have no dyspepsia or dynamite dreams. All unpleasant things seem to begin with a *d*. There is damnation and divorce—also duty.

Mr. Goodchild frowned when he saw H. R. in the box; but when he saw that H. R. never even looked at him he became really angry. Mrs. Goodchild looked alarmed and hissed:

"Don't you talk to him, Grace!"

Grace, knowing herself desired by the most eligible parties in her set, decided to squelch H. R. in public. H. R., however, walked past everybody, looking neither to left nor right. Feeling themselves treated as so many chairs or hatracks, the *élite* of New York began to feel like intruders.

Then, as an imperial mandate is given, H. R. said to Miss Goodchild:

"We're needed!"

He offered her his arm. The young men rose and made room for him. Duty called, and they never interfered with duty. Grace hypnotically obeyed, for H. R. was frowning. Together they walked down to the floor of the Garden.

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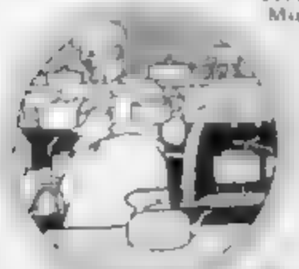

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The Public Sentiment Corps did their duty. They had not yet received the beer. They shouted frenziedly:

"H. R.! H. R.! H. R.!"

The public took up the cheering. Thousands of outstretched hands reached out for his; but H. R. merely bowed right and left, and walked to the middle of the floor.

"Smile at them!" he whispered fiercely to Grace. She did. She knew then what it was to be a queen. She felt an overpowering kindliness toward all these delightful, simple people. Reggie was not brilliant; but that was not expected of a Van Duzen. She did not love Reggie; but she liked him. As Mrs. Van Duzen she could always have what she liked. She would never marry H. R.! It was preposterous!

The band began to play. The crowd, instead of dancing, moved toward the sides—to give H. R. room to dance. Never before on Manhattan Island had such a triumph of personality fallen to the lot of any man.

H. R. put his arm about Grace Goodchild. She shrank from the symbolism of bondage.

"The world is looking on!" he admonished her.

Knowing that she danced very well, she now had but one fear that her partner might make her ridiculous; but H. R. was the best dancer she had ever honored. She felt her resolution not to marry him slipping away. He led divinely. She felt that she herself had never danced so well in her life. He brought out the best that was in her.

"Ever try the Rutgers Roll?" he whispered tensely.

"N-no!" she gasped.

"Let yourself go. I'll do it all. Let yourself go!"

When a woman lets herself go, all is over except the terms of the capitulation. She let herself go—desperately, because she was forced to do it; fearfully, because of the appalling possibility of a fiasco.

Grace did not know how it was done. She had looped the loop and was still dancing away—a new, but unutterably graceful undulation of torso and rhythmical legwork, with exquisite sinuous motions of the arms and hands.

A storm of applause came to her ears, a hurricane steeped in saccharine. A man who could dance like that was fit to be any girl's husband!

Grace was nearly out of breath. She said:

"I'm—I'm—I'm ——"

"Certainly, dear girl!"

And H. R. deftly piloted her out of the crush. They stopped dancing and he gave her his arm. She took it.

"Grace," he said, "when will you marry me?"

"Never!" she answered instantly and determinedly. "And you must not call me Grace."

"Right-oh!" he said gratefully. "I'll call to-morrow afternoon. Shall I speak to Bishop Phillipson or wire Father ——"

"I said 'Never'!" she frowned.

"I heard you," he smiled reassuringly.

Andrew Barrett and the reporters came up to him.

"What about that ten thousand dollars cash to the coupon holders?" asked young Mr. Lubin, at last taking his eyes off the beautiful capitalist. Feeling that he was beginning to condone capitalistic crimes, he spoke sternly to H. R. in self-defense.

"Oh, yes," said H. R., and turned to Grace: "My dear, I'll have to leave you. Shall I take you to mother?"

Reggie Van Duzen saved him this trip.

"Say, Mr. Rutgers, could I have ——"

"Yes, my boy," gratefully smiled H. R. He shook hands with Reggie and said very seriously: "I leave her in your care."

Reggie, who was very young and careless, flushed proudly. Here was a man who understood men! He would protect Grace with his life. And it gave him a new respect for other women. H. R. and the reporters walked away.

Reggie looked at her, sighed and began to dance. He could not touch H. R. as a dancer.

"Can you do the Rutgers Roll?" she asked.

"No," he confessed.

She could never marry Reggie; she knew it now. A man who said "No" to anything in that tone of voice would never be a leader. But of course she would not marry H. R.

Meantime H. R., accompanied by the reporters, drove to the cardinal's residence. They explained their mission to a pleasant-faced young priest and sent in their cards. The young priest began to make excuses and spoke of the lateness of the hour. H. R. said to him deferentially:

"Monsignor, we have come to the cardinal because he is the final authority in this case. The mayor of New York and the representative of the Socialist press, Mr. Lubin, here, have agreed to leave it to the decision of His Eminence."

The cardinal sent back word that he would see Mr. Rutgers. H. R. went in alone.

"How may I help you, my boy?" began the cardinal. He was an old man and this was a young man—no more, no less; both of them children.

"Your Eminence, I am the unfortunate American who in his misguided way has tried to feed the hungry, in order that New York's grown children may realize that charity is not dead. If I have used the methods of a mountebank it is because I have labored where God had been forgotten almost."

"Generalities are not always verities, though they may come close to them. I know about your work. I shall be glad to do what I can for you."

"Thank you, sir. I promised to give ten thousand dollars in cash to any New Yorker who could answer this question: What is it we have all heard about from earliest childhood and that we acknowledge exists; that is neither a person nor a beast, neither a thing nor an object, but something that no man can kill, though it is dead to-day; that all men need and most New Yorkers neglect; that should be present everywhere and is found in no trade? The answer is a word of five letters and begins with A. There is a synonym that, though not exactly obsolete, is at least obsolescent."

"Five letters? Is it in English?" smiled the cardinal.

"It is in every good English dictionary. I think the dictionary is the only place in which I can find it nowadays."

"Oh, no, my son." And the cardinal shook his head in kindly dissent.

"Reverend sir, I said anybody with brains could guess it."

"It was not an ingenuous question, Mr. Rutgers."

"It was a coupon that entitled anybody who held it to answer it and get ten thousand dollars. It was part of a ticket for which the holder paid twenty-five cents to feed a starving fellow being. But what I wish you to do is to assure the reporters that it was a legitimate question. The word is *Amen*."

"I knew it."

"Because you use it every day."

"But your condition ——"

"New York's condition, Your Eminence," corrected H. R. politely. "I said the synonym, 'soul,' would answer. Nobody won the ten thousand dollars. New York will cudgel its brains because it did not win the ten thousand dollars. In searching for the missing word it may find something more precious—the missing soul."

"Your way is not our way; but perhaps ——" The cardinal was silent, his kindly eyes meditatively bent for a moment on H. R.

"The reporters, Your Eminence ——" began H. R. apologetically.

"Ah, yes!" And the white-haired prelate accompanied H. R. to the room where the reporters were waiting.

"I have heard Mr. Rutgers' question. The word of five letters, beginning with an A, I think answers it from his point of view, which is not unreasonable. I cannot say that the inability to guess proves the nonpossession of brains ——"

"The cardinal knew at once," cut in H. R.

"But that nobody should have hit upon the word is astonishing."

"What is the answer?" asked a reporter.

"A word of five letters beginning with A," said H. R.

"Can't we publish it?"

"It is our secret now. New York is very rich. When it discovers that one word—or its synonym of four letters—it will be infinitely richer in every way!"

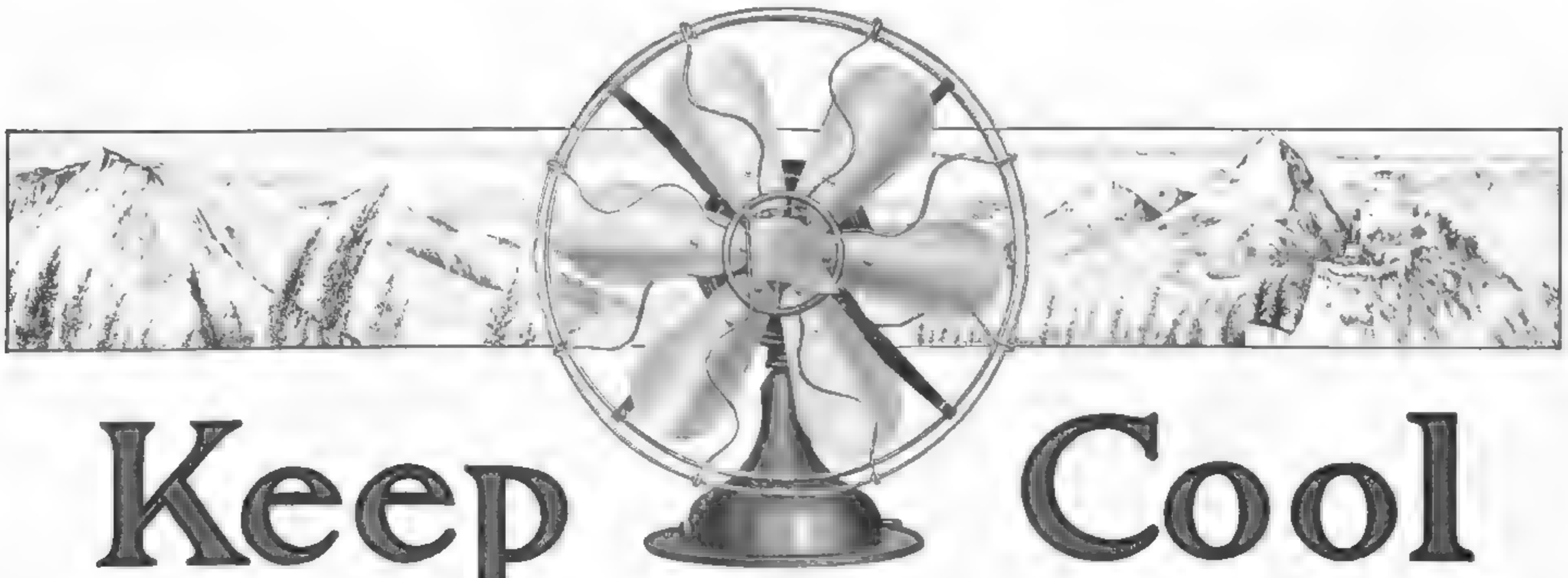
The reporters brightened up. They saw columns and columns of guesses. But the cardinal looked thoughtful. Then he said to H. R.:

"Come and see me again."

"Thank you; I will, Your Eminence."

The cardinal bowed his head gravely, and H. R. and the newspaper men left.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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The celebrities shown on this page have the right idea. They believe in keeping cool. So, a part of their everyday equipment is a Robbins & Myers "Standard" Electric Fan.

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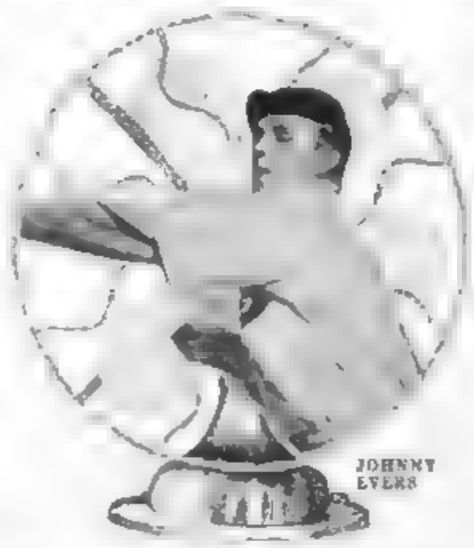
Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans



And in the Robbins & Myers line you find just the fan you need for your particular purpose. R. & M. Fans come in all sizes and styles—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, stationary—direct or alternating current. Various speeds, adjustable at will. You can buy a dependable Robbins & Myers Fan for $9 and up. So—don't simply say "fan"—say "Robbins & Myers"—the name which guarantees you perfect fan service.

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The Robbins & Myers line includes electric fans for all uses. Also standard motors for all commercial direct and alternating circuits.

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The people who built the Pyramids did a job that has never been beaten.

From foundations to cap-stones they were constructed to endure.

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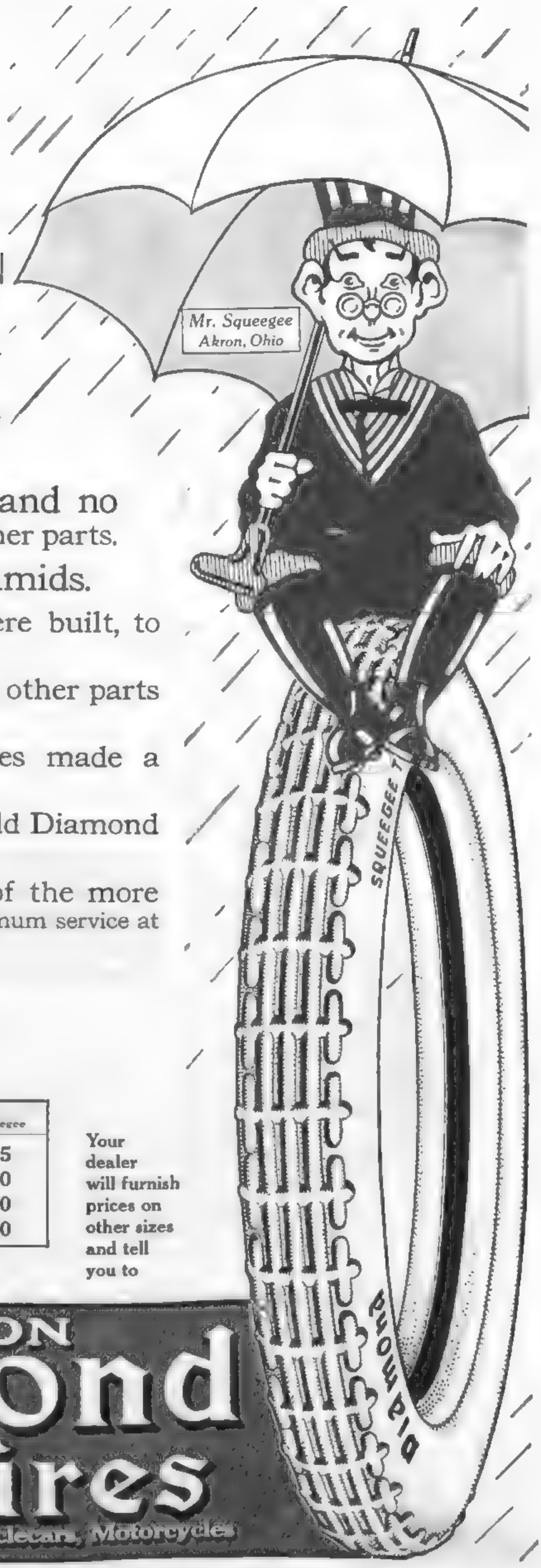

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THE FUGITIVE

(Continued from Page 15)

The party took leave of us in Barbados, as I recollect well.'

"'Ah!' she said, as though she spoke it to herself. 'I thought I should come on the ship at last.'

"Then I saw she was looking at me again.

"'And this Mr.—Mr. McAllister you speak of—do you believe there is any hope he might still be located somewhere in the West Indies—in the islands somewhere? You see,' she went on, and I noticed she was skirmishing hard for her words—'you see, I should very much like to know. He—this Mr. McAllister—was a friend who went away very suddenly and who furnished no address. Now there is news for him—important news—such news as I believe Mr. McAllister would give the world to hear.'

"I made sure I'd got everything straight before I answered.

"'Why, since you've put it that way, miss,' I says, 'the gentleman might easy be prowling about the islands yet, somewheres. I've known worse places than old Barbados, myself. There's plenty to see besides niggers, for a tourist, if his mind ain't bothered overstrong by London or New York or Paris, and the like of that. I'll wager the gentleman would come running fast enough if he only knew the party that was planning to get wind of him, miss,' I blurts out; for I thought, by now, I'd grown pretty shrewd at guessing.

"She whipped away her face so sudden that I bit my tongue for a fool who had gone too far. And quick as wink I knew by the lift of her jacket that if she wasn't crying she was only fighting it off till a choicer time.

"I wasn't given high rating for soft manners those days. I'd been swearing myself to a drivel at two of the crew a minute or so before. But something, as I watched her, gave a queer little tug at me inside. It was because of that, maybe, that I blundered into what I've fancied, many a day since, was the craziest errand the mate of a roistering freighter ever took on.

"'I'm waiting for orders, miss!' I sings out. 'Any message or word you want delivered, in case I might get on the trail of your Mr.—er—McAllister next trip over?'

"I've an idea now that I wasn't meaning to say just that. 'Twas a trifle hasty, and a shade impertinent, too, the way it sounded. But the minute I saw her eyes light up I came into a better feeling somehow. She stirred all at once and came quite close to me, as though she might be trying to get my man's measure. A wistful little smile came out to warm at her lips a moment, and I knew, even before she spoke, that she'd taken me at my word.

"'Oh, I didn't dream it could be done!' she said in a half whisper. 'Then you believe there might be a chance? That there really is, Mister Mate—if, for instance, proper inquiries could be set on foot?' She stopped, sizing me up steady and slow. 'You see, there was the other name, besides the one on your books. Perhaps it would be well to take note of them both.'

"By the time she'd ran this far, I'd dug up an old envelope from my pocket, as eager and businesslike as a greengrocer's new clerk. Then I jotted down the name she let me have and the one on our books besides. It all appeared foolish and daft enough, I remember; yet I wouldn't have taken backwater then for the Bank of England.

"Next, I waited, pencil in hand, looking down steady at my writing and never glancing her way at all. I heard the whisper of her dress as she stole off to the edge of the quay, and the only thing I could make out was the little white tam-o'-shanter playing hide-and-seek in the dusk. It was a good five minutes, I should say, she must have hung there, facing the warm twinkle of the harbor lights, and I knew I wasn't in her thoughts at all. Then she came tripping back.

"'About the party we spoke of just now'—I heard her say—'if by any sort of chance you should ever get trace of him over there, Mr. Barlow, I would have you ask him, please, to write Mary Loring, of Bishopsgate Road. She has news for him that will gladden his soul.'

"It wasn't till she finished that my wits got back into full play again, and it came showering over me what a wild-goose hazard the whole thing was. Yet I swore, as I looked at her standing there, so plagued hopeful, that I'd take a try if the Lord gave me the ghost of a show at all.

"'Watch the papers, miss,' I tells her. 'The shipping column'll always give word when the St. Hilda's home from the islands. I've a tidy cottage at the first bend in Ashton Lane, and the wife—Bessie—'ll make you right welcome any time you've a mind to drop in.'

"Well, with that she gave me her hand as cordial as though she'd been knowing me twenty years. I recall how she thanked me a dozen times over, begging me not to rate her forward or bold for what she'd sought that night.

"Then, as I stood there watching her, she melted away up the quay side, leaving me like a big cipher, wondering what I'd best do about it all."

The captain's voice ceased for a moment. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped heavily at his perspiring face. His eyes avoided those of the man over against the wall. Carstairs was sitting with his elbows on his knees, his chin supported by his hands. The man might have been a statue carved in stone. The only movement he made was to wet his lips from time to time, as though they had gone dry in the fever of listening.

"That first trip I learned nothing," the captain went on—"nor the next; nor the others that followed that. I'd a friend in the Excise Service in Barbados who tried to help me some, but it didn't take me long to feel ashamed of the child's part we both played. Once, between trips, I ran a personal in a couple of the island papers; but it brought me nothing.

"Still, I kept on, hoping that luck might give me the tip I needed. Bessie and the girl took to each other fine from the start, and if the wife got to know any more of how matters stood than me she kept herself as mum as an oyster. And generally it was Bessie who supplied the ideas that set me scouting along some fresh trail each trip. The wonderful part was the brand of faith that the girl stored away through it all. When I saw it beginning to fade at last, I felt like a hound unhung.

"It was four years before I gave up the old run to the islands. Then I jumped to a better berth as second officer on one of the Royal Mail Line packets in the South America trade. Every now and then, when I struck port at Bristol, I'd get a chance to run down to Plymouth to see the wife. And perhaps the girl would wander in for a chat or stay to nod in her gentle fashion over some new yarn I'd found to spin. She never spoke of the message any more, and I suspected pretty well by now that she'd stowed the notion away for good."

The man on the couch stirred for the first time. He had craned farther forward; but that was all.

"I held a second officer's papers aboard the Leander going on five years," the captain continued quietly. "That was till I was offered the Grampian, here, a few months ago, as master.

"The evening before I ran up to Bristol to take over the ship I was sitting enjoying a pipe in our little patch of garden. I'd just turned to answer a question of the wife's about some extras going into my luggage, when, chancing to look up, I saw the tam-o'-shanter girl.

"You see, I'd always called her that someway, though the years had changed her mightily since I'd met her that first evening there on the quay. She'd flowered into the rare and quiet sort of beauty that comes to a lot of women with riper years.

"There was somebody with her that night, a thing I'd never known before in all the time she'd been dropping in to see us. A well-set-up, military-looking chap he was, and very soft tongued and easy mannered. I took notice that his skin was weathered and tanned, as though he'd seen long service under a tropical sun—the brown that India or Burma gives. He didn't come in, but stood waiting for her just outside the gate, whipping the heads off a bunch of dandelions with his cane, and seemingly annoyed over something.

"While the girl talked she kept dipping her little nose down in some flowers that Bessie had picked for her, and pretty soon I watched her lift a rose and fasten it quietly at her breast. The gentleman at the gate appeared to notice it, too, and he stopped worrying the dandelions with his stick for a moment.

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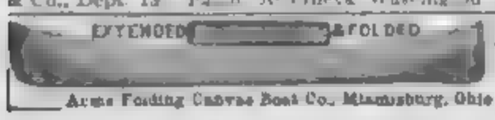


Arms Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

"I was telling the girl about my new boat, the Grampian.

"'She'll be whisking you away to a wonderful new part of the universe, Captain Barlow. Oh, what a big mystery of a world it seems sometimes! Often and often it sets me thinking of all the messages there are that can never hope to be delivered; but to-night I want to thank you again for all these years.'

"The gentleman outside, who had got restless by now, had come to the gate and was standing, with his head a trifle to one side, looking in at us.

"'Good-by!' she said. And she put out her hand, with a wistful little smile to Bessie and me, both. 'Good-night; and God bless you!'

"Then we watched her turn and go slow down the path to meet him. He stood with his hat in his hand and bowed her through the gate as though she was a queen or a duchess, or something.

"'I'm sorry; I'm afraid I've kept you waiting a long time—a very long time, Phillip,' I heard her say.

"He drew her arm through his; and then he appeared to take notice of the rose again. I saw him frown and stoop to murmur something in her ear. Whatever it was she answered him, the wife allowed to me afterward it didn't seem to do him a mite of good."

Captain Barlow broke off abruptly. He was conscious of a thing that swayed blindly before him.

"Phillip—you said! God's mercy, man! She couldn't have called him that! Do you hear? Phillip—you said!"

The captain rose haltingly. His lips moved, but no sound came. He gave back the other man's look in a sort of helpless, dazed stupidity. The cabin door creaked and shut. It was the mate going out.

Carstairs had sat down again unsteadily. He was rocking himself to and fro, his thin face prisoned in his arms.

It was a full hour later when Captain Barlow sought the deck. He came on the mate, a burly, intangible shape in the dusk, propped in sober reflection against the bridge rail. The latter was smoking placidly, his eyes on the undulating waste of moon-tinted sea. At the captain's step he looked up.

"Not a half bad night, sir. We're hitting our stride again—so MacNaughton tells me. Eighteen knots and better since we shook the list out of her."

The skipper grunted indifferently. He shielded the yellow flame of a match to the bowl of his pipe and settled his elbows alongside. A moment and he gave a backward nod.

"Poor devil! He swept me clear off my feet with questions. Aye, things I'd no more means of answering than Crusoe's goat. Her man he is, safe enough. Beats the Bible, don't it? And, as sure as you live, the little tam-o'-shanter girl was wrong: the world isn't the vast affair we make of it sometimes. I've never measured it smaller than to-night." He looked up hastily. "What clothes have our spare lockers? Anything to take a man ashore?"

The mate gave an exclamation of surprise.

"You're not meanin', sir, he's plannin' to give us the shake a'ready? He isn't bookin' through, ye mean?"

The captain followed a spark from his pipe through the darkness.

"Well, I won't be denyin' he harbored mighty black thoughts at first. I laid it a lot to the slump in his nerves. Sleep and grub, that's what he needs, and plenty of it from now on. A man's no better than a child in his fix at present.

"'We've no stop till 'Frisco, Mr. Carstairs,' I tells him—'for coal. You see, it's a straight run, sir, after that to Puntarenas,' I explains. 'We're to fatten the cargo some with dyewoods and coffee there. Costa Rica isn't any too healthy for a white man at this time of year,' I warns him. 'So it's 'Frisco, sir, if you give the word. But, as master of the ship, I'm entitled to reasons.'

"He twiddled his beard a space before he answered me.

"'When a man has lived for years on the edge of perdition, captain,' he groans, 'it's good to know the Law doesn't want him after all; but—this news—it's come rather late; and—well, you see about what's left, captain!'

"He tried to laugh, but it was too bitter a job and it dried up somewhere in his throat.

"'There's Puntarenas,' he went on. 'I put in three weeks there once. It ought to make a kinder graveyard for wrecks than England. What do you think?'

"'Speaking of wrecks, Mr. Carstairs,' I answers, 'I've salvaged some mighty nasty ones in my day and lived to watch them plowing the sea as good as new, sir.'

"I took notice he digested that for a bit. Then he peers up, hesitating and timid, as though there was a question he was wanting to ask and didn't see a decent place to begin. At last, out it came, his voice as hoarse as any raven's:

"'There was something—a little thing—you mentioned about a rose; it was one your wife gave her, you said. There—in your garden—that night?'

"'Aye, man; a rose,' I jumps in. 'A rose as red as her lips, it was. And something made me think she liked it well. 'Twas one the old woman snipped from her bush of General Jacks. And near a living twin it was to the one I saw that evening there on the quay.'

"Well, with that, he dropped his head in his hands, and I mistrusted somehow that he was fighting a hard battle.

"'There was a little red-haired chap, named Gilchrist,' he spoke up quiet after a bit. 'He saw me through typhoid once when there wasn't a doctor in miles. One summer afterward I met him in Dawson, broke and eating his heart out for a wife and kid in Nevada. I'd made a nice clean-up off two claims on Pelican Creek that spring, and I loaned him five thousand dollars with hardly the scratch of a pen between us. He's in 'Frisco now, piling up money in the contracting business—so I've heard. He's tried to locate my address; but it was along about the time I got past caring, and I—well, I fancy I wasn't going to bother him. If you'll take oath—no; I mean, captain, if—if you feel quite sure—you see, it's about her, I mean, and the thing you told me just now.'

"'Suffering Jacob, man!' I raps out. 'Do you think I've eyes no better than a bat? What beats me is how you ever gave that Puntarenas idea a lodging! Now see here, sir,' I muddles on: 'there's many a mile of green water betwixt here and Bristol Channel, as even a landsman knows. Plenty of time to square a shoulder and point a stiffer chin,' I says. 'Aye, and do a few things more, besides.'

"'And do a few things more, besides?' he echoes after me; and I saw he was trying mighty hard to understand.

"'Well, begging your pardon, there's a tidy bit of collecting that concerns a little red-haired chap in 'Frisco,' I says. 'From all I hear, you won't need to use a gun.'

"Then I smiles him straight in the eye.

"'Now the minute that's done with I'd make so bold as to offer three different prescriptions,' I rattles on. 'They'd be a taxicab, an outfitting store, and a barber's shop. There's no better nerve builder—all three—for a man that's starting to buck the game again. And referring specially to the matter of the barber's shop, Mr. Carstairs, I'd have you remember there's blessed few women that favor beards.'

"With that, I eased up, feeling maybe I'd traveled a couple of spokes too far. But what happened was whimsical enough. He stood there for a minute like a man who'd been thrown a life line and was afraid to use it. Then I saw him primp his eyes over the great, ragged holes in his clothes, and he seemed to smile. Next thing he perked up his head and gave a funny little trial hunch of his shoulders, as though they'd gone rusty and hadn't been used for years. Before I knew it, he'd started slow across the cabin floor, brave as a Piccadilly dandy.

"When I turned to come on deck he was hanging there glimmering into the little shaving glass fastened alongside my berth.

"'A rose—a Jacqueminot rose! Then she couldn't forget!' I heard him babble. 'As red as her lips, he said it was! Queer! I wanted to tell her that, too, one night!'

"Then he caught his breath with a little gulp and I sneaked on deck."

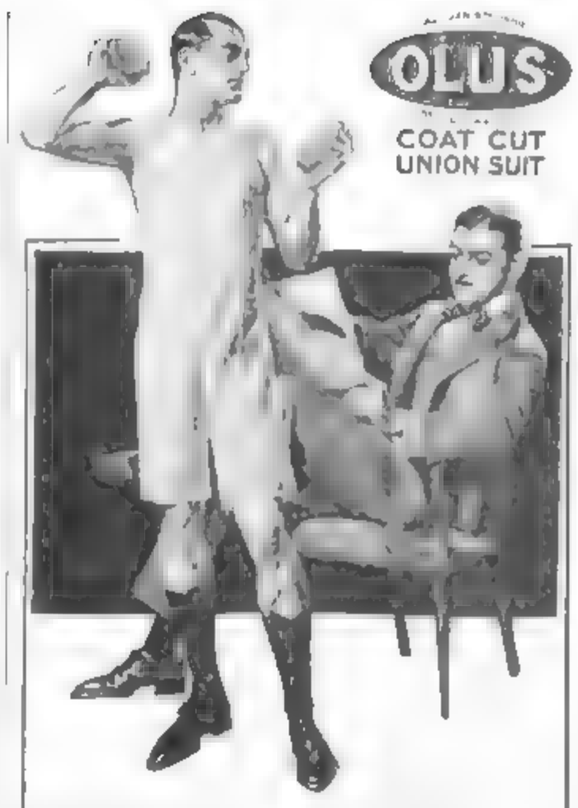
Captain Barlow rapped out his pipe softly against the rail. For a space there came up to the two men out of the night the hoarse, throbbing cough of the engines.

The mate broke the long silence at last. There was an owl-like gravity in his voice:

"I wasn't rightly knowin' there was people that'ud keep on that way always—rememberin', I mean. Honest to God, I wasn't knowin'!"

The skipper blinked at a lonesome star in the darkness. His answer, in brief, was that of the worldly wise:

"For real, deep-down remembering I reckon a good woman's got everything beat forty ways! There's plenty of men, though, that don't get full credit sometimes."



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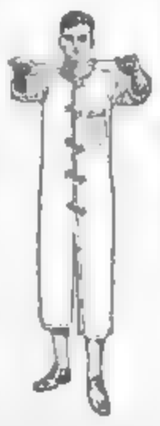

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346 Broadway New York

Make Bran Welcome

Serve it in a morning dainty. It is too important to be made distasteful. It is Nature's laxative.

In Pettijohn's we hide the bran in luscious soft wheat flakes, loved by everyone. The dish is one-fourth bran, yet few people know it.

Serve it thrice a week. Note how folks like it. Note what a difference it makes in the days. You will never give it up. A million smiles a day are due to Pettijohn's.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

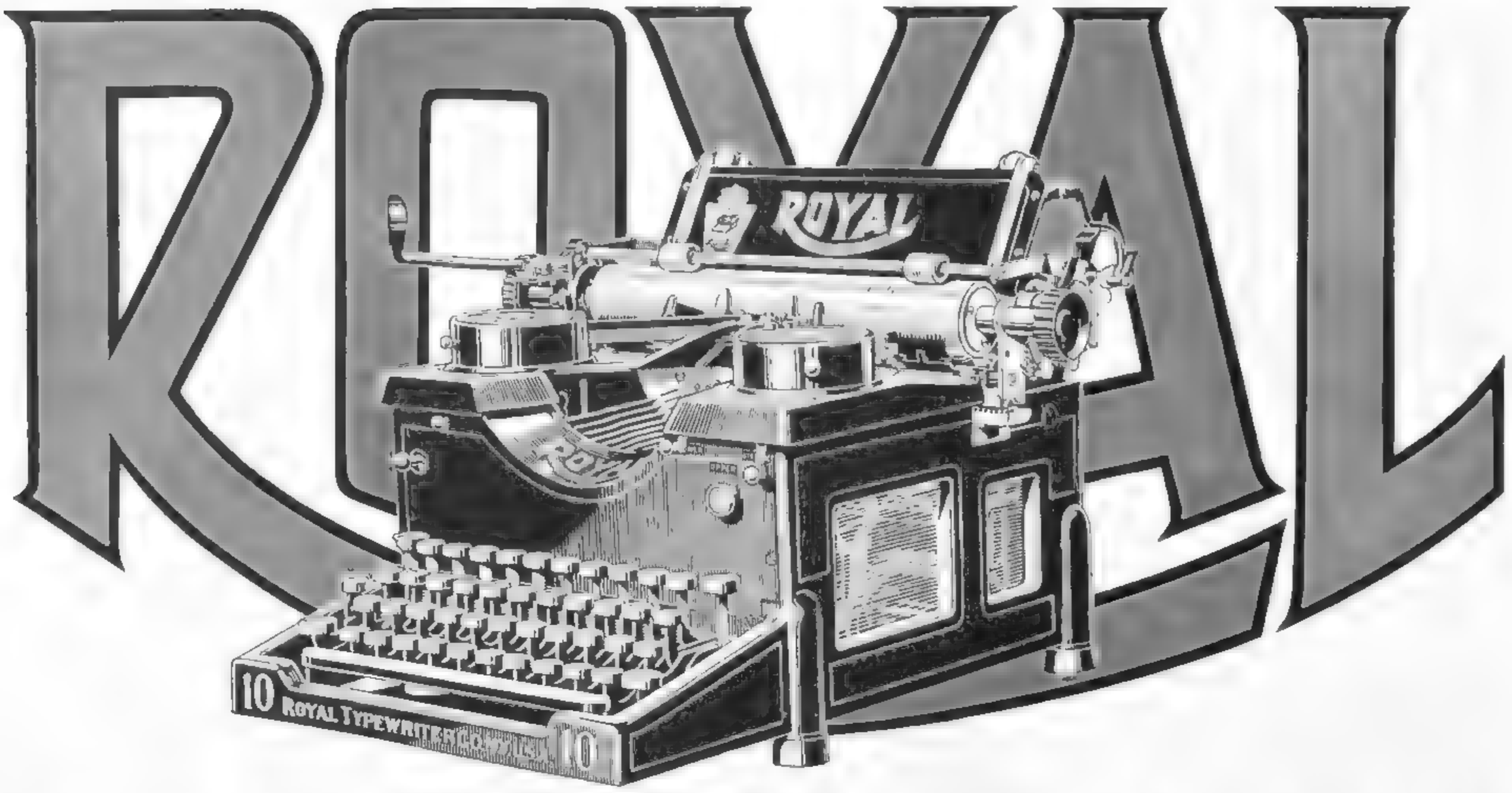
If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago. (924)

Nathan Flexible Metal Arch Supports

give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to [illegible] Fitted to-day Trial Offer. Fits any shoe.

View of arch cut with knife.

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 50-C Reade St., N.Y.



Get this Royal Master Model 10

—it ends two great typewriter evils

Big business demands dollars-and-cents value—and big business chooses the Royal.

Big business buyers have no sentiment. They purchase *results*.

An order for Royals with them is an *investment*, not an *expense*. They demand a typewriter which will do the *finest* work in the *quickest* way—*and will stand up to the most strenuous service.*

The steadily increasing sales of the Royal prove better than anything else that keen, shrewd buyers *know* that it is built to do its work *better*, to do *more* of it, and *to keep on doing it.*

Every buyer and user of the Royal knows that it ends the two great evils of the typewriter business—*excessive repairs* and "*trading-out.*"

This means *value*—not only the day you buy the Royal, but for years afterward. Thousands upon thousands of Royals of earlier models are constantly in use—giving the highest class service today—showing that Royal principles are right.

Buy the Royal and quit "trading-out." It is the typewriter whose owner does not lose time and money through constant "trading-out."

And the very qualities and features which end the two evils—*excessive repairs* and "*trading-out*"—are naturally the ones which produce the perfect presswork and reduce the cost of typewritten letters, two characteristics for which the Royal is famous.

Get the facts. Know the Royal. It will prove itself to you. Telephone or write any branch or agency of ours and have a Royal demonstration now.

Why the stenographer prefers the Royal

Regulate the new Royal like a watch. Turning a simple setscrew pictured here adjusts the Royal to fit any typist's touch—makes the day shorter and easier for every stenographer. The Royal literally takes the "grind" out of typewriting.

Write today for these free booklets

"Better Service" and "One Problem Solved" tell how to cut the cost of typewritten letters—save operators' time—give your correspondence "class." A postal brings them now.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., 102 Royal Typewriter Building, 364 Broadway, NEW YORK

Branches and Agencies the World Over

FEDERAL *Double Cable Base* TIRES are Scientifically Correct

STUDY this illustration carefully. Here are shown and described several of the distinctive points of Federal "RUGGED TREAD" Tires. They explain some of the reasons why Federal Tires are scientifically correct. The superiority of every feature is grasped instantly. Each one is of vital importance in the construction of a perfect tire. Each one has been proven correct by thousands of Federal users.

Tapered Stud Construction

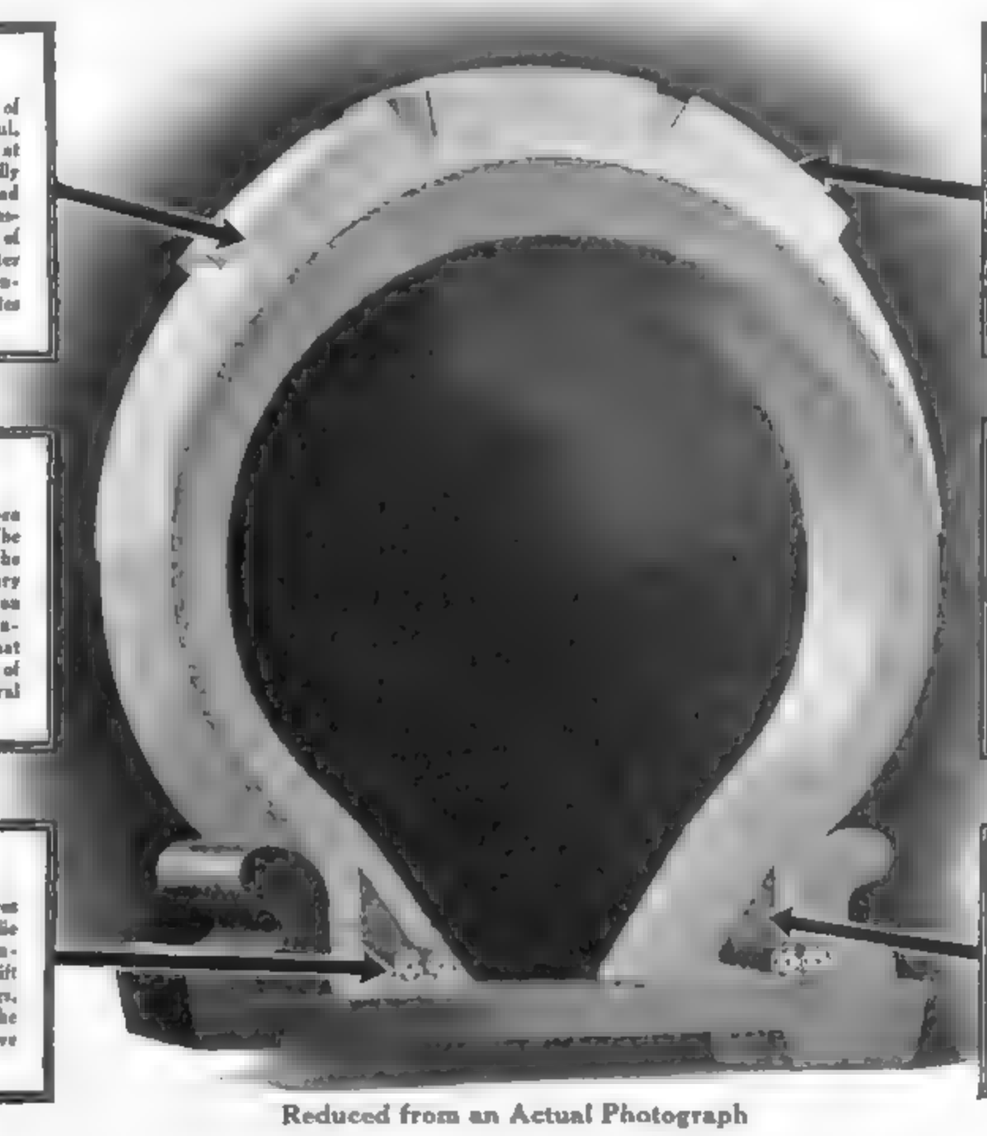
Perfected formation of the studs on Rugged Tread Tires is one of the many exclusive features which have made this tire so successful. Note how the studs on "Rugged Treads" are built—thick and high at the center where the greatest wear occurs and tapered down gradually toward the outer edges. With this construction the Rugged Tread wears down evenly and maintains a perfectly balanced flexing pressure against the entire fabric foundation. If the studs were all of even thickness the outside rows would be left higher than the center after the tire became slightly worn. Federal Tapered Stud Construction avoids uneven pressure against the fabric, and thus eliminates a common cause of blow-outs.

Perfect Fabric Tension

The fabric used in Federal Tires is especially woven of finest Sea Island Cotton of the proper weight to stand the greatest strain. The weave is designed to be receptive of pure rubber into the meshes of the fabric. This fabric is built into Federal Tires with automatic machinery and improved methods that insure an absolute uniformity of tension on each layer while under construction and during the period of vulcanization. The result is a tire structure of perfect unity and cohesion that gives maximum service. The Perfect Fabric Tension insures to users of Federal Tires freedom from wrinkled or buckled fabric—a Federal Feature that spells Economy.

Double-Cable-Base

Heavy, endless double steel cables in each base of Federal Tires anchor them firmly to the rim. These cables, encased in fabric, lie close to the base. With the exclusive "Double-Cable-Base" construction, it is impossible for the base of Federal Tires to rock or lift from the rim. There is no danger of their slipping over the side rings. The tube cannot crowd under the base and be pinched against the rim. This construction is patented and is a distinctive and exclusive Federal Feature.



Reduced from an Actual Photograph

Scientific Skid-Proof Tread

The skid-proof tread on Rugged Tires is made of the very best quality of rubber and scientifically designed to prevent skidding. Its clean, white color is indicative of its pure quality and freedom from substitutes or inferior rubber. It is tough and strong, yet resilient. The design is the result of neither chance nor guesswork. It has been worked out, developed and refined according to scientific and mathematical principles. The three rows of big broad studs give perfect traction. No matter in what direction the wheel tends to slip, the same required number of Rugged studs are on the job to stop it. Why be satisfied with tires that do not possess the advantages of the Scientific Skid-Proof Tread—an exclusive Federal Feature?

Correct Balance of Material

Federal Tires are perfectly balanced in their materials to give the longest service. The carcass, which is the fabric and friction, is designed to properly support the tread and side walls and yet withstand all flexing strain. The tread is of the proper thickness and toughness to resist wear—yet is not so heavy that it will loosen from the carcass. It has taken years of careful study to determine the maximum amount of tread stock the carcass can safely carry. In arriving at the proper balanced construction for Federal Tires scientific principles are followed just the same as an engineer in building a bridge must have his weight or load properly distributed. The correctly balanced tire—another Federal Feature.

Flexible Bead Filler

The exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction in Federal Tires permits the use of a soft, flexible bead filler. With the base anchored firmly to the rim, this filler bends and flexes with the tire. Hard, sharp pointed bead fillers cut and grind into the fabric, separating the plies at the flexing point above the side ring and causing blow-outs. The soft bead filler as used in the construction of Federal Tires eliminates this trouble—an exclusive Federal Feature worthy of consideration.

No Other Tire Combines these Features

FEDERAL "RUGGED TREAD" TIRES are the only tires combining these points of superior design and construction. They overcome all troubles found in ordinary tires. *Side Wall Breaks—Rim Cuts—Blowing Off Rim—Tube Pinching—Broken Fabric—Loosened Treads and Blow-outs are eliminated in FEDERAL (Double-Cable-Base) "RUGGED TREADS."* Aside from these there are no tire troubles except the result of ordinary wear, accidents or abuse.

The state of perfection to which FEDERAL TIRES have been developed exemplifies the steadfastness of purpose and sincerity of service back of all Federal Products.

FEDERAL TIRES are built by an organization of the most experienced tire builders in America. Behind this organization is one of the largest and most modern factories in the rubber industry. It is this organization and these facilities that have made Federal Tires a perfect product.

FEDERAL TIRES are scientifically correct in their design and perfectly balanced in their construction. They are made of the very best qualities of rubber and genuine Sea Island Cotton. They are constructed with utmost care by the most improved methods.

FEDERAL TIRES stand up longer, and under the hardest usage give extra service in the greatest number of miles per dollar invested, with the least amount of trouble. Hundreds of thousands in use, and the constantly increasing demand for FEDERAL TIRES, prove this. The Federal factory has been enlarged year after year, and is still taxed to its capacity.

Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires, "Rugged" and Plain, are made in Straight-Wall and Q. D. Styles in All Sizes

FEDERAL RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.

MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.

ALONE IN JAPAN

(Continued from Page 18

disagreeable thing or a thing that may in any way be construed as disagreeable. They have an instinctive fear of hurting another's feelings. So they smile and compliment and evade and flatter.

"It is the same always," said a hotel keeper to me. "I have tried again and again to get my friends, who are interested in my welfare, to point out to me places wherein my hotel may be improved. They come and bow and smile and tell me it is perfect. I know it is not; but when I take an American friend over my hotel, if he sees anything I might improve he tells me of it in a friendly way, and I appreciate it. He says: 'I would move the telephones over here, which would be more convenient for everybody'; and he is right. But my Japanese friends would go to any discomfort—in their telephoning, for example—rather than intimate to me that the arrangement was not the best I could possibly have."

Another interesting phase of the Japanese is their procrastination. When it comes to putting off the matter at hand they have the Latins beaten to a long period of It-cannot-be-done. With all their progressiveness, alertness and adaptability they dearly love to postpone—not that they cannot do a thing quickly if pressed to it—but what's the use?

I sent for a man to fix my typewriter. He came, with another; he had to have a consultant, of course. He examined the typewriter, pondered over it wisely, and then announced that it might possibly be repaired by dinnertime of the following day. This was in the morning.

"No," I said. "It must be fixed immediately."

There was another serious consultation. It was announced that the very best and most rapid work that could be done in Japan would, owing to the circumstances, allow me to have the machine by tiffin of the following day—noontime.

I had learned a little something about the Japanese.

"Nonsense!" I said. "It will not take two hours. Do it now!"

They consulted, holding vivacious converse in their native tongue.

"We shall have it done by this evening at seven o'clock," they announced with an air of the uttermost finality.

"You must have it done in two hours!" I commanded.

"Very well," the head man said, sucking in his breath—and they had it done expertly in an hour and a half!

They can do things quickly if they will; but not unless they have to. It is the old bargaining instinct, I imagine, that leads them to ask for much more than they expect to get, and to take anything over their minimum as so much gained. Besides, what's the hurry?

English as She Is Japped

In some quarters, however, where the Western spirit seems the thing, they are so quick on the trigger, thinking they are Western, that they do things too quickly. A Japanese, imitating the rapid-fire business ways of an American, is not the least of the interesting sights in his country.

How proud they are of their English, and how eager to learn it, as well as anything else! While I was prowling round in the vicinity of some tombs of the shoguns one day, a Japanese boy attached himself to me and said he would be glad to act as my guide for nothing, provided I would teach him some English. He was a bright boy and he knew a few words; so I taught him a few more; and at the end of the afternoon I tried to give him a yen.

He would not take the yen.

"No," he said; "I have learn five more words. I am glad!"

Specimens of English as she is Japped—to use the phrase of Chamberlain—are so common as to be almost trite; but two or three that came to my notice seem worth quoting. Manager Manwaring, of the Grand Hotel, in Yokohama, showed me this letter he received from a young man who desired a position:

Dear Sir: I wish your excuse to offer such my own matter from our class to the gentleman with a letter out of hesitate. I had been in Club Hotel, and in two or three other Hotels, doing a table waiter or a room steward for many years. And this time I heard that you were a real gentleman of liberality from one of my friends in the Hotel. So I made up my mind that I don't care any kind of work if you can employ me, and I can show you sure-footed and surety-ship. Yours faithfully, sir."

There are plenty more; but the raincoat maker in Tokio who advertises: Maker of the Resistant Wet Coat!—and the dealer in whalebone who has the sign: Whales for Sale, and Appliances of the Fittings Thereof!—and the man who sells Tea and its Fittings! made special hits with me.

These keepers of small shops are marvels of industry. They work practically all the time. Usually their homes are behind the shops. You find them making their wares at all hours of the day and night. They work until they are exhausted, sleep a little and go back to work; and continue until they must sleep a little more. Every hour they can remain awake and work is a working hour for them. It is not at all uncommon in the strictly native quarters to find the tinsmiths, and brass workers, and clog-makers, and matmakers, and the many other artisans, at work at one or two or three o'clock in the morning.

They must work all the time. Life is a hard struggle for the poor man in Japan. His taxes are enormous. His earnings are small. His family usually is large. And though his wages have increased to a slight extent, if he is a wage-earner and not a shopkeeper, food prices have also increased. There is not much luxury about the life of most of the Japanese.

Too Few Jobs for the Educated

One problem is that of the educated or half-educated young men and women. Every Japanese young man desires, above all things, a university degree. Parents almost starve themselves to help, and students are put to the direst straits to get through at the universities. Then, when they have their degrees and their educations—such as those educations are—there is little for them to do save ordinary labor.

If you put an advertisement in a Tokio paper, for example, calling for the services of a man who can translate Japanese into English, or the other way about, you will get a thousand replies begging for the job from university men, who will work for a few yen a week—a very few. The government monopolies give employment to as many as they can—there are more employees on the government railroads, for example, than you can count—but it cannot employ them all. And there they are, all educated up and with no place to go!

These are the chaps who are so ready to participate in riots and mobs, and who can be incited to do a good, workmanlike job of mobbing, Japanese style—which is mostly noise—at a moment's notice.

Poor fellows: They have no votes; they have no representation; the oligarchy that runs the country has no use for them; the only way they can register a protest is to gather outside a public building or in a park, and howl imprecations or throw a few stones through windows. This constantly increasing, educated but not fittingly employed population of Japan—especially in the cities—is one of the great social problems of that country.

The Japanese believe in advertising, and they get it whenever and wherever they can. Not so long ago there was an exhibition of foreign poster advertising at the Commercial Museum, in Tokio. The Japanese merchants went out to see the posters. Within a week there were several English and American poster figures, familiar to us by constant repetition on billboards and in other advertising, doing duty in Japan but adapted to some Japanese product. There is where the Japanese shine—in adapting. They are great adapters.

A friend and I stopped at a fruit store. "Look here!" said my friend, long a resident of Tokio. And he picked up an orange in the familiar tissue paper in which our Californias and Floridas are wrapped. The label was printed in red. It was a well-known California label, and it had four typographical errors in it—four words were misspelled; but it served its purpose. Somebody brought some California oranges to Tokio, and they sold well. So Japanese fruit men printed their own labels and used

SPRING-STEP HEELS

Walk on Rubber Cushions

There is as much difference in rubber heels as there is in rubber tires. Be up-to-date. Wear the new and better Spring-Step Heels as over 4 million people are already doing.

Learn the real joy of walking on Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

These new Spring-Step Red Plug Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Don't accept inferior heels—get "Spring-Steps."

Ask for the Heel with the Red Plug

Spring-Step Rubber Heels are made by the largest Rubber Company in the World.

"At last I've found the soap with the real fragrance of violets!"

"I know you'll be as delighted with it as I am

"The moment you put the crystal-clear cake in water you release its exquisite perfume—in a lather so soft and smooth you'll almost think you are bathing with violet-laden cream. While the woodsy fragrance that clings to your skin gives you a feeling of refreshing cleanliness such as soap never gave you before.

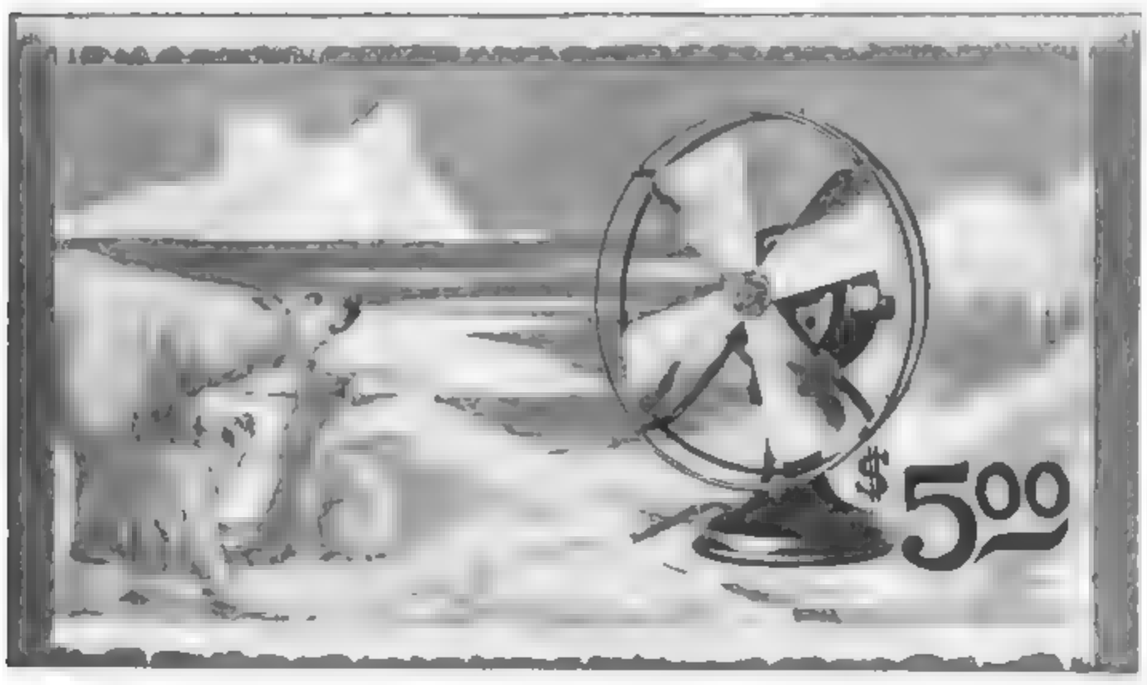
"Try it today. See what a delightful, elusive perfume it leaves clinging to your face, your hands, your hair. It is for sale by dealers everywhere, but be sure you see the name JERGENS on the wrapper and on the cake itself. 10c a cake—3 for 25c."

You can try it for a 2c stamp—send today!

It will come to you like a little box of fresh-cut violets. Just send a 2c stamp to The Andrew Jergens Co., 316 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, [illegible]

Jergens Violet Glycerine Shampoo *keeps the hair lusterous and fluffy. Easily rinsed out. Large bottle 35c. If your druggist hasn't been supplied, ask him to get it for you. Send 6c for sample bottle*

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap



A big breeze for little money

You can buy this comfort-bringing individual fan for *five dollars*.

You can run it six hours for an average cost of *one cent*.

The Polar Cub takes the electric fan out of the luxury class and places it within the reach of everyone who lives in an electric-wired house or works in an electric-wired office.

The Polar Cub Electric Fan is thoroughly guaranteed. It operates on either direct or alternating current, 105 to 115 volts. It is 8 inches high, has 6-inch blades and is adjustable to any angle. It is handsomely finished in velvet black with nickel trimmings.

Why continue to swelter when you can enjoy summer coolness at such small expense?

Buy the Polar Cub Electric Fan of your dealer. If you have any trouble in getting it, write us; we will tell you where you can buy it, or see that you are supplied.

Write for illustrated folder giving full details of this low-priced electric fan. Please give your dealer's name.

Trade Mark Reg

THE MYSTO MANUFACTURING CO.
400 Foote Street, New Haven, Conn.

DEALERS—If you haven't stocked the Polar Cub Electric Fan, write us at once

Polar Cub Electric Fan $5.00

At Noon Today

J. Stanley Books of Pennsylvania received from the president of the University of Michigan a diploma conferring the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Mr. Books paid his way through six years of college by taking subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

He writes:

"I have worked for *The Curtis Publishing Company* only during July and August, but in those two months each year I made over $800.00. The work supplied all the cash I needed, gave me an education, insured pleasant, healthful summers, and the best of business training."

For twenty years we have been paying the educational expenses of ambitious young men and women. If you wish to enter school or college this Fall, write, telling us what you need. We'll tell you an easy way to get it.

Educational Division, Box 935

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

their own oranges thereafter; labels not quite the same, as witness the typographical errors, but near enough to do the business—and get it.

All labels look alike to the Japanese and all looked good to them. You can buy almost anything you choose in the stores, of any city, that is well known and popular in any foreign country, and the label will seem the same; but it will not be. It will be a Japanese imitation of the label and a Japanese imitation of the product; and this is especially true of the smaller patented and trade-marked articles, such as soaps, perfumes and medicines, and toilet preparations and small utensils—and all that sort of thing.

Every Parisian perfume can be found in Japan and is made in Japan; every English soap; every American dentifrice—and so on through countless lines of manufacture. The label is the same or approximately the same; but the goods—that is quite another thing.

They pirate books and magazine articles, and pictures and music, and machinery, and cameras, and everything else, from airships to hairbrushes. The book stalls are full of American and English books in the Japanese version; and any author or publisher who even finds out about Japanese publication may consider himself lucky. He certainly will get small royalties. They are an adaptable people—these Japanese who adapt.

Also, they are great personal advertisers. Nothing stops them—not any place or circumstance. A friend was riding on a railroad train and came to a succession of tunnels. After daylight was gained he spoke to a Japanese sitting near by about the tunnels.

"Yes," said the Japanese, "I built them."

"Tell me all about them," my friend suggested; and he was told.

As the two parted at the terminus the tunnel-maker handed my friend his card, saying:

"If you ever want any tunnels built, call on me."

At a very formal luncheon I attended, where there were a large number of most distinguished men, one of them, a lawyer, gave me his card and assured me if I needed any legal advice he would be happy to have me consult him. His line was admiralty.

Little Cut-Ups on a Spree

We were going from Tokio to Yokohama one night on what is technically known as the fast express train—that is, owing to the excellence of government ownership of the Japanese railroads the train made the eighteen miles, without stop, in the unparalleled time of thirty-six minutes, whereas the express trains without the "fast" take from an hour to an hour and five minutes to go the same eighteen miles. We got on at Shimbashi Station, in Tokio, and there were three well-dressed Japanese in the car who apparently had been making a night of it. They were giggly, as Japanese full of sake are likely to be—giggly and grinning and happy. They had a bottle of sake with them and they were regular cut-ups.

They held up the sake to us and offered us cigarettes, and spoke to us in German.

"*Prosit!*" said one of them. "*Gesundheit!*"

So we bowed and smiled and laughed.

"You American?" one asked.

"Yes."

Then they began to talk English. We learned that one was an assistant professor of anatomy at a university. This was a great joke.

"He treat dead men," said another. "He asshashiate—asshashiate——" He could not get the word "professor"; the best he could do was to make it a cross between policeman and prosecutor. "He treat dead men. I treat live men. I doctor."

It flashed on me that possibly this was another exemplification of Japanese enterprise—a doctor accompanied by his own undertaker.

"Is he an undertaker?" I asked.

They laughed uproariously; and finally we understood he was an assistant professor of anatomy, and that the spokesman was an eye, ear and nose doctor.

"Me very bad boy to-night," the doctor confided to us. "Me very bad boy!" And they all rolled about, rocked back and forth in glee, slapped one another on the back, and had a fine time.

They left the train at Kanagawa. As they were going out the doctor stopped, dug down into his pocket and took out a cardcase. He handed us each a card.

"Call on me," he said genially, "if you want nose fix, or eye. Me not always very bad boy like to-night. Fix nose first-class." Which was the truth, as we learned afterward, for he is one of the best doctors in Japan—an authority and also an advertiser.

There are a few interesting things to be seen in Tokio—not many, but a few. One is the Imperial Theater; another is the Stock Exchange; and another is a fire. Of course a real Japanese theater is better for foreign observation purposes than the Imperial, which is a semiforeign affair and most up to date.

The native theater I visited was presenting The Forty-Seven Ronins. This play is the Uncle Tom's Cabin of Japan. It portrays one of the great Japanese heroic stories—the revenge of the Forty-Seven Ronins on the man who caused the death of their master and their own deaths by hara-kiri soon after.

Whenever a native Japanese theater can do no business the manager puts on The Forty-Seven Ronins, and fills the theater just so long as he keeps that play on. The consequence is that one can see the dramatic representation of the deeds of the Ronins at almost any time in Japan. The play begins at one o'clock in the afternoon and lasts until midnight, with an intermission for dinner. It is filled with battle, murder and sudden death, including graphic and bloody representations of forty-seven distinct hara-kiris—or haras-kiri, whichever it may be—all in the nature of rather deliberate disemboweling. The graves of the Ronins are in Tokio and their tombs and the tomb of their master are a favorite shrine.

A Modern Tokio Theater

However, the Japanese look on the Imperial Theater as one of their great show places. It cost a large amount of money and is an imposing building of white brick across from one part of the Imperial Palace walls and moat. It has four tiers of seats. On the ground floor and in the dress circle are the ordinary theater chairs; but in the two upper balconies there are no seats, and the Japanese squat on their cushions, after having checked their wooden clogs outside, as we check our umbrellas, ascending in their stocking feet. There are restaurants on the second, third and fourth floors, with bars, candy stands, tobacco stands and fancy-goods stands. You can get a foreign meal or a Japanese meal with chopsticks.

The stage is an immense one and revolves, thus causing no delay for scene shifting. At the conclusion of each scene the stage begins to whirl and the characters in one scene make their circular exits talking, while the characters in the succeeding scene come twirling into view. They lavished money on this theater, and it has every modern European and American improvement. It is richly finished with marble and has wide lobbies and a foyer. The central police station is just up the street, and the Japanese say that heaven is on one side of that street and hell on the other.

The theater, though an ancient institution in Japan, has not long been in high favor. In former days no gentleman went to the theater, and until this time actors and actresses have not been much socially. Most of the female parts are taken by men, though a few leading ladies, soubrettes and ingénues have been developed, one soubrette being of the real Broadway type. She was smuggled into the Foreign Office Ball lately, where she created a great sensation and got a lot of advertising; and she sent out fifty thousand picture postal cards of herself on New Year's Day. Somewhat of a showgirl, that young lady!

Performances at the Imperial begin at five o'clock in the afternoon. The bill usually consists of a long play, in three or four acts, which is likely to be of a modern period; a one-act piece of a historical character, dealing with medieval Japan; and a one-act spectacle. The intermissions are long and half an hour is given for dinner.

When the Japanese go to the theater they make a night of it, eating at the theater and sticking to the end. On the night I went, there was a play in four long acts called The Fan of Jealousy; a tenth-century one-act piece called On the Altar of Loyalty; and a pantomime in one scene called A Revelry of Rats.

There were twenty people in the cast of The Fan of Jealousy, of whom four were

women, in very minor parts. The principal female parts were taken by men, the leading lady being Mr. Baiko Onoe—and an excellent female impersonator he was. The leading man was Mr. Sonosuke Sawamura. Evidently the Onoe and the Sawamura families—if those are the surnames—do most of the acting in Tokio, for there were seven Onoes and six Sawamuras in the cast.

I took a vacation after the first act until the rats began to revel. The reason was that in the first scene, after there had been a few minutes of geisha dancing, a tall male person, clad in a kimono, came in, squatted on his heels and talked for forty-seven minutes without stopping—which was the longest speech I had ever heard in a theater and which made me homesick, it reminded me so much of the United States Senate.

The Stock Exchange in Tokio is a corporation maintained on a share or stock basis, instead of on seat membership, as are our stock exchanges. It deals exclusively in Japanese securities. No outside or curb market is allowed, and the governing membership tries to be very careful in listing stocks. The papers quote prices on between forty and fifty issues every day, mostly industrials, and the activity is confined to a few lines. On the day I was there the principal sales were in shares of the Stock Exchange corporation itself, shares in the steamship companies, and shares in sugar and oil.

The brokers have rows of offices in low buildings outside the Exchange Building, with direct telephone connection, as they have in New York. There is a long line of telephone booths on a wall back of the rostrum, and the Japanese telephone clerk is every whit as flip as his American prototype—wise beyond his years.

The principal floor is rectangular, with a raised platform on one of the long sides, a railed-in space in front of that for brokers, and rows of terraced seats on the other long side of the room. There is a gallery running round the room, and from the railing of this hang wooden paddles in rows, in sets of two. One paddle of a set has Japanese characters painted in red on it and the other has Japanese characters in black. These are the opening and closing quotations for the day before.

Five or six alert young men stand on the rostrum. One is the official price-maker. He has two blocks of wood, and when he makes a price or confirms a sale he claps these blocks of wood together, just as a Japanese auctioneer beats on a board with a paddle when he announces a bid.

Selling by Paddle and Drum

A young man stands on a chair, manipulating five paddles that hang from a frame above his head. As the price is made he turns one or two or three of these paddles, which have characters painted on each side. Two or three clerks record the prices; and over at the right, still higher, there is a big drum, which also is covered with paddles, and which is turned slowly; and the paddles change as the sales shift from one stock to another.

The brokers use the same finger language our brokers use. They gesticulate in their inclosure just as they gesticulate round the various posts on the floor in New York. They make the same sort of noises, shout as raucously, and are apparently as much given to temporary fits of insanity. The incessant slapping together of the two bits of wood by the price-maker, the clatter of the paddles, and the shouts of the brokers make the place fully as noisy as any Western counterpart.

The bond market is on the same floor and also the cash bargain department. Nothing much was doing in the bond business, though the bondbrokers, seeing a foreigner looking at them, put on an animated show for ten minutes and conducted a lively fake market for my benefit. There is a good deal of stock speculation—or, rather, there was a good deal before the war began. Lately there has been an attempt to boost the market for political purposes, and some of the shares went up a few yen amid much consequent excitement.

I was told that the chit system—sign and pay at the end of the month—was used to some extent by speculators. It is possible, I was informed, to call up a broker, order him to buy a hundred shares of Kanegafuchi, for instance, and refer him to your bank. He then calls the bank. If you have the money there—or if you have not and your credit is good—the bank thereupon takes the deal, and you get a statement showing profit or loss at the end of the month. How useful that would be in New York—until the end of the month!

A fire is a great event. One would think that, inasmuch as the flimsy construction of the Japanese houses and their packing together make fires of almost daily occurrence—in the cities, at any rate—fires would have lost a portion of their novelty during the ten or fifteen centuries Japan has regularly been burning down. They have not, though. When the fire bell begins to toll the whole population goes to the fire.

I was in a jinrikisha in Yokohama, on my way to the railroad station, when I heard the clangor of a bell; and the coolie who was drawing me shouted: "*Kwaji! Kwaji!*"—or what sounded like that—and displayed strong evidences of breaking into a gallop.

"*Sore wa nani desu ka?*" I inquired politely, remembering, from my phrase book—"What is that?"

"*Kwaji!*" he shouted—"*Kwaji!*"

And so it fell out that we went to the fire—the coolie, the jinrikisha and myself—for I had no words to stop him except a very uncertain "*Tomaru!*" And he did not choose to *tomaru*.

The coolie galloped down one street and up another; and in ten minutes I was in the midst of twenty thousand people clad in every style of Japanese dress, and all running backward and forward. Not a man walked. All ran. They were so interested and excited that I thought they must be shareholders in the shanties which were burning.

A man dashed wildly to one end of the street, elbowing people out of his way, stepping on them, pushing against them; and then he stopped, emitted a wild screech and dashed back again. I say one man did that; in reality a thousand did it on each of the four sides of the block in which the fire was, unconcernedly and in a casual and unhampered manner, demolishing some small houses.

The Fire Department in Action

Other thousands—many of them—ran this way a few steps and that way a few steps, all *hy-ah!*-ing. Not a man stood still except myself; and I soon got away, for the Japanese, frenzied with excitement, were bumping into me from all sides.

Presently the firemen came. They dashed in from all quarters of the city, dragging little hose carts painted red and flying white-and-red flags.

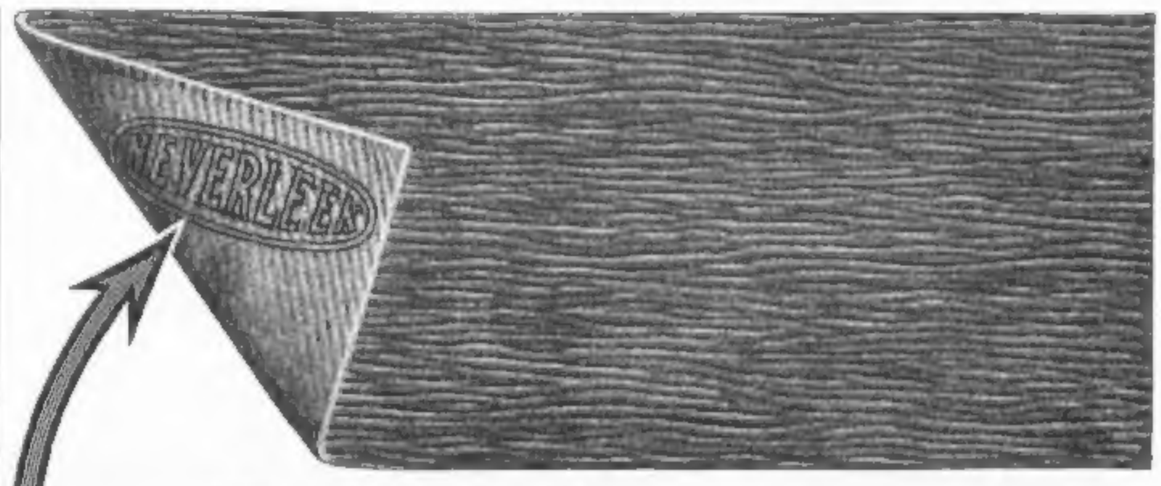
The hydrants in Yokohama are in manholes below the surface of the street. The firemen joined in the milling throng. They ran back and forth, too, and the spectators ran back and forth after them. There was much shouting and gesticulation. Every fireman, whether regular or volunteer, seemed to be a chief. They all gave orders that nobody obeyed, like a volunteer fire outfit in a country village at home.

There was ten or fifteen minutes of this running back and forth and shouting by the firemen; then some tiny streams of water began to sprinkle on the fire. Also, a few big engines began to squirt. Meantime the firemen were paying no attention to the houses on fire, but were trying to keep other houses from burning. A few of them tore slates from adjacent roofs and cast them indiscriminately into the crowd. Women with bundles of household belongings straggled out of the houses that might catch fire. More thousands came. For four blocks each way the streets were packed from wall to wall with excited people, all running back and forth, and all shouting.

I had to club my coolie with my cane to make him start with me to the station; and he looked backward over his shoulder all the way. I was depriving him of a real pleasure—taking something out of his life by not allowing him to stay and help put out that fire.

It seems almost superfluous to say I missed my train, or that the jinrikisha man, bowing and smiling, remarked: "I am sorrow for you!" However, that made me later in getting back that night; and as I went up dark and deserted Water Street in Yokohama I heard music ahead of me—a kind of music and a tune that sounded familiar.

Presently I overtook the musician. He was a Japanese youth, stumping along on his wooden clogs, wearing a derby hat and clad in a kimono; and he was playing, on a mouth organ, Shall We Gather at the River? Wherein was illustrated and exemplified the Old and the New Japan.



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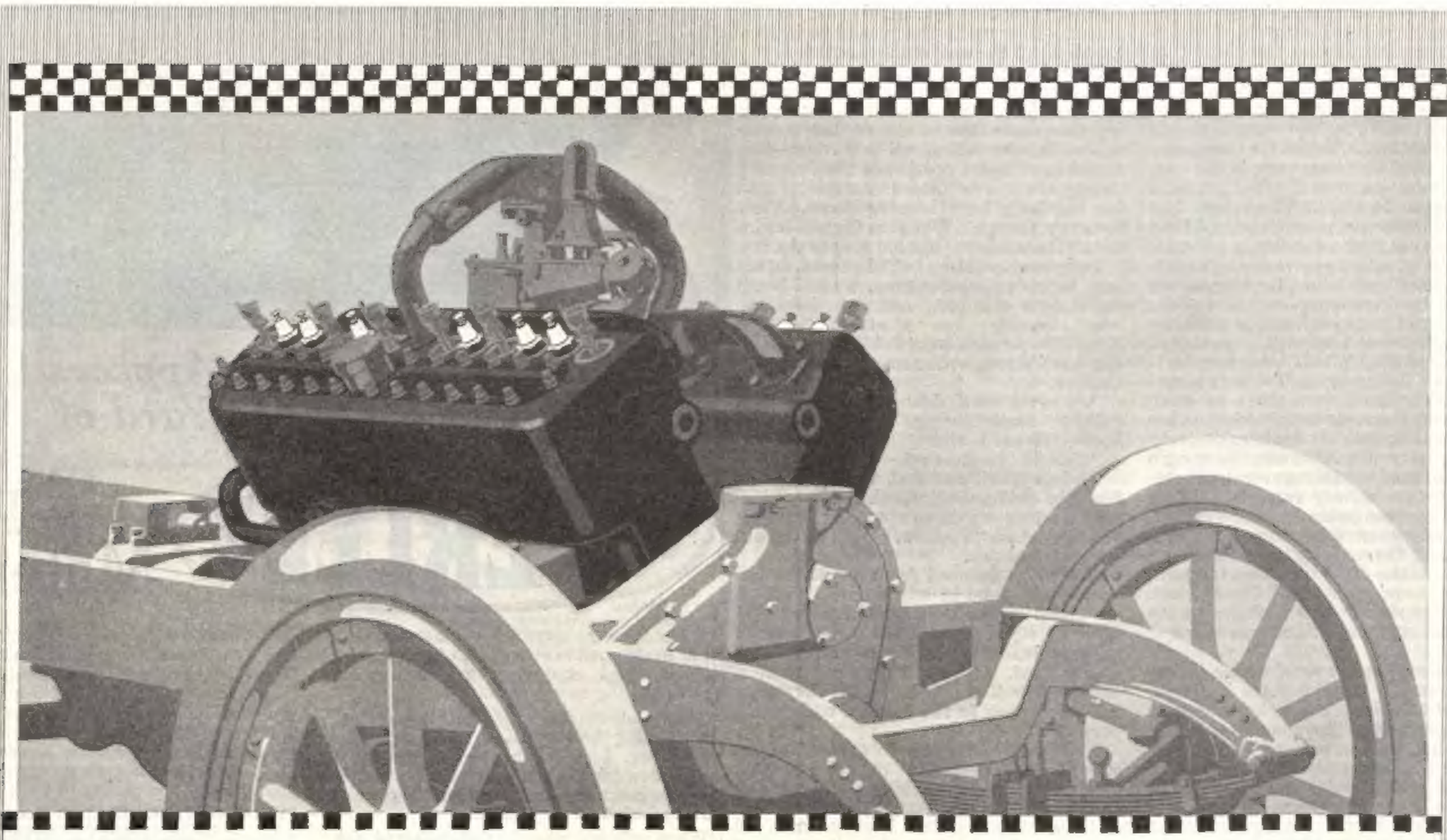

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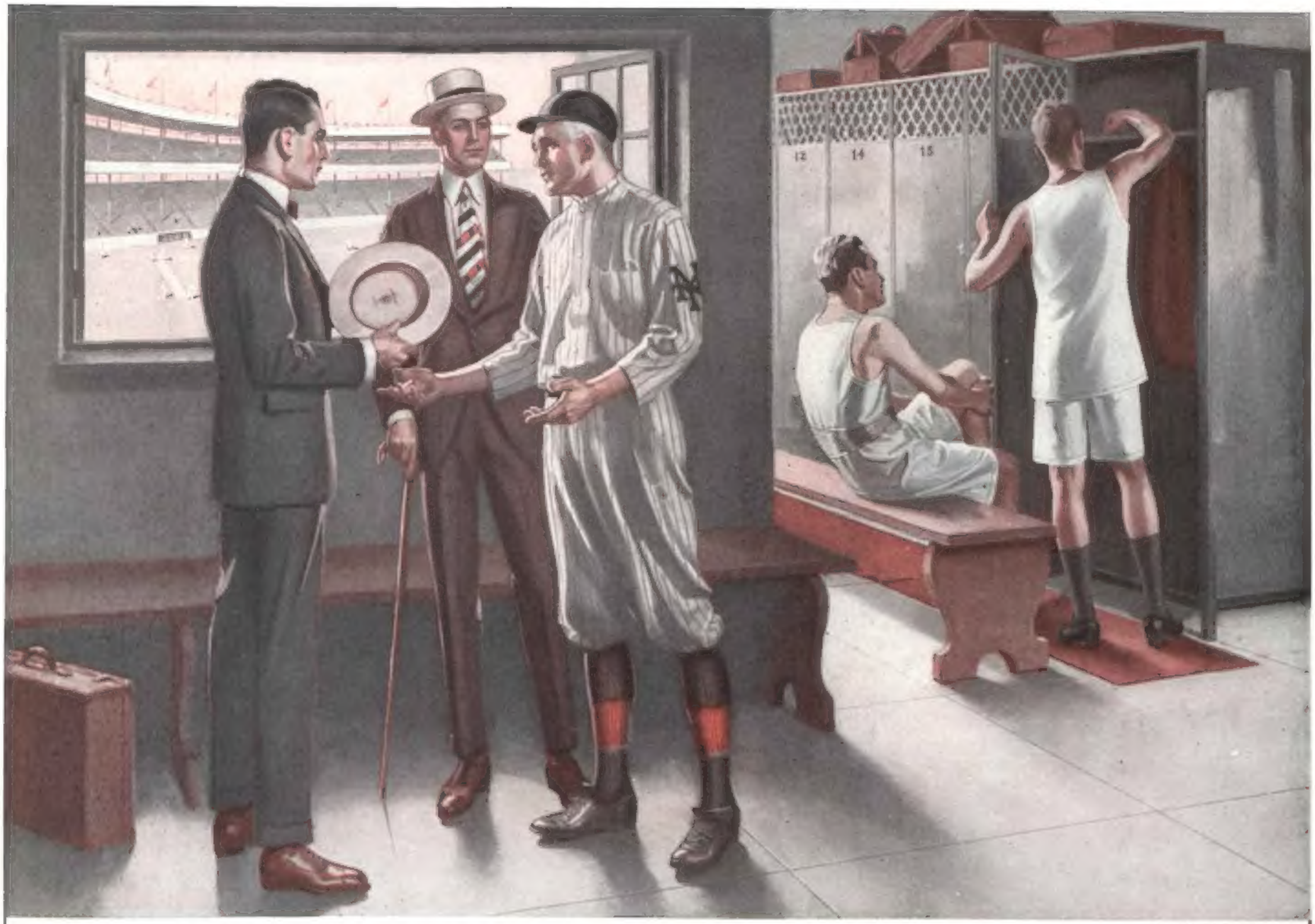

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